True Wit is here still coupled with its Peers,
And Lovely in a thousand shapes appears.
Cowley.

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And Lovely in a thousand shapes appears.
Cowley.

THE

Encyclopædia

OF

ANECDOTE.

I READ thee over with a LOVER'S EYE;
Thou hast NO FAULTS, or I NO FAULTS CAN SPY;
THOU art ALL BEAUTY, or ALL BLINDNESS, I!

CODRINGTON.

———SURPASS me who CAN!
An ABRIDGEMENT of ALL that is PLEASANT in MAN.

GOLDSMITH.

Dublin:

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Introduction.

THE present *work* is intended as a *companion* to the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT, so joyously *accepted*, and so laughingly *read: Both* present an incomparable *Union* of *Wisdom* and *Mirth*; the reader, seated with these *Friends of all Hours* at either hand, and strong as an *Hercules* supported by his *Pillars* of *Gaiety*; may shut out the *cares*, or keep at bay all the pressing *ills* of *Life*, and in the plenitude of *instruction*, *information*, and *pleasure*, accord with the sentiment of the moral bard;—

Laugh *where he* must, *be* candid *where he* can,
But vindicate the charms of WIT *to* MAN.

As legetimate brother of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT, the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE, appears

Redolent of joy and mirth,
To breath a second spring. *

* GRAY.

Euphrosyne too, loved *Euphrosyne*, the tutelar power of Mirth and Good-humour; has impressed the present, as the preceding volume, with her fairest image, and most approbatory *imprimatur*; she presents it, accompanied with

——————— *Wreathed smiles,*
Such as dwell on Hebe's check;
And love to live in dimpled sleek. †

The reader of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT, will, perhaps, on seeing the present Repertory of ANECDOTE announced, exclaim, *Ecce iterum Crispinus!* which is as much as to say, "Hah! my merry "Crispin! at your *last* again!—" Yes! my pleasant "Convivialist, and worthy Compatriot! and, whilst "your inclination to *laugh more* and *grow the fatter* "continues undiminished, I shall draw to my most "desirable *end*, which is to postpone your *end*, by "labouring at my *last*."

It has been jocosely remarked, that, since the appearance of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT, our public walks, and private parties, have exhibited an evident encrease of gaiety, and, by a natural consequence, a more general disposition to *en bon point*, or, as it is expressed in English, *rotundity*, or *in good case*: This beneficial result has been produced by the general pleasantry which the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT so irresistably excited: This observation comprehends both sexes, who, of right should share in the common hilarity, and according to primæval rule and practice, be "*bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh*," thus, by

† MILTON's Allegro.

by means of the twin-brethren of WIT and ANECDOTE, that estimable quality, Good-humour bids fair to be "*bred in the bone*" of the rising generation, and, if the old remark, that "*what is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh*," stands its ground, this pleasant species of *regeneration* affords, after a long series of "civil discord, hard words, jealousies, &c." * a very chearing and comfortable prospect. In fine, a saying of HENRY IV. may be applied to the purchaser of the present volume, as he impatiently hastens home with it in his pocket;—"*There he goes, in high glee! this, I warrant you, will add another inch of fat to his ribs!*"

The present volume comes not only recommended by pre-eminence in *instruction* and *entertainment*, but by its *novelty*, it is not only absolutely the *first* book of the kind in point of *merit*, but it is also *numerically* the *first*; there not being, hitherto, in our language, any collection of genuine ANECDOTES; and it is a further creditable circumstance, that this *original work* has appeared in a *country* long *distinguished* as the *head-quarters* of WIT and HUMOUR.

Lord CHESTERFIELD in recommending the perusal of the "Memoirs of Cardinal de RETZ;" observes, that the Anecdotes with which that abounds, "*represents the strange inconsistent creature man, just as he is.*"—This sentence is the best eulogium that can be paid to a collection of ANECDOTES like the present, which exhibits *every man in his humour*; is a transcript or counterpart of the *world*; and like the world, the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE is,

"——————— *A well-furnish'd table,*
"*Where guests are promiscuously set.*"

The

* HUDIBRAS.

The opposition or contrariety of men's humours constitutes the true zest of the *companionable enjoyment*, and the most *delightful temperament* arises from it, or is provided by it: Imagine an assemblage of men all of the like cast, humour, or disposition, and nothing more inane, stupid, and intolerably humdrum can be conceived; no better than a set of antomatons, or statues stept from their pedestals: No *animated converse*; no *sally* of *wit*; no *smart repartee*; none of those *lively re-actions*, which in *well-assorted* companies, *like flints strike fire from each other*; no *intellectual gladiatorship*; no pleasing *perigrinations of the mind*, happily steering,

From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

No effusions, sparkling like Burgundy, but all mantling like a standing pond, and settled and vapid as stale small beer.

The ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE exhibits such an assemblage as no work of the kind hath yet exhibited: The numerous actors appear in their natural *costume* of mind, and each successive ANECDOTE affords a rare treat, a rich and varied display of *character*, *conception*, and *expression*: The elements of *instrnction*, *information*, and *amusement*, are duly blended *quantum sufficit*, like DUFFY's *Family Whiskey* well combined with acid and double refined *sweet*. Or, to adopt another allusion, our ENCYCLOPÆDIA does not present a solitary ANECDOTE of sterling value shedding a dim light through half a dozen pages of dull detail; No! it is a continued blaze of excellence, which, whilst it illuminates, does not dazzle; its light is clear and resplendant, like the genuine emanation of *sense* and *spirit*: Attention continues unwearied to the conclusion of the volume, nay to the very last word, and the

the reader is left in that pleasing state in which MILTON describes *Adam* in *Paradise*, after listening to the details of *Raphael*;—

——— He *ended, and in* Adam's *ear*
So charming *left* his *voice, that he a-while,*
Remain'd attentive, *still* stood fix'd to hear.

Raphael does not appear to have resumed his colloquy with *Adam*; but it will not be the *editor's* fault if he does not again accompany the *reader* on this *Anecdotal Tour*.

Against the visitations of that surly spirit *melancholy*, and the canker of corroding *care*, there is no better exorcism, or more effectual specific, than the present work; the vocal chear of *Autolycus* in *Shakespear's* "Winter's Tale," is a very suitable accompaniment for mortals through the *journey of life*.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily leap the style-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile-a.

If the burthen be not fitted to the back, which to the reproach of unresigned mortals, it very seldom is; let us endeavour, without wincing, or curveting, to fit the back to the burthen; which, whether we go on *reluctantly* or *cheerily*, we must still carry; let us lighten the load, and shorten the way by rational *Mirth* and *Merriment*; the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE is the best staff to beat off despondency; so, "*slap dash, helter skelter, haily gaily, gambo raily,* "*galloping-dreary* DUN." There, gentle reader, is a touch of *Shandy* for you! and I shall myself accompany

pany you, as long as my *Anecdotal* Resources last: When the volume is rode through, do you canter through it again, and again; whilst I am engaged in the formation of *another*, not a whit *inferior* to its *precursor*.

It was customary in ancient Greece, when an author produced a work to which competent judges had assigned the palm of merit; to present a copy, as the *first fruits* of GENIUS, at the altar of the *graces*; the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE is a *Constellation* of *Genuises*, and, as such, will, we trust, be distinguished by those *graces* whom modern authors *propitiate*, the *good graces* of the *public*.

Horace's designation of his Secular Ode, "*Virginibus Puerisque Canto*," "I write for the *youths* and *virgins*,"—might serve as a motto to this volume: The various *Anecdotes* are selected so as to present to youthful mind, "*Models* of *Grace*," such as will imprint on their minds precepts and examples highly useful in their progress through life.

It was, and still is usual, in some countries to place in the view of pregnant women, the most exquisite productions of the Painter and the Sculptor; thus *Alcibiades* boasted that his fine form was produced by the copies of the *Helen* of *Apelles*, and of the *Venus* of *Praxiteles*, which his mother had constantly before her:——

So spoke the graces, *willing to combine,*
With sprightly elegance *a nobler form.*——

In like manner, the traits of distinguished personages; the fine emanations of *Mind*; the sallies of *Wit*, and the sentences of *Wisdom*, which the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE contains, will produce a desire of *imitation*

tation in the mind of the youthful reader. As the philosophical bard * expresses it,—adverting to the great *first cause* :—

——— On them his *love* he *fix'd*,
What he *admir'd* and *lov'd*, his vital smile,
Unfolded into being.

Collections of Anecdotes, or Good Sayings (it is an observation of Mr. Locke) are calculated to form an essential part of *education*: Such books are alike useful in *early* and in *maturer* years, and in both, a kind of UNIVERSAL MENTORS: *Examples* of great and good characters, possess in *Anecdotal* detail a kind of *creative* power, generating their like, and even happily effecting a salutary change in the predisposition of the reader's mind: Such is the result of a happy combination of *precept* and *example!* The emanation of a *great* and *good mind* beaming on *another* operates like that creative word that bade *light be, and light was*; attiring it in the vesture of fame and immortality.

The most instructive and entertaining works of antiquity in the line of Biography and Anecdote are those of *Laertius*, *Xenophon*, *Plutarch*, *Nepos*, *Aulus Gellius*, &c. &c. and it may with truth be affirmed, that these books have formed the greatest men in all ages: One of the most illustrious personages * of our own time, has acknowledged that "*Plutarch* was his whole *school*."

" ——— *The* suffrage *of the* wise;
" *The praise that's worth ambition is attain'd,*
" *By* sense *alone, and* dignity of mind: ‡

The

* AKENSIDE.
‡ *Buonaparte*, or, as his name is now Franchised

The *Anecdotes* of *Laertius* contain many matters which set in a most striking and important point of view, the appropriation of such works: This writer assures us, that on the day of *Plato*'s death a *collection* of *good-sayings*, was found under his pillow: Thus, the friend and disciple of *Socrates*, and the author of that celebrated Dialogue † which on the eve of dissolution gave assurance of *immortality* to *Cato*; prepared and fortified his mind for a *change of scene* by the contemplation of *great examples*. If we might be allowed to hazard a conjecture as to the work thus distinguished by *Plato*, we would suppose to be the "*memorable things of Socrates*" * related by *Xenophon*."

It was not only in the progress of life, but at its close that the great characters of antiquity applied the examples recorded in their ANECDOTAL PRECEPTORS, OR GUIDES: The dissolution of *Epiminondas*; *Socrates*; *Phocion*; *Augustus*; *Seneca*; *Thrasea* and *Julian*, were severally models of magnanimity, and imparted in after-ages their heroic spirit to a *Bayard*; a *Sidney*; to a *Wolfe*, and an *Abercromby*: The reader will perceive in the subsequent pages, a very remarkable similarity in the circumstances of the deaths of Mr. *Addison*, and of Mr. *Burke*; and what *use* the latter made at the awful point of this mortal life of the example left by the immortal author of the *Spectator*:—

To

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† The *Phædon*; or Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul.

* Of this there is an excellent Translation by the late Mr. *Cambridge*, of whom some Anecdote will be met with in the following pages.

To *possess*, in every varied scene of *human life*, a habit of *equanimity*, to tread the *path* of *existence* with *honour*; to keep constantly, as a racer the goal, in view life's *termination*, and to meet it with *tranquillity*, was a principal subject of discipline, and the point to which all their efforts tended. Even *Horace*, in the full fruition of *Lydia*, and his favourite jar of old Falernian, did not forget that—

" What *right*, what *fit*, what *good* we justly call;
" Let this be *all* my *care*; for *this is all*:—
" To lay that treasure up, and save with haste
" What ev'ry year will want, but most the *last!*

It is with *Anecdote*, as with narratives in general, the interest we take in them generally depends upon, and is proportioned to, the secret application we make of it to ourselves, while reading or listening to it: the *Anecdotes* in the present volume are replete with the *highest interest*, as well as the most *pleasurable amusement*; they abound with the most brilliant effusions of *Genius*, *Wit*, and *Humour*; with the wisest *general observations*; *descriptions* of *mankind*, and *lessons* of *conduct*. They, in a manner, *exemplify* in the *praise* and *due memorial* which they bestow on *Virtues* and *Talents*, the famous posthumous *tribunals* of ancient *Egypt*, which, it is recorded, were accustomed to *pass judgment* on the *actions* of the *deceased*. Certainly, *fame* is the shade of *immortality*, and nothing could have a more powerful effect on *morals* and *manners* than such an institution. The following lines of Dr. *Young*, on this subject, are as just as they are poetical and interesting:

A *time* there *is*, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life, of *sweets*, can yield no more:

But

But from our *comment* on the *Comedy*;
Pleasing *reflections* on parts well *sustain'd*,
Or purpos'd *emendations* when we fail'd;
Or hopes of *plaudits** from our candid judge;
When, or their exit souls, are bid unroll,
Toss *fortune* back her tinsel and her plume,
And *drop* this *mask* of *flesh behind the scene*.

The present collection of *Anecdotes* will be found distinguished by those *prospects* of *human life*, traits of *character*, and exhibitions of *manners* that constitute what is called, the *knowledge* of the *world*, with these conjoining *universal politeness*, or, the *graces*, and, not the least important accomplishment, a *purity*, *correctness*, and *elegance* of *style*; and *harmony* of *periods*.

" Expression *is the dress of* thought, *and still*,
" *Appears most decent, as most suitable**.

The great masters in the arts of *writing* and *speaking*, observe, that the perfection of *both* consists in the *language* being suited to the *matter*; *words* proportioned to *things*, and *phrases* to *ideas*: if, by this great rule of *writing* and *speaking well*, the present collection of *Anecdotes* be tried, it will be found perfectly conformable.

In

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* " *Have I*," said Augustus, on his death-bed at Nola, and, in the very chamber in which he had been born, " *acted my part well?*" his weeping friends replied in the *affirmative*, " *Then*," said the expiring emperor, " Give me your *applause!*"

* *Pope*.

In the annals of mankind, in that which Mrs. *Rowe* calls

"*The dark backward of four thousand years.*"

two nations ‡, very remote as to time and ſpace, but nearly alike as to genius, character, and manners, appear to have eminently poſſeſſed thoſe qualities of conception and expreſſion which conſtitute genuine *Wit*.

A happy organization, geniality of climate *, and the nature of their food †, were, no doubt, the phyſical cauſes of the peculiar genius of the Athenians.

There

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‡ "The *Athenians*," ſaid *Cicero*, "are favoured by nature with ſuch powers of ſpeech, that the moſt ignorant amongſt them have more unaffected eloquence than all the learned Greeks of Aſia.——The *French Anas*, from which the Editor has extracted numerous good *Anecdotes*, are ſuperlatively witty. The Emperor *Julian*, whoſe productions are models of perfection and elegance, uſually paſſed his winter at Lutetia (Paris).

* The qualities of their native ſoil, and the nature of their climate, affects the genius and character of nations in a thouſand different ways: this is ſo true that our knowledge of nations can only be founded on a thorough acquaintance with the nature of their country and climate.

† Mr. *Moore* (not *Zeluco* Moore, but the author of "The Gameſter," and "Fables for the Fair Sex,") has an admirably pleaſant Fable of "The *Poet* and his *Patron*,"—the *Poet*, whilſt he breathed the pure æther of an attic ſtory, and was "lulled by ſoft zephyrs through

There was eſtabliſhed at *Athens*, a very ſingular tribunal, the functions of which conſiſted wholly in deciding on the *eſſence* of *good ſayings*, and the *merit* of *Anecdotes*: though no ſuch PARLIAMENT of WIT has been ſince inſtituted: yet there are certain *qualifications* which every *Anecdote* admitted into our ENCYCLOPÆDIA was neceſſarily judged to poſſeſs before we decided on making it a part of our collection.

This *Volume* is the *firſt* attempt that has been made, to realize the late Lord *Orford's* idea of a good collection of what his lordſhip termed "*lounging books*," that is to ſay, a kind of *analysis* or extract of the *ſpirit* of thoſe immenſe repertories of *hiſtory* and *memoirs* that bend the groaning ſhelves of our libraries, and extend a dreadful front, or kind of battle array, which, if

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through the broken pane," and fared according to the ſtrickeſt dietetic rules of Pythagoras; rivalled *Pindar*, *Malherbe*, and *Akenſide*; but tranſplanted to the urbane roof, and ſeated at the voluptuous table of his *patron*; wit, geniality, and all, fled! *Pope* has well deſcribed the tranſformation—it was probably written when the bard found himſelf *obumbrated* after a dinner with *Boungbroke*, or *Craggs*, or *Walpole*, or *Harley*;—

——————— How dull each gueſt,
Riſe from a courtly or a city feaſt!
What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heav'nly particle inſpires the clay?
The ſoul ſubſides and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal;———

Pope, on theſe occaſions had his *genius* purified by the ſteam of coffee, adminiſtered by the hands of a fair houſe-maid, who afterwards warmed (through the medium of a heated pan) the poet's bed.

if a man had thrice the ordinary stretch of human existence, he could not read them all: to distinguish and select *spirit* from *matter* * to compose a rich and varied mental repast, light and piquant, yet weighty and substantial; alike free from repletion or inanition; and congenial in ætherial nature to the intellectual powers; such as, in fine, would make good *Jeremy's* remark to *Valentine*, in *Congreve's* "Love for Love."—

"*You'll grow devilish* fat *on this* paper *diet!*"

The observation applied to old *wine* and old *friends*, may be applied also to old *anecdotes*, fraught with genuine wit, and enriched by traits and notices of illustrious men or women: these which *Athenian* wit has transmitted are burnt into the memory of *thirty* past generations: these, and others in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA of Anecdote, will endure with the world itself, because *wit* is in this selection, united with *nature* and *passion*.

Anecdotes present to us, by a kind of revivification, the living portraits of the great actors on the Theatre of Glory; of those who have distinguished themselves by *learning*, *genius*, *talents*, and *knowledge*; who have guided us in the culture of *useful* or *agreeable arts*, and in the research of all the grand objects relative to philosophy and legislation.

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* Our Biographical collections, for the most part, approximate more to *matter* than to *spirit*: few of them are of greater import or interest, than the statical minutes of *Sanctorius*, or Dr. *Rutty*, and scarcely less disgusting.—To M. MERCIER, whose productions are all SPIRIT, the present EDITOR owes much valuable ANECDOTE. This admirable WRITER, (the ADDISON of FRANCE,) has even surpassed himself in his charming PICTURE OF PARIS, lately published. The EDITOR is now engaged in translating his incomparable *Contes Moraux* "MORAL TALES."

We are most deeply affected by the *Anecdotes* of men, the consequence of whose powers and conduct have extended to our own times and country; of *soldiers*, who have fought for us; of *scholars*, who have informed, instructed, or delighted us; of *statesmen*, whose measures or conduct are felt in our society; of these we read with peculiar delight: We wish to know every circumstance that can *illustrate* their *character*, and we are even pleased with those that are not in themselves material, because belonging to an *interesting object*. Such are the ideas that have actuated the *Editor* in forming this *instructive* and *amusing* volume;—Yes! illustrious shades! I flatter myself that this humbler *production* will yet extend *your fame*, and produce a spirit of laudable *emulation*, which, if it does not *equal* your excellence, may yet *approach* it! and

" *Whilst your great names on* glory's *car sublime,*
" *Rolls in proud triumph o'er the field of time;*
" *May I, unfalt'ring, your long march attend,*
" *No* flatt'ring *slave, but an* applauding *friend!*
" *Enjoy th' imperfect* sketch *I fondly* drew!—

Numerous *Anecdotes* in the following pages exhibit in so just and lively a manner, the character of the personage as to correspond with, or exemplify the very remarkable assertion of the famous portrait-painter, *Nanteiul*;—this acute and intelligent genius affirmed, that " *he could paint the portrait of a person absent* † " *upon*

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† *Hogarth* is said to have so painted the portrait of *Henry Fielding*; certain it is, that the latter never would

" *upon the report of an intelligent man, who would* " *satisfactorily answer him all the questions he should* " *ask.*"—The late Lord ORFORD who passed his life in the study of portraits, actually corroborates the assertion of *Nanteiul.* " *Equally,*" says his Lordship, " *with* painted portraits *of memorable persons, I ad-* " *mire those* written portraits, *which are conveyed in* " Anecdotes, *and in which the character is traced* " *with those minute touches which constitute life itself.*" Hence we may say,—

" Ours are the *cloth*, the *pencil*, and the *paint*,
" Which *Nature*'s admirable colours draw;
" And beautifies *Creation*'s ample dome. *

Of the various studies that occupy the attention of man, the *knowing*, i. e. the *wise*, esteem those the most important which unfold *human nature*; trace each scene of " *many coloured life*;" educe *moral duty*, and inculcate *virtuous conduct*: To this most useful, and therefore, desirable end, a judicious selection of *authentic* and *interesting* ANECDOTES, judiciously selected, has a direct and operative tendency. For, what can be productive of more *edification*, than

" To send the *soul* on curious *travel* bent,
" Through all the *provinces* of *human thought*;
" To dart her flight through the whole sphere
" *of man*;
" Of the vast UNIVERSE to make the *tour*;

" In

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would fit for his portrait, and there is no portrait of him extant but that of *Hogarth*, which is extremely like.

* YOUNG.

" In each recess of *space* and *time*, at home;
" Familiar. †——

The developing of *character* is an *universal* and *favourite* employment; every person conceives himself an *adept* in the art, which, however, is best to be acquired from a diligent examination of the *human heart*, and an acute observation of *human life*; from such *collections* as the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE; which, " *Hold the Mirror up to Nature*," and enable even a *novice* in the *knowledge* of the *world*, to lay in a stock of *observation*, by which, if he has *good sense* withal, he may acquire those elementary rules of conduct through life, which are most commonly picked up in the *ruts*, and *rough roads* of EXPERIENCE: Without all doubt, *experience* is an excellent tutor — " *Experientia docet*," but no man likes to be *flogged* through the salutary *exercise* of *human experience*, any more than a *mariner* would prefer being taught *navigation* at the expense and danger of several *shipwrecks*: *Useful knowledge* certainly cannot be bought too dear, still, that is no rule but we may get it on as cheap terms as we can: The ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE gives us *a knowledge* of the *world without going into it*; such as the informatory details of *Dampier*, and *Cook*; of *Carver*, and *Irwin*; of adventures, and hair-breadth escapes on earth and ocean, amongst beasts, or men more savage than the beasts, afford us, safely seated by our fire-sides.

It has been said of one of the best and greatest men* that our country ever produced, that, " *Human*
" *nature*

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† Dr. YOUNG.
* EDMUND BURKE, Esq.

" *nature* was his favourite ſtudy, that he peruſed " with the moſt exquiſite delight, *Collections* of " ANECDOTES, and all ſuch books as *exhibited* " *particular characters*; *general manners*; the *cogni-* " *tive and active* principles of the *human mind*."— On all this, one very important remark may be made; —that it was to the ſucceſsful purſuit of theſe ſtudies that Mr. BURKE owed his *fame* and his *fortune*, and that, of courſe, the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE, will afford to thoſe readers who peruſe it with *judgment* † the beſt examples and rules for ſucceſs: For a man to be the *architect* of *his own fortune*, is a very high degree of praiſe, becauſe it is a preſumption that a man is both *prudent* and *fortunate*.

History. which as Lord BOLINGBROKE has obſerved, is, " Philoſophy teaching by example," is beſt illuſtrated by *Anecdotes* of thoſe great and gifted perſonages, who in every age have been the levers of the ſocial ſyſtem, and beſt unfolds the ſecret ſprings or motives of their proceedings.

History only records the events, and but ſeldom traces to its origin their true ſpring, but the reader is leſs inſtructed by the detail of *general measures*, than by the *de-velopement* of *character*, and the *disclosure* of the *source of events*.

Hence *History*, and *Memoirs*, which are a kind of minor hiſtory, derive all their elucidation from *Anecdotes*, which are the ſoul of both. *Anecdotes* have been preferred to large hiſtorical collections, as *spirit* is

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† To find the *true meaning* of this expreſſion, recur to *Le Sage* in the Introduction to *Gil Blas*, where he ſpeaks of the tomb incloſing the " *ſoul*" of the licentiate *Perez*.

is preferred to mere *matter*. No reading can be more delightful than illustrative *Anecdote*, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible *interest*, or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition.

Memoirs and *Anecdotes* are the co-aids of *history*: minute details; traits of character, and reflections on events, are generally passed over in historical works; but, like interior machinery, those latent movers direct the whole of the proceedings.

It is said by some, that historians ought barely to relate events, but not to make observations on them; *Thucydides* followed in some degree, this rule, and *Lucian* prescribes it. But *Polybius*, *Sallust*, *Tacitus*, *Davila*, and many others of the best historians thought otherwise. The utmost powers of painting could not surpass the *anecdotal* details of *Sallust*, the soul of *Cataline* is made discoverable in his conversation, in his aspect, in his very gait: So the Abbe *St. Real*, describes *Pierre*, walking alone on the Rialto at midnight, and meditating the destruction of *Venice*; the details of those historians are scarcely surpassed by the pen of our *Shakespeare*: So, in like manner, *Tacitus* developes the involutions of the character of *Tiberius*; as, in the *Anecdotes* of *Zenobia*, *Sejanus*, and others, he has furnished interesting subjects for *dramatic genius*: Dr. *Robertson* has introduced *anecdotic* details of the highest interest in his *histories*, particularly those of *Fiesco*, and of *Solyman*; and Dr. *Watson*'s *Anecdotes* of Don *Carlos* are related in a masterly style. To return to *Tacitus*, what a description he gives of the inconsistency of the character of *Lucan*, who, a hero in his *Pharsalia*, appears sunk to the last degree of weakness when making a full disclosure of his accessaries in the conspiracy against

against *Nero*, whilst a female slave stretched on the rack, equalled in firmness the hero* of *Lucan*'s Pharsalia.† On the other hand, how great his representation of the death of *Thrasea*, who being condemned by *Tiberius*, had his veins opened, and, as the blood flowed, exclaimed, "*I make, Romans, this libation to* "JOVE *the deliverer!*"

Hence, it will be seen that the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE, is really an accession of *delight* and *instruction*;—especially to those who are pleased with the exhibition of the human mind in its constitution and diversity of operation; in the illustration of the *noblest study* of *mankind*, of *man*, in his faculties, in his social, and civil relations, to such the present work will be eminently acceptable, it will be found to contain a very uncommon portion of the wisest *general observations*, *facts*, *images*, and *philosophy*; with extraordinary intellectual efforts and exhibitions of genius, especially those unpremeditated hits, or happy occasional effusions which proceed from highly gifted minds only.

Many of the historical *Anecdotes* in the present work are accompanied with occasional remarks by the *Editor*; for, in relating *Anecdotes* as in writing *History*, to omit drawing *moral* or *political* inferences from them, is deducting from them much of their value.

The

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* CATO.

† She told NERO, when he questioned her as to the share her mistress (*Agrippina*) had taken in the conspiracy, that, "*the parts which denoted her a* "*woman, were purer than his mouth.*" See *Tacitus*.

The *Editor*, having, *ex officio*, attended his reader (as he trusts the reader will think) *companionably* and *agreeably*, on this *anecdotal excursion*, has introduced *occasional remarks*, or *collateral Anecdotes* on the subject matter of the volume.

Throughout this volume the Editor has taken up the word *Anecdote* in its most extended application, and, perhaps beyond its ordinary acceptation, but the word, however etymologists may limit or define its meaning, is certainly susceptible of an almost universal application to every object in nature.* Of the word *physiognomy* it has been said, that every thing in nature has its physiognomy, that is its good or bad aspect, or pleasing or unpleasing point of view, position, disposition, &c. in like manner whatever appertains to, or affects in any way human life, human character, or human manners, in a moral or physical way, has also its *Anecdotal* relations to them. Thus we have introduced some notices as to the instinct of the elephant, and of the horse; when Mr. POPE calls the former an "half-reasoning" animal, he certainly adverts to "reasoning" Man. Here then is an *anecdotal* relation; so in several other articles, as "*maxims*," "*physiognomy*," and many others.

In giving a very comprehensive scope to the acceptation of the word ANECDOTE; the *Editor* is authorized by the sanction of writers of extraordinary talents and general information: (Mr. DISRAELI)

"—— Of this *frame*, the *bearings*, and the *ties*,
"The strong *connections*, nice *dependencies*;
"*Gradations* just! hath thy pervading soul
"*Look'd through?* †

Whilst

* There is even a Work, entitled, "*Anecdotes of British Topography!*

† POPE.

Whilst Mr. DISRAELLI expatiates on the extensive use and high interest of *Anecdotes* as illustrating history, and deducing events, and unfolding character; he does not seem to have sufficiently set forth the essential use of *Anecdotes* as to morals, and their effect in forming the mind to virtue at once by *precept* and *example*.

The turn for *anecdotal* detail is now so prevalent, as to form a very remarkable æra in our *Literary Annals*, and it announces a disposition to useful and curious inquiry, extremely creditable to the sound judgment, the good sense, and the discernment of the age.

It has been observed, that the writings of authors may be regarded as *Anecdotes* of themselves; that an "author mixes much of himself with his subject, is "an undoubted truth: Let us view *Swift* and *Young* "under this idea.—The letters of *Swift* and *Stella* "form one of the most complete pictures of mind "that can be exhibited: Though probably not so "studied as confessions which he might have publish-"ed, but more true, and equally discoverable.— "*Swift* left Ireland full of his importance, with high "expectations of cabinet intercourse, and political "ascendency. On his arrival at London every object "is interesting, every circumstance is made to con-"spire with the predispositions of his mind. His "thoughts are active, his letters exhibit a perpetual "flow of vivacity and animation. In the latter part "of his correspondence, all this is reversed.* The "whole of it is much to be prized for the vivid pic-"ture it exhibits of distinct and progressive *varia-"tions of mind*, and much more for the *useful lesson* it "inculates on literary men."

"The

* See this passage illustrated by an Anecdote of *Swift*, and Sir *Robert Walpole*.

" The *Night Thoughts*, or *Complaint* of *Edward* " *Young*, present another very remarkable picture of " mind. *Young* is himself the constant complainant. " Every view of general misery leads him to the consi- " deration of his own state, and the description of his " individual misfortune. " The death of *Philander*. " His own sickness, *Nerissa*—the peculiar rancour of " death to him—the perils which await *Lorenzo*—re- " cur by every association to his thoughts; the men- " tion of friendship reminds him of the loss of friends, " and the counterfeit friendship of the great."‡

Throughout the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTE, the *Editor* has generally studied to exhibit *human nature* under its *brightest* and *fairest*, and of course, its *best* and most *engaging* aspect:—

The darker shades of the human character present a too revolting picture; doubtless, in a *moral* point of view, the *anatomy* of the *human mind* is, in some degree useful, as the *anatomy* of the *human body* is productive of salutary effects to mankind, in a *physical* view; yet, in the former case limits should be set to our investigations; it still being better to *laugh* with *Democritus*, than *weep* with *Heraclitus*: He who said, " *Unhappy is* the man *who lifts the veil from human nature*," uttered a truth of the greatest importance to the happiness of man; the eye of the mind may, as *Milton*

‡ These *Observations*, by the Rev. *Robert Burrowes*, M. R. S. A. at once original, interesting, and curious, are extracted from one of the most profound *disquisitions* we have ever met with on the subject of *character*. It is to be wished that the author would so publish it, as to give the generality of readers an opportunity of obtaining it.

Milton says, "be *purged*," but it will be with "*rue*."

Some years since, the *Editor* of this work happened to meet the late *Henry Brooke* in the shop of a bookseller; Mr. B. was turning over some volumes of Dr. *Law*'s edition of *Jacob Behmen*, and examining the mysterious prints which illustrate that *Theosophes*'s opinions—Mr. *Brooke*, on this occasion, repeated with a very impressive energy these lines of Dr. *Young*;—

Heav'n's sovereign *saves all beings but himself,*
That hideous sight, *a naked human heart!*

In fine;—as to the defects of human nature:—

"*Where ignorance* is *bliss*,
"'Tis *folly* to be *wise*. ‡—

The pleasing illusions which charm at our entrance into the world, will, as Mr. *Pope* observes, "like those gay colours that appear when our eyes are shut," vanish time enough, as when they *vanish*, they alas! *vanish* for *ever*, without anticipation: I have touched but slightly on "*man's low passions*," but enlarged on "*their glorious ends*,"—exhibiting those *traits* that excite *admiration*; elicit *talents*; inspire *emulation*; endue with *prudence*, and point out the paths to *honourable eminence*; to useful and valuable *attainment*; to *fame*; and to *happiness*; combining with these, the *solidity* of WISDOM; the *brilliancy* of WIT, and the *zest* of GOOD-HUMOUR.

THE EDITOR.

Dublin,
New-Year's Day, 1803.

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‡ GRAY.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ANECDOTES.

Jure Divino.

Prince of Wales.

AS the ministry had been active in procuring a separate establishment for the PRINCE, the leading men of them were frequently with his ROYAL HIGHNESS. One day, after dinner, the PRINCE, about to propose a bumper toast, asked BURKE, "*if a toast-master was not absolute?*" He instantly answered, "*Yes, Sir,* JURE DE VINO*." "That is the ONLY WAY," replied his ROYAL HIGHNESS, "in which I should wish to be ABSOLUTE.

* "By RIGHT of VINE."

Flechier.

The accomplished Flechier was the son of a tallow chandler. A prelate of the house of Rochefoucault, proud of his birth, expressed his surprise to the bishop of Nismes, that "*Flechier had been taken from the shop and placed in the episcopal seat.*" To this, Flechier answered with a warmth far above his natural mildness of manners, "*With such mean sentiments as "these, I fear, that if you had been born as low as I "was, you would have made candles all your life.*"

Truth in good Wine.

King William III. Marquis of Wharton.

In cold countries, in which the mind freezes when the body freezes, men of parts are generally lovers of wine. King William the Third, at his private parties, drank sometimes to excess. The following anecdotes, (which the late Mr. Stone had from the Duke of Newcastle,) may refer to a period, when the King's mind, wasted with vexation, might recruit itself with wine. In one of his parties with Lord Wharton, whom he always called Thom Wharton, he said, "*Thom, I know what you wish for, you wish for a Republic.*" Lord Wharton answered, "*and not a bad thing, Sir, neither.*" "*No, no,*" said the king, "*I shall disappoint you there, I will bring over King James's son upon you.*" Lord Wharton, making a very affected low bow, said, with a sneer, "*That is as your majesty pleases.*" Yet the king took neither the manner nor the answer amiss.

Only

Only one Fault.

King William III. Earl of Pembroke.

At another time, the King having invited the Earl of Pembroke to one of his parties, he was told that the Earl was quarrelsome in his cups: He laughed, and said, he would defy any man to quarrel with him as long as he could make the bottle go round.* What was foretold, however, happened; and Lord Pembroke was carried from the room, and put to bed. When told next morning, what he had done, he hastened to the palace, and threw himself upon his knee; "*No apologies,*" said the king, "*I was told you had no fault in the world, but one, and I am glad to find it is true, for I do not like your faultless people.*" Then taking him by the hand, added, "*Make not yourself uneasy, these accidents over a bottle are nothing among friends.*"

Ich Dien.

John, King of Bohemia,†

Was slain at the battle of Cressy, which was fought on Saturday, the 26th day of August, 1346. This Prince

* This was a most indubitable sign of genuine whiggism. About the year 1740, a very singular tract appeared, written by one Smith of Leicester; in which the true *whig* and *tory*, stand contra-distinguished

Prince, though blind, would be present at the engagement, and accordingly caused his horse to be fastened to those of two gallant knights, who were killed with him in the field. His standard was taken and brought to the Prince of Wales, *three ostrich feathers* were embroidered on it in gold, with these words in German, *Ich dien*, "I serve."

Theology and Temper.

Henry, Duke of Mecklenburgh.*

Henry, whilst at Heraclea, disputing with the Sultan about religion, charged that prince with superstition, in not believing the incarnation; the good-natured Sultan answered with great temper, that "*it was not difficult for God to take upon him human flesh from an unspotted virgin, who had made man out of clay.*"

Irish

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guished by their respective tastes in eating and drinking. See Le Blanc's Letters. Editor.

† This monarch, who appears not to have emulated Solomon, might worthily enough furnish Sterne with his story of "*The King of Bohemia and his seven castles.*" Vide Shandy.

* Surnamed "the Lion;"—this prince's posterity has flourished through a long succession of ages; and now with dignity and renown, fills the THRONE of these UNITED REALMS. Editor.

Irish Nation.

Simon, Earl Harcourt.

There are different ways of conducting different nations; but the faireſt and gentleſt are generally the moſt eaſy. Sir John Dalrymple ſays, that he once aſked the late Lord Harcourt, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, how he contrived to carry all the points of government, and yet to be the favourite of the people? He made this golden anſwer, "*I never trick the Irish.*"

The modern Ulysses.

Henry of Jeruſalem, Fifth Duke of Mecklenburgh.*

The captivity and releaſement, and return of this prince to his dominions, after an abſence of 26 years, is one of the moſt curious hiſtorical facts of the 14th century, and ſtruck, at the time, all Europe with amazement. When taken priſoner near Jeruſalem, he concealed his rank and condition, and changed his name: in this obſcurity he underwent many viciſſitudes: at length he was ſold to a maſter at Grand Cairo. All this time, his truſty ſervant, Martin Bleyer, ſtuck to him, and by his ſkill in weaving cloth of gold, alleviated his inconveniencies. Dr. Pocock (Biſhop of Oſſory) relates on the authority of an Arabian

* An anceſtor of the preſent ROYAL FAMILY. See alſo a foregoing ANECDOTE.

bian historian (Abul Faragius) that Henry was released by a Mameluke Sultan. The return of Henry, altered by years, hardships, and the disguise of his dress;—his family, his children, and grand-children rushing to his embrace, and fondly kissing his knees and hands;—and his beloved wife, Mastatia, straining him to her bosom, and pouring out her soul to him in a thousand raptures;—Henry himself scarce able to stand so moving a scene, hanging upon his Mastatia's neck, and expressing the tender transports of his heart, by the silent eloquence of tears, more significant than the most emphatical words, and the most moving oratory;—What a noble subject for PAINTING, or for its sister art, POETRY! hundreds of productions in both have been dedicated to the Greek Ulysses: Let the more amiable Ulysses of Mecklenburgh have his appropriate honours!

True Greatness.

Earl of Stair.

This nobleman was certainly one of the first characters of the age, (George II.) because, he joined all the accomplishments of a FRENCH NOBLEMAN, to the great qualities of a ROMAN and a BRITON.* When

* This passage should excite regret in minds who like to see HUMAN NATURE represented according to its DIGNITY. We fear that a brutal, barbarous, ignorant, and base revolutionary infatuation, has, for some time at least, put down the French nobleman." May Great Britain and Ireland, long maintain the COHESIVE principle of Society! Editors.

When all his offices and honours were taken from him by Sir Robert Walpole, for voting in parliament against the excise scheme, he retired to Scotland, and put his estate into the hands of trustees, to pay bills drawn by him in his magnificent embassy at Paris, which administration had refused to accept, reserving only an hundred pounds a month for himself. During this period he was often seen holding the plough for three or four hours at a time.

Liberality.

Earl of Stair.

When the messenger brought the late king's letter to take the command of the army, he had only ten pounds in the house. He sent express for the gentlemen of his own family, shewed the king's letter, and desired them to find money to carry him to London. They asked, "*how much he wanted, and when they should bring it?*" his answer was, "*the more, the better, and the sooner, the better.*" They brought him THREE THOUSAND GUINEAS: The circumstance came to the late king's ears, who expressed to his ministers the uneasiness he felt at Lord Stair's difficulties in money matters. One proposed, that "*the king should make him a present of a sum of money when he arrived.*" Another said, "*Lord Stair was so high spirited, that if he was offered money he would run back to his own country, and they should lose their general.*"—A third suggested, that "*to save his delicacy, the king should give him six commissions of cornets to dispose of.*"*

The

* At that time valued at 1000l. a piece.

The king liked this idea best, and gave the commissions blank to Lord Stair, saying, "they were intended to pay for his journey and equipage." But, in going from court to his own house, he GAVE ALL THE SIX AWAY.

Discernment.

Earl of Stair.

His lordship's discernment appeared in his choice of the three friends whom he carried in his coach to London, to provide for; the late Sir John Pringle, afterwards president of the Royal Society: Mr. Keith, afterwards ambassador at Berlin and Vienna, and Sir Lawrence Dundas; men of superior talents in their respective lines, and of good birth, but at that time, no favourites of fortune. He was well repaid. I have seen the two first, at four score years of age, cry, when the name of Stair was mentioned.

When at Rome, do as at Rome!

Earl of Stair.

When Lord Stair was ambassador at Paris during the regency, he ordered his coachman to give way to nobody, except the king, meaning, that an English Ambassador should take the pass, even of the Regent, but without naming him. The HOST was seen coming down a street through which the coach passed. The late colonel Young, from whom I had the story, who was master of horse, rode to the window of the coach, and asked Lord Stair, if "*he would be pleased to give way to* GOD ALMIGHTY?" His lordship answered, "*By all means, but to none else.*" And then, stepping

ſtepping out of the coach, paid reſpect to the religion of the country in which he was, and kneeled in a very dirty ſtreet.

Hon. John Forbes.

Admiral Forbes was remarkable above all other men, for his extenſive and univerſal knowledge. His meritorious deeds, detailed, would fill a volume. One or two anecdotes we ſhall give of him, a juſt tribute to the memory of departed greatneſs. When the warrant for executing Admiral Byng was offered for ſignature at the Admiralty board, Admiral Forbes refuſed to ſign it, at the ſame time humbly laying at his Majeſty's feet, his objections.*

During a late adminiſtration, it was thought expedient to offer a late noble Lord, the office of General of the marines, held by Admiral Forbes. It was ſignified to him, that it would forward the king's ſervice if he would reſign, and, that for thus accommodating government, it was propoſed recommending to the king to give him a penſion of 3000l. *per annum*, and a peerage to deſcend to his daughter. To this Admiral Forbes ſent an immediate anſwer: He told

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* A copy of this is to be found in Smollet's Hiſtory of England. They are well worthy the attention of all men of honour; as they contain, perhaps, the beſt ſpecimen of an upright and independent mind, and an honeſt and benevolent heart, that is to be found in any language. Editor.

the miniſters, " the generalſhip of marines *was a military employment, given him as a reward for his ſervices; that he thanked* GOD *he had never been a burthen to his country, which he had ſerved during a long life to the beſt of his ability; and he would not condeſcend to accept of a penſion, or bargain for a peerage.*" He concluded by laying his generalſhip of the marines, together with his rank in the navy, at his Majeſty's feet, entreating him to take both away, if they could forward his ſervice; and at the ſame time aſſured his Majeſty, " *he would never prove himſelf unworthy of the honours he had received by ending the remnant of a long life as a penſioner, or accepting a peerage obtained by political arrangement.*"

Horace all over!

Dr. Douglas.

A Scotch phyſician of the name of Douglas, was ſo paſſionately fond of Horace, that his library conſiſted of nothing but the works of this poet, multiplied into near four hundred editions, of all ages and countries.

Nothing in it!

Monteſquieu.

The author of *L'Eſprit des Loix*, was diſputing a point of fact with a man of a very poſitive diſpoſition, but one not overburthened with ſenſe. The latter ſaid to the Preſident, " *M. Montesquieu! if the fact is not as I have ſtated, I'll give you my head.*" " *I accept it,*" ſaid Monteſquieu, " *for* TRIFLES *ſhew respect.*"

Dinner

Dinner Time.

Cardinal d'Espagne.

In the war, carried on by the Pope, at the camp of Picene, a general engagement became, from the position of the armies, unavoidable. The Cardinal went through the ranks exhorting the Papal troops to exertions for the honour and states of the Holy See; following this up with a complete remission of all their sins, and concluding with an assurance that such of them as died that day, would dine with the angels in heaven. After this seasonable harangue, his Eminence was retiring, which a soldier observing, said to him, "*And you, my Lord Cardinal, won't you remain with us, and go and dine in Paradise?*" "*My friend,*" answered the Cardinal, "*I should gladly be of the party, but my dinner hour is not yet come, for I have no appetite.*"

Gradation of Liquors.

Edmund Burke.

Samuel Johnson dining one day at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, said "*Claret for boys; port for men; brandy for heroes.*"—"*Then,*" said Burke, "*let me have claret: I love to be a boy, and to have the careless gaiety of boyish days.*" Though Burke relished a cheerful glass, he did not exceed; and did not prefer strong wine.

The

The Fish caught.

Pope Sixtus V.

This pontiff attained the papal dignity amidst great intrigue, and from numerous candidates, by the most incredible dissimulation: Amongst other semblances he had, with an odd mixture of holiness and policy, his table covered with a *fishing-net*, instead of a napkin; but, as soon as he had arrived at the eminent dignity he looked for, he said to his attendants, (at the same time flinging away his *gouty* crutch, and rising a foot taller;) who were as usual bringing the net, &c. "*Serve me in linen; I want the net no longer; the prey is taken.*"

Symptom of Dodging.

Marquis de Joiras.

The day before a battle, an officer asked the Marquis de Joiras permission to go and see his father, who was extremely ill, to render him his services, and receive his benedictions. "Go," said the general, who very distinctly perceived the motive of this request: "*Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long.*"

Suwarrow.

A stranger, who has heard the name of Suwarrow, wishes, on his arrival in Russia, to see this hero. An old man is pointed out of a weather-beaten, and shrivelled figure, who traverses the apartments of the palace, hopping on one foot, or is seen running or gambolling

gambolling in the ſtreets, followed by a troop of boys, to whom he throws apples, to make them ſcramble and fight, crying himſelf, "*I am Suwarrow! I am Suwarrow!*" If the ſtranger ſhould fail to diſcover in this old madman the conqueror of the Turks and Poles, he will at leaſt, in his haggard and ferocious eyes, his foaming and horrid mouth, readily diſcern the butcher of the inhabitants of Prague. He is endowed with a natural ferocity. He lives in the army like a ſimple coſſack: he arrives at court like an ancient Scythian; and, during his ſtay, will accept no other lodging than the carriage which brought him. To relate the details of his life, would be to record a ſeries of extravagancies; and certainly if he be not mad, the ability to counterfeit madneſs is among the firſt of his qualifications.

The ſingularity of his manners is as ſtriking as the eccentricity of his mind. He retires to reſt at ſix in the evening, and riſes at two in the morning, when he bathes himſelf in cold water, or cauſes pails of water to be thrown over his naked body. He dines at eight, and his dinner, like his breakfaſt, conſiſts of the coarſeſt and commoneſt food of the ſoldiers, and brandy: a man trembles to be invited to ſuch a repaſt. Often, in the middle of the entertainment, one of his *aid-de-camps* riſes; and, approaching him, forbids him to eat any more. "*By whose order am I forbidden?*" demands Suwarrow:—"*By order of the Marshal Suwarrow himself,*" anſwers the *aid-de-camp*. Suwarrow, riſing, then ſays, "*He must be obeyed.*" In the ſame manner, he cauſes himſelf to be commanded, in his own name, to walk or do any other neceſſary thing.

Dr.

Dr. Messenger Monsey.

The Doctor was many years physician to Chelsea hospital. He was a man of very comprehensive understanding, genius, and wit, and of infinite whimsicality; all which he preserved in full force to his death, at the age of ninety-six. He was particularly blunt in his humours, and gave his worst thoughts the worst of words. But those thoughts were never malignant; his openness of manner, and severity of language, proceeded entirely from his love of truth. With an appearance of rigour and parsimony, he was really tolerant to natural failings.

The following anecdote of Dr. Monsey is well attested. He lived so long in his office of physician at Chelsea hospital, that, during many changes in administration, the reversion of the place had been promised to several of the medical friends of the different pay-masters of the forces. Looking out of his window one day, the doctor saw a gentleman examining the house and gardens, who, he knew, had just got a reversion of the place: he therefore came out to him, and thus accosted him:—"*Well, Sir, I see you are examining your house and gardens that is to be; and I will assure you, they are both very pleasant and convenient; but I must tell you one circumstance, you are the sixth man that has had the reversion of the place, and I have buried them all! and what is more,* (said the doctor, looking very scientifically at him) *there is something in your face that tells me I shall bury you too.*" The event justified the doctor's prediction, as the gentleman died a few years after, and, at the time of Dr. Monsey's death, no person had the promise of a reversion.

Dr.

Dr. Monſey entertained the higheſt admiration for Mrs. Montague, and conſidered her as one of the firſt intellectual characters he had ever known in his long and large intercourſe with mankind. The following is an extract of a letter of pleaſantry, from Mrs. Montague to Dr. Monſey, in January 1785, when the doctor was 93 years of age.

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,

"I flatter myſelf you do not love me leſs vehemently at ninety years of age, than you did at eighty-nine. Indeed, I feel my paſſion for you increaſes yearly. A miſer does not love a *new guinea*, or an antiquary, an *old one*, more than I do you. Like a *virtuoso*, I admire the *verd antique** on your character, and ſet a higher price on your affection every day. If the winter of the year had been as pleaſant as the winter of your age, I ſhould have called on you at Chelſea before this time, &c."

Dr. Monſey, by will, directed that his body ſhould be anatomiſed, and the ſkeleton preſerved in Chelſea hoſpital.

Hon. William Montague,

Nephew of the third Earl of Sandwich. Captain Long, under whom he ſerved as lieutenant, obſerving in him a too gallant ſpirit, which at times, roſe to an appearance, rather romantic, diſtinguiſhed him, on all occaſions, by the familiar appellation of his "DRAGON."

He

* "Old green."

He was present with Mr. Anson at the defeat of De la Jonquiere's squadron; and on the 27th of February 1757, captured a Spanish register ship, having on board 360,000 dollars, &c.

The following anecdotes are related of him.

In coming up the channel, during the time he commanded the Bristol, he fell in with a very numerous fleet of outward-bound Dutch merchantmen. He fired at several, in order to compel them to bring to. The Dutch aided by a fair wind hoped to escape the delay of being searched, and held on their way. Captain Montague pursued, but, on overtaking them, took no other satisfaction than that of manning and sending out his two cutters, with a carpenter's mate in each, ordering them to cut off twelve of the ugliest heads they could find in the whole fleet, from among those which ornament the extremity of their rudders. These he caused to be disposed on brackets round his cabin, contrasting them in the most ludicrous manner his vein of humour could invent, and writing under them the names of the "TWELVE CÆSARS."

Another anecdote is, that being once at Lisbon, and having got in a night affray with the people on shore, he received in the scuffle, what is usually termed, a black-eye. On the following day, previous to his going on shore, he compelled each of his boats crew to black, with cork, one of their eyes, so as to resemble a natural injury; the starboard rowers the right eye, the larboard rowers, the left, and the cockswain both; the whimsical effect may be easily conceived.

When under the orders of Sir Edward Hawke, in 1755, he solicited permission to repair to town. The Admiral informed him, "that the complexion of affairs

affairs were so serious, that he could not grant him leave to go farther from his ship than his barge could carry him." Mr. Montague is said to have immediately repaired to Portsmouth, where he gave orders for the construction of a carriage on trucks, to be drawn with horses, on which he meant to row his barge; having previously stored it with provisions and necessaries requisite for three days, to proceed to London. Having lashed it to the carriage, the crew was instructed to imitate the action of rowing with the same solemnity as if they had been actually coming into the harbour from Spithead. Sir Edward, it is said, received intelligence of his intention soon after the boat and its contents were landed, and immediately sent him his permission to proceed to London in whatever manner he thought proper. A variety of well-authenticated anecdotes equally ludicrous might be adduced.

Henry Mossop, Esq.

Mossop's father was a clergyman, rector of Tuam. His first appearance on the stage was at Smock-alley theatre, 28th November, 1749, in the part of Zanga, in which he displayed an astonishing degree of beautiful wildness; and extraordinary marks of genius appeared.

Mossop had a strong and comprehensive voice, which could rise from the lowest note, to the highest pitch of sound; and was, indeed, one of the most comprehensive ever heard.

Mossop was remarkable for a pompous gravity, even upon the most trifling occasions, he did not *affect it*, for it belonged to his nature; and he was insensible to the ridicule his stiff solemnity frequently inspired.

When

When he was much embarrassed in his circumstances, the frequent conversations he was necessarily obliged to hold with lawyers, had given to his language a kind of legal twist. Mr. ———, having occasion to pay him a visit, was followed into the room by a strange dog, with which Mossop seemed to be much pleased, and when he understood he was at liberty to keep him, he turned to his man, and said to him in his grave way, "*John, I desire you to* retain *that dog.*"

One of his actors, (Hollocombe) having been arrested for debts, which the manager's tardiness had obliged him to contract, Mossop had applied to his friend the sheriff "*for the loan of him for his business in the evening,*" and promised, "*upon his honour, that he would return him at night.*" When the man was out, however, he refused to go back. "*Won't you,*" (says Mossop, stalking majestically towards him;) *then know, fellow, I'll forfeit you.*"

He was haughty, and much offended, at times, if a favour was offered him; often ridiculously so—as in the case of a Major now living, who at the time the circumstance happened, was devoted to the interest of the tragedian; and, though Mossop was, at that period, in great distress, he wanted to fight his friend, only because he used to go to every door in the theatre, and pay at each, when he perceived the receipt of the house was inconsiderable.

He was particularly attached to various foods, according to the line of character he had to represent. *Broth*, for one;—*roast pork*, for tyrants;—*steaks*, for Measure for Measure; *boiled lamb*, for lovers;—*pudding*, for Tancred, &c. &c.

Self

Self-Defence.

James Maſſey Dawſon, Eſq.

This gentleman, independent of his own perſonal prowess, (which many remember, as being the terror of all the hackney coachmen, within the bills of mortality) was commonly attended in his perambulations, by an extraordinary number of very fierce dogs. One of them having aſſailed a paviour, and faſtened on his leg, the paviour *se defendendo* killed the animal. His maſter, enraged, demanded compenſation, and had the chief of the rammer and pick-axe brought before a magiſtrate. On being aſked, "*why he killed the dog?*" he anſwered, "*that the animal would have bit him,*" "*but why,*" ſaid the magiſtrate, "*not strike him with the handle of the pick, instead of the point?*" "*So I should,*" anſwered Paddy, "*if he had attempted to bite me with his tail instead of his teeth.*"

Faith.

Frederick the Great.

Frederick the Great having embelliſhed a Lutheran church with a new altar piece, the miniſters repreſented to the king, that their flock could not read the canticles, which were done in a very ſmall print. His Majeſty, conſidering that the advanced ſtate of the building rendered this fault irremediable, returned their remonſtance, having firſt written at the bottom of it theſe words:

"Happy are they who believe and ſee not."

Given

Given over.

Henry IV. Duke of Sully.

Henry IV. being told that a celebrated physician had quitted the reformed religion, and embraced the roman catholic, said, to the Duke of Sully, "*My friend, your religion must be in a very weak state, since it is given over by the physician.*"

Retort.

Countess of Grosvenor.

Shortly after the discovery of the intrigue between the late Duke of Cumberland, and the Countess, the latter, entering an assembly room, at Barnet, just as a fat lady was quitting it, said, pretty loud, "*there's* beef a-la-mode *coming out!*" "*Yes,*" answered the other offended dame, "*and there's* game *going in!*"

All for the Best.

Rev. Dr. Skelton.

This clergyman was distinguished for his satirical and severe turn: He was called the Irish South.* He, one day, in a sermon, enlarged on the position, that, "every thing which God made, was well made. "*This is an assertion*" said a man exceedingly deformed, who had attentively listened to the doctor's discourse,

* A celebrated English divine.

discourse, "*which rather staggers my belief.*" When the sermon was finished, he followed Dr. Skelton to the door of the church, and said to him, "*Sir, you preached that God had made all things well; see how I am made.*" "My friend," answered the doctor, surveying him from head to foot, *you are very well for a cripple.*"

On Scripture Grounds.

Pope Alexander the Sixth,

Having expended large sums in building a magnificent palace, the poor, who suffered greatly, murmured at it, and wrote these words upon the gates of it: *Dic ut lapides isti panes fiant.*"—"*Command that these stones be made bread.*"

Text for Text.

The Duke of Bouillon,

Whom Louis XIII. had just pardoned for a conspiracy, met the Cardinal of Valette, who said to him, "*Beati quorum remissa sunt iniquitates.*"—"Blessed are they whose sins are forgiven them." As this Cardinal had been suspected of being also engaged in another conspiracy, the Duke answered him: *Et quorum tecta sunt peccata.*"—"And under whose roof there are no faults." This answer is the more happy, as being chosen from the same psalm.

Virtue

Virtue in humble Life.

Edward Heardſon.

Thirty Years Cook to the Beef-steak Society.

The attachment and delight the ſubject of this anecdote felt in his employment is perhaps unparalleled in the ſphere of his humble ſtation, and well worth recording: Finding himſelf paſt hope of recovery, he begged on his death-bed, as the laſt wiſh of his heart, that his body might be conveyed into the club-room, and be there permitted to expire: poſſeſſed with this idea, which could not be realized, as it was not poſſible to move him, he laid a miniature picture of Captain MORRIS,* which he had long graſped in his dying hand, on his breaſt, and, under the illuſion that he ſaw the ſociety around him, he preſſed his hands eagerly on the picture, and exclaiming at the ſame moment—"*God bleſs you, my dear maſters, bury it with me!*" expired.

The ſociety have paid all due reſpect to the memory of this excellent ſervant: a handſome ſtone with an inſcription by Col. MORRIS has been voted, and an engraving

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* This moſt accompliſhed gentleman, who truly united, as Pope ſays of Petronius, "the ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe," was killed by the ſide of his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, in the expedition againſt the Batavian Republic, during the late war. He was a great favourite with his Royal Highneſs, and was, at the time of his death, Colonel in the Guards. Editor.

engraving of him, from a picture by BARRY, has a distinguished place in the club-room.

The inscription, by Colonel MORRIS, possesses great merit, and, has not, in its way, a co-rival in our language. It has not, hitherto, appeared in any collection, and it will honour the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT; as, indeed, it would honour the first collection in the world.

THE INSCRIPTION.

His last *steak* done; his fire rak'd out and dead,
Dish'd for the worms himself, lies HONEST NED;
We, then, whose breasts bore all his *fleshly toils*,
Took all his *bastings*, and shar'd all his *broils*;
Now, in our turn, *a mouthful carve*, and *trim*,
And *dress*, at Phœbus' fire, one *scrap* for him.

His heart, which well might grace the noblest grave,
Was grateful, patient, modest, just, and brave;
And ne'er did Earth's wide maw *a morsel* gain
Of *kindlier juices*, or more *tender grain*;
His tongue, where duteous friendship humbly dwelt,
Charm'd all who heard the faithful zeal he felt;
Still, to whatever end his *chops* he mov'd,
'Twas all *well-season'd*, *relish'd*, and approv'd:
This room his heav'n!—when threat'ning fate drew nigh
The closing shade that dimm'd his ling'ring eye,
His last fond hopes, betray'd by many a tear,
Were—That his life's last *spark* might *glimmer* here;
And the last words that choak'd his parting sigh—
"*Oh! at your feet, dear masters let me die!*"

Rise

Rise of the City of Glasgow:

Provost Cochrane.

The late Provost Cochrane, who was eminently wise, and who had been a merchant at Glasgow, for near 70 years, being asked, to what causes he imputed the sudden rise of the city of Glasgow? He said it was all owing to four young men of talents and spirit, who started at one time in business, and whose success gave example to the rest. The FOUR had not TEN THOUSAND POUNDS amongst them, when they began.

Irish Capitals:

Earl of Chesterfield.

The preceding anecdote was related by the Earl, in answer to some observations as to the poverty of Ireland. His lordship was for maintaining "the chain of causes and effects to be as absolute in the moral and political, as the natural world:" Certainly, the argument, that because the Irish have small capitals, they will not obtain trade, is an argument for children.

Admiral Benbow.

It is in the government of states, as in that of private families, the exertions of service are exactly in proportion to the vigilance of the governors. King William, by his predilection for the land, had weakened the spirit of the sea, service. The command of the West India fleet was successively refused by several officers, under different pretences. The king, who, like

like other Dutchmen, did not dislike a pun, said, "*Well! since those beaux will not go, I must apply to honest Benbow!*"—This brave Admiral maintained an engagement with the French fleet, on the above station, that lasted four days. Benbow boarded the French Admiral four times. His leg was shattered. He was carried below fainting, and his leg cut off. He gave orders for the couch on which he lay to be carried to the quarter-deck, and seeing three of his Captains, Kirby, Wade, and Constable, out of action, fired on them, to bring them into it. In consequence of the shyness of these officers, the victory was indecisive. One of Benbow's friends lamenting the loss of his leg, "*I would rather have lost them both,*" said he, "*than seen the disgrace of this day.*"

"*He'll roll me in his Tartan Pladdie.*"

OLD SONG.

The Cota.

Formerly in Gaul, in Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland, no raiment was worn below the COTA. Partial to this dress, the Highlanders who serve on the British establishment still retain it. Sir Henry Erskine alludes to this garb, in his admirable verses addressed to the Royal Highland Regiment, which we think well worthy of being rescued from oblivion, by giving them their due place in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF WIT.

With the garb of old Gaul, and the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotland we come;

From the mountains where Romans attempted to reign,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.
Though no cities or courts of our habit approve,
'Twas presented by Mars, at a synod of Jove;
And when Pallas observ'd at a ball 'twould look odd,
Mars received from his Venus a smile and a nod.

The wit and gallantry of these lines are of a superior cast, and justify the application to Sir Henry Erskine, of the compliment paid heretofore to a Xenophon or a Rapin.

Transient Splendour.

The golden Crown,

Of a certain fallen family, that formerly ruled over a considerable part of Ireland, was, (it is a well-known fact) very lately extant. It is with pain I add, that the necessities of the possessor, compelled him to convert this CROWN, the pride of his family, into money.*

Rings.

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* J. C. Walker, Esq. who relates this interesting and singular anecdote, does not mention the name of the possessor of this crown. The family alluded to, is most probably that of O'C—n—r.

Rings.

The use of rings is of high antiquity in Ireland. In a translation of a fragment of Icelandic history, entitled "A Voyage from Ireland to Iceland," in the possession of the Earl of Moira; an Irish princess, resident in Iceland, presents to her son on the eve of his departure for Ireland, a ring, saying, "*My father made a present of this gold ring to me on the appearance of my first tooth, I hope that he will know it again.*"

Wigs.

It is said that the first person by whom a wig was worn in Ireland, was a Mr. Edmund O'Dwyer, who lost his estate by joining in opposition to Cromwell's forces. He was known by the appellation of *Edmund of the wig.*

Hard Roes, and soft Roes.

Toleration.

People do wrong to attempt to extinguish the spirit of toleration. No man has a right to injure another for not thinking as he does himself. Prudent measures might very easily root out bigotry, without even a bloody nose ensuing. In a collection of oriental stories by that great statesman and philosopher Pilpay, the following anecdote is to be found. Two sects in that part of India which borders on Persia, entertained in common a great veneration for a species of pike (fish) called hummica; which had a small crescent on its tail. A serious dispute arose among their learned, whether this pike had a soft or a hard roe. Both

parties not only fulminated excommunication but they came several times to blows. To put an end to such disturbances, the monarch of the country made use of the following expedient:

He ordered a strict fast of three days to both parties; and at the expiration of it sent for the sticklers for the hard-roed pike, who accordingly were present at his dinner. A pike was brought in to him, three feet in length, and on the tail a crescent had been put. "*Is this your oracular fish?*" said the king to the doctors, "*Yes, Sir,*" answered they; "*we know him by the crescent on his tail, and make no question but he is hard-roed.*" On this the king ordered the pike to be opened, it was found to have the finest melt that could be. "*Now,*" said the king, "*you see this is not your oracular pike, it being soft-roed.*" And the king and his nobles ate the pike, and the hard-roed doctors were not a little pleased that their adversaries oracle had been fried.

Immediately after, the doctors of the opposite side were sent for, and a pike of three feet, with a crescent on his tail, being shewn to them, they, with great joy, assured his majesty, that it was their oracular hummica, and that he had a soft roe; but behold! on being opened, it was found hard-roed. At this, the two parties, equally out of countenance, and still fasting, the good-natured king told them, that he could only give them a dinner of pikes, and they greedily fell to eating both hard-roed and soft-roed without distinction. This closed the CIVIL WAR with great applauses of the king's wisdom and goodness. And since that time, the people have laid aside their animosities and prejudices, grounded on difference of opinion, and the country, by the salutary union of all its inhabitants in the doctrines of common sense, and the pursuits

purſuits of trade, commerce, and agriculture, has become, what it never was before, a very happy and flouriſhing country.

Eloquence!!!

Mr. Cruger.

Mr. Burke's colleague for Briſtol, it would appear was not remarkable as an orator. It is reported, that after Mr. Burke had delivered one of his beſt ſpeeches at Briſtol, Cruger roſe up, and exclaimed, "I ſay "*ditto* to Mr. Burke—I ſay *ditto* to Mr. Burke."

James Charles Fox.

Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) made it a rule, in the tuition of his children, to follow and regulate, but not to reſtrain, nature. At table, Charles, when a boy, was permitted to enter into the converſation of men, and acquitted himſelf to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent. Perhaps the early habit of thinking with freedom, and ſpeaking with readineſs, may have contributed to that *prompt exertion* of his great talents, which makes a conſiderable part of his ſenatorial excellence. When Mr. Fox was ſecretary of ſtate, young Charles uſed to read his diſpatches; and when not ten years of age, one day told his father that a paper, which he had juſt read, was too feeble, and threw it into the fire. The ſecretary made out another copy, without the ſlighteſt reprimand. Moſt parents would agree in thinking that the father's indulgence, even to Charles Fox, was exceſſive. Few, very few, can have an opportunity of aſcertaining its effects on SUCH A SUBJECT.

Lord

*Lord Bathurst.**

That enlightened, benevolent, and engaging man, at the time that Mr. Burke made his memorable allusion to him in his speech on America, was then above ninety. His lordship's health was so firm and vigorous, that he used to sit up to enjoy the pleasures of social conversation for several hours after his son. The Lord Chancellor's more delicate temperament obliged him to go to bed. After Lord Apsley's departure for the night, the venerable peer used to call for the other bottle, and say, "*come, my friends, let us* YOUNG "*men drink to the repose of the old gentleman that has* "*left us.*"

Good Digestion.

A Masked Ball

Of a magnificent kind was given by Madame Pompadour. At this ball one original and comical scene amused the monarch much. A buffet, splendidly furnished, offered refreshments in profusion to the company.

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* Well known to the readers of Pope's elegant poetry;—

"Who then shall GRACE, or who improve the soil?
"Who plants like BATHURST, and who builds like Boyle?
"'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence,
"And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.

company. A mask in a yellow domino came there frequently, and made dreadful havock among the cooling liquors, the exquisite wines, and all the solid provisions. No sooner did this mask disappear, than he came back again more thirsty and hungry than ever. He was observed by some masks, who shewed him to others. The yellow domino became the object of universal curiosity. His majesty wished to see him, and, anxious to know who he was, had him followed; it was found that this was a domino belonging in common to the hundred Swiss, who putting it on alternately, succeeded each other at this post, which was not the worst in the room. It is well known, that one of the hundred Swiss, who is equal to three or four men in corpulence, devours full as much as ten; so it was just as if a thousand mouths had been fed at the buffet.

Soldiership.

Chevalier d'Assas.

The memory of the following *trait* ought to be immortal: M. de Assas, a captain in the regiment of Auvergne, being sent in the night-time upon a scout, was surprized by a patrole of the enemy: he was ordered to be silent, and they threatened to kill him, if he spoke a word: He immediately cried out: "*Come here, Auvergne, the enemy are here!*" This generous Curtius who ought to have seen his enemy fall at his feet with admiration, was instantly massacred.

Twelfth-

Twelfth-Night.

Baddely.

A comedian of much merit, among other singularities in his will; left three pounds annually for a twelfth cake, to be distributed in the green-room.

Reconciliation.

Adrian Brower.

This most eminent of the Dutch painters, in the sphere of broad humour, was actually took by Frank Hals from begging in the streets, and instructed by him. His pieces are inimitable in their way, representing his pot companions in the act of drinking, smoaking tobacco, gaming, fighting, &c. performed with so delicate and free a pencil, so much of nature in his expression, such elegant drawing in the respective parts, and such good keeping in the whole altogether that he is deemed superior in the humorous line. He was pleasant, facetious, and witty in his cups, and was a strong advocate for a short life and a merry one. Resolving to proceed post haste to his grave, by the help of brandy, he arrived at his journey's end when he was only thirty years of age. On his death-bed, he asked for a goblet of water, which he drank, saying, "*We must reconcile ourselves to our enemies when we are dying.*"

Most Musical.

A musician of note, who had acquired a considerable fortune by marriage, was asked to sing in company. "*Allow*

"*Allow me*," ſaid he, "*to imitate the nightingale, which does not sing after it has made its nest.*"

Mass and Mess.

Fontenelle.

Fontenelle had a brother, an abbot: a gentleman aſked him one day, "*What is your brother doing?*"—"*My brother*," ſaid he, "*he is a priest.*"—"*Has he a living?*"—"*No.*"—"*How does he employ himself?*"—"*He says mass in the morning.*"—"*And in the evening?*"—"*In the evening*," rejoins Fontenelle, "*he don't know what he says.*"

Early Indication of Character!

Deſpreaux Boileau.

The father of this eminent poet and ſatiriſt, (in the latter, only ſecond to Horace, or perhaps, to Pope.) examining one day the characters of his children, and ſurpriſed at the *mildness* and *simplicity* which he diſcovered in Deſpreaux, ſaid always of him, as diſtinction from the others. "*That he was a good boy, and would never* ſpeak ill *of any body.*"

Filial Affection!!!

Queen Mary, Daughter of James II.

When William complained to his conſort of the difficulties he was to encounter in Ireland, ſhe anſwered, "*You might have been free of those difficulties, had you taken my advice, when the king was in your hands.*" Another anecdote, well atteſted, and which marks the

the ſtate of the exiled court, is as follows:—James was one day complaining to his courtiers of his eldeſt daughter, but ſpeaking with tenderneſs of the princeſs Anne: Captain Loyd, who liked not the laſt part of the converſation, quitted the room; but, turning back his head as he ſhut the door, muttered aloud, "Both bitches, by God!"

Never too late to mend.

Madame de Sevigne.

"*I cannot bear*," ſaid Madame de Sevigne, "*to hear old people ſay*, "I am too old to mend;" I "would ſooner forgive a young perſon for ſuch an "obſervation. Youth is ſo amiable, that we muſt "admire it, if the mind is as perfect as the body; "but when we are no longer young, it is then that "we ſhould improve ourſelves, and endeavour to re-"gain, by good qualities, what we have loſt on the "ſide of the agreeable."

Too late to dress again.

Patrix.

This eminent lawyer, having recovered from a very dangerous illneſs, at the age of ninety, his friends congratulated him, and encouraged him to get up.—"*Alas!*" ſaid he to them, "*it is hardly worth while to dress myself again.*"

Powers

Powers of a Painter.

Peter Cortone.

One day the Duke of Tuſcany was amuſing himſelf, in ſeeing Cortone painting, who was repreſenting a child crying, "*I'll ſoon make him change his note,*" cried out the painter: he then gave a touch of his pencil, and the ſame child appeared laughing; again, by another ſtroke of the pencil, he repreſented him in his former ſtate. "*Thus, prince,*" ſaid the artiſt, "*you ſee how eaſy it is to make children either laugh or cry.*"

Self-Examination.

Doctor Samuel Johnſon.

Johnſon, when about 69 years of age, in order to aſcertain whether his mental powers were impaired, determined to try to learn a new language, and fixed upon the low Dutch. Finding he learned it with facility, he deſiſted, thinking the experiment had been ſufficiently tried. Mr. Burke's ready diſcernment perceived, inſtantaneouſly, that it was not a fair trial, as the low Dutch is a language ſo near our own; had it been one of the languages entirely different, he might he ſaid, be ſoon ſatisfied.

Military Eloquence.

There is always ſomething remarkable in military eloquence. A ſerjeant thus addreſſed his company the day before a battle: "*Courage! my comrades! "the king gives us pay the whole year, for the ſervice*

"*of*

" *of one day, let us therefore acquit ourselves to his ho-*
" *nour and our own.*"

Military Pretensions.

Louis XIV.

An officer of the regiment of Orleans, having been dispatched to the court with intelligence, demanded, as was usual, the cross of St. Louis. " *But you are very young,*" said Louis XIV. to him. " *Sire,*" answered the brave soldier, " *we do not live long in your regiment of Orleans.*"

A Veteran.

Louis XIV.

A veteran officer, who had been in very hard services, entreated Louis XIV. to make him a lieutenant-general; " *I will think of it,*" said the king. " *I beg, then, your majesty will be speedy,*" replied this brave officer, putting his hand up to his head, " *for you may see, by my white hair, that I have not long to wait.*" This boldness did not displease the king, and success attended it.

The last Circumstance in a long Acquaintance.

Edmund Burke. Doctor Johnson. Mr. Wyndham.

When Johnson's state of health predicted a speedy dissolution, Burke went frequently to see his venerable friend, now confined to the bed of sickness. One day, he, with Mr. Wyndham and several other gentlemen,

was

was visiting the dying sage, Burke said, "*I am afraid, my dear Sir, such a number of us may be oppressive to you?*" "*No, Sir,*" said Johnson, "*it is not so; and I must be in a wretched state, indeed, when your company would not be a delight to me.*" Mr. Burke, in a tremulous voice, expressive of being tenderly affected, replied, "*My dear Sir, you have always been too good to me.*"—He immediately afterwards went away. This was their last interview.

Politeness.

Countess of Coventry.

The countess (who was indisputably the most beautiful woman of her time) was desirous, for politeness, to say something to a lady, who had come to her, charged with a commission, from the country, the countess asked her, "*how many children she had?*"—"*I have three,*" answered the lady. A quarter of an hour after, the countess, who paid little attention to what she had been saying, asked the lady a second time, how many children she had?—"*As I have not lain-in,*" answered she, "*since you did me the honour to ask me that question before, I have still but three.*" This frank and humorous answer had the happiest effect.

Anecdote appropriate.

Henry IV. Duke of Parma.

When Major Scott urged Mr. Burke to bring forward his charges against Mr. Hastings. Mr. B. replied by relating an anecdote of the great Duke of Parma, who being challenged by Henry IV. of France

"*to bring his forces into the open field, and instantly decide their disputes,*" answered with a smile, "*that he knew very well what he had to do, and was not come so far to be directed by an enemy.*"

Right Hand Man!!!

M. Adam.

An advocate of Thoulouse, usually composed the speeches which were to be delivered by the president: It happened, that during the absence of the advocate, an occasional speech was required, which the president composed as well as he could. When he was delivering it, a counsellor, who observed him embarrassed, cited these words from Genesis: "*Adam, ubi es?*" "*Adam, where art thou?*"

Moorish Gallantry.

Princess of Conti.

This princess (daughter of Louis XIV.) speaking to the ambassador of Morocco, expressed her disapprobation of the plurality of wives allowed by Mahomet. "*We should only require one each,*" replied the courteous ambassador, "*if they were all like your highness.*"

Calumny.

Prior.

This celebrated wit being one day in company with Pope, Swift, and others, asserted, that "*it was easier to escape* temptation *than* calumny." And to illustrate

illuſtrate his remark, put the following caſe, "Suppoſe a man be left alone with a fine woman, the ſervants, and his rivals, abſent, and deſire preſſing him as ſtrongly as the opportunity was advantageous; do you think he could reſiſt?" The queſtion was referred to Sir Richard Steele, then preſent,—"*He might*," was the immediate anſwer, "*but no one would believe it.*"

A fine come-off.

Madame de Staal.*

At the time that Madame de Staal was writing "Memoirs of her Life," a friend aſked her, how ſhe ſhould depict herſelf when ſhe came to that part of her life where adventures of gallantry formed ſo conſpicuous a part? "Oh!" ſaid ſhe, "*I ſhall repreſent myſelf only as a buſt.*"

Louis XVI.

On the day that this prince with his family were brought back from Varennes, it is aſſerted, that from Straſburgh to Paris there were more than 500,000 perſons under arms. The king, on this occaſion, taking a part in the extraordinary ſpectacle, ſmiled on the people, and with much ingenuouſneſs, ſaid, "*Well! here I am!*"

Lord North. Edmund Burke.

It happened, that during Mr. Burke's famous ſpeeches on the fanatical outrages of the aſſociation in

* Daughter of Mr. Neckar. E.

1780, that the prime minister was indulging himself in a sound nap. "*I hope,*" said Mr. B. "*government is not dead, but asleep:*" pointing to Lord N. "*Brother Lazarus is not dead, but sleepeth.*" The laugh, on this occasion was not more loud on one side of the house, than it appeored to be relished on the other.

Disinterestedness.

M. Turenne.

The eulogium given to this great man, will be confirmed by posterity. He did a noble action, the recital of which is equal to the most eloquent praises. A deputation from a town in Germany, offered him one hundred thousand crowns, if he would refrain from passing his army through that town. "*I cannot in conscience accept your present,*" answered he, "*because it was not my intention to have passed through it.*"

Afier.

Lord North.

As he had a heart disposed for kindness, he felt the kindness, or unkindness, gratitude or ingratitude of others, with keen sensibility. One day, he happened to be dining with a gentleman of the law, who had been a very able supporter of his administration, and had been patronized by him. After dinner, a little boy, named William, came up to his lordship, got strawberries from him, and shewed great fondness for him. Afterwards, at tea, his lordship proposing to renew their acquaintance, William turned his back upon him. "*Ah! William,*" said Lord North, "*you are*

are not the only one that paid court to me while I could give them strawberries, but turn their backs upon me when I have none to give them."

Mahometan Tenets resisted.

Edmund Burke. Samuel Johnſon.

Burke was no enemy to that enlivener of ſocial parties, wine. One evening he obſerved that a hogſhead of claret, which had been ſent the club as a preſent, was almoſt out, and propoſed that Johnſon ſhould write for another, in ſuch ambiguity of expreſſion, as might have a chance of procuring it alſo as a gift. One of the company ſaid, Dr. Johnſon ſhall be our dictator, " Were I," ſaid Johnſon, " your dictator, " you ſhould have no wine, it would be my buſineſs " *cavere nequid detrimenti respublica caperet*:* wine " is dangerous; Rome was ruined by luxury." Burke replied, " if you allow no wine as a dictator, " you ſhall not have me for maſter of the horſe."

Mrs. Woffington.

Mr. ——— who had ſpent ſome time at Paris, happened to dine at a gentleman's where Miſs Woffington captivated the company with her ſprightly wit, and eaſy manners; our Pariſian hero paid ſuch attention to the glaſs, that the cloth was ſcarce removed when the table and chairs exhibited the effects of it, as well as

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* *To take care that the republic suffered no detriment:* the cuſtomary charge to the Roman dictator on his appointment. E.

as those who were present, particularly Miss Woffington, who, as she happened to be formed of the common mould, was reminded of it, to which she only answered, "*Sir, I expected all this; I observed for some time past the yellow clay breaking through the plaister of Paris.*"

James Boswell. Edmund Burke.

Boswell telling him that he had seen at the Blue-Stocking Club a number of ladies sitting round a worthy and tall friend of their's (Johnson), and listening to his literature. "*Ay,*" said Burke, "*like maids round a may-pole.*"

One day, Boswell trying to make a definition of man, that would distinguish him from all other animals, calls him "*a cooking animal.*" A man can dress a good dinner, and every man is more or less a cook in seasoning what he himself eats. "*Your definition,*" replied Burke, "*is good, I now see the full* "*force of the common proverb,* there is reason in the "roasting of eggs."

Edward Gibbon, Esq.

Has an observation on the *Beggar's Opera*, which, whether just or not, is new and ingenious: "It has," he said, "had a beneficial effect in refining highway-"men, and making them less ferocious, more polite; "in short, more like *gentlemen.*"

Mr.

Mr. Courtney.

On hearing the opinion of Mr. Gibbon concerning the *Beggar's Opera*, ſaid, with his uſual happineſs of witty alluſion, " *then* Gay *was the* Orpheus *of highwaymen.*"

Edward Murphy, Esq.

One of the moſt celebrated modern dramatic writers; a friend of his has often related with great glee the following anecdote reſpecting the " Apprentice." Mr. Murphy, when he firſt prepared his *coup d'essai* for the ſtage, had compoſed it without the character of Wingate, the hero's (Dick) father. Mr. M. had an uncle, a trader in the city, that had often endeavoured to enrich his mind with œconomical maxims, and to prove to him the uſeleſſneſs of literature. Mr. Murphy conceiving himſelf to be ſtill a favourite with his uncle, notwithſtanding his dereliction of the mercantile path he hath chalked out for him, expected a handſome legacy at his death; and on the faith of it, with juvenile imprudence, incurred a debt of two hundred pounds. On the deceaſe of the uncle, he found there was not a farthing bequeathed to him. In great anxiety about his embarraſſment, he at laſt reflected on the leſſons of old Jeffrey,—and thought he would not make a bad figure as a character in his farce. He accordingly brought him forward as old *Wingate*, recommending Cocker's Arithmetic as the only book worthy of being ſtudied, and keeping very cloſely to the language and ſentiments of his worthy relation. The added perſonage tended conſiderably to the great ſucceſs of the performance, " *So,*" ſaid Mr.

Mr. Murphy, "*I made old Jeffery at last extricate me "from my difficulties.*"

Edmund Burke, Esq.

Was not only fond of reading novels, but of reading them aloud to his company. Ladies were always extremely delighted to have him to read works of that sort. One day, a beautiful young lady of the name of Miss Paine had come over from the charming seat of Paine's-Hill, near Cobham, to visit Mrs. Burke, and was a hearer of one of these readings. The phrase *Mons Veneris* happening to occur, the young lady asked the meaning? "*Paine's Hill,*" replied the gallant Edmund.

Impartiality.

Sir James Stuart, Bart.*

During the intended French invasion into Scotland in the year 1708, the English fleet at the mouth of the Frith of Forth was mistaken at Edinburgh for the French. Upon that occasion, Sir Hugh Dalrymple, Lord President of the Court of Session, who was flying into England himself, advised Sir James Stuart to do the same, putting him in mind that he had had a hand in drawing the Prince of Orange's manifesto, he answered, "*Ay, ay, my dear, that is true; and "I must draw this man's too.*" This is a story well known to both families.

Court

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* Author of "An Inquiry into the Principles of Political Œconomy." A celebrated work, 2 vols quarto. E.

Court Mice.

Voltaire, Algarotti, and Chasol.

These three geniuses were at one time at the court of Frederic, and, as Voltaire expresses it, "made "their escape at the same time." It is well known how much must be borne from princes and great men. But Frederic was too free in the abuse of his prerogative. All society has its laws, except the society of the lion and the lamb.† Frederic continually failed in the first of these laws, which is to say nothing disobliging of any of the company. He often used to ask his chamberlain Polnitz, if he would not willingly change his religion a fifth time, and offer to pay an hundred crowns down for his conversion. He treated poor D'Argens in much the same way. As for Maupertuis, who had been silly enough to place out his money at Berlin, he was obliged to remain there, "*where his treasure was*," there was his body obliged also to remain.

Before and after.

Voltaire.

When Voltaire resided at Berlin, in the capacity of grand chamberlain to the King of Prussia. A physician,

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† Yet M. Voltaire who makes this excellent remark, was by no means faultless himself. He gave, at Ferney, an apartment to a poor priest, of the name of Adam, this person he generally introduced at his table, with "Here gentlemen! is Father Adam, but not the first of men." Editor.

ſician, of the name of La Meitre, much in the king's favour, and who generally ſpoke what came uppermoſt, told his majeſty there were perſons exceedingly jealous of Voltaire's favour with him. "*Be quiet* "*awhile*," ſaid Frederic, "*we squeeze the orange*, "*and throw it away when we have swallowed the* "*juice*." La Meitre did not forget to repeat to Voltaire this fine maxim, worthy of Dionyſius of Syracuſe, "*from that time*," ſays Voltaire, "*I determined* "*to take all possible care of the orange peel*," and ſo he really did.

Drama of real Life.

M. de Boiſſi.

Whilſt all Paris was delighted with his dramas, this admired and applauded writer, was, with his wife and child in abſolute want. He obtained fame, but wanted bread. He determined on dying, declaimed on this means of deliverance with all the warmth of poetic rapture, and perſuaded his wife to accompany him. The mother's reſolution was ſomewhat checked at the thought of leaving behind, expoſed to miſery and ſorrow, a beloved ſon, of five years old. It was therefore agreed to take their child with them on their paſſage into another and a better world. The mode of death which they adopted, was that of ſtarving. They locked the door, and began to faſt; when any one knocked, they fled trembling into the corner, and were in perpetual dread leſt their purpoſe ſhould be diſcovered. Their little ſon, who had not yet learned to ſilence the calls of nature by artificial reaſons, whiſpering and crying, aſked for bread, but they always found means to quiet him.

It

It occurred to one of Boiſſi's friends, that it was very extraordinary he could never find him at home, and, at length, burſt open the door. He now beheld his friend, with his wife and child, lying on a bed, pale, and emaciated, ſcarcely able to utter a ſound. The parents lay ſtill, in a perfect ſtupor, they never heard the burſting open of the door, and felt nothing of the embraces of their agitated friend. They were reſtored to health and the world. This tranſaction made a great noiſe at Paris, and at length came to the ears of Madame Pompadour. She immediately ſent Boiſſi 100 louis d'ors, and procured him a profitable place, with a penſion for his wife and child. He was a member of the French academy. His works are printed in 3 vols 8vo.

Miniature Writing.

Peter Bales.

Was one of the firſt introducers of ſhort-hand writing: his ſkill in micography, or miniature writing, was, we believe, unparalleled. Mr. Evelin informs that, in the year 1575, he wrote the Lord's prayer, the creed, the decalogue, with two ſhort prayers in latin, his own name, motto, day of the month, year of the Lord, and reign of the queen (Elizabeth) to whom he preſented it at Hampton court, all within the circle of a ſilver penny, inchaſed in a ring and borders of gold, and covered with a chryſtal ſo accurately wrought, as to be very plainly legible. He died about 1600.

Sensibility.

Sensibility.

Dauphineſs of France, Mother of Louis XVI.

This was the Princeſs of Saxony, daughter of Auguſtus III. the ſame prince who diſpoſſeſſed Staniſlaus of his crown, and in fact filled the throne of the father-in-law of Louis XV. Hence, the ſituation of the dauphineſs, with reſpect to the queen of France, was a very embarraſſing one. She could not appear, without emotion, before a mother-in-law whoſe father had been dethroned by hers. The third day after her marriage, according to etiquette, ſhe was to wear the picture of the king her father in a bracelet. We may judge how much the daughter of Staniſlaus muſt feel, at ſeeing the portrait of AUGUSTUS III. ſparkle before her eyes, as it were in triumph, in her own palace. Part of the fatal day had already elapſed, before any one had the boldneſs to look upon this ornament, more brilliant than any the dauphineſs had hitherto worn. The queen firſt ventured to ſpeak, and caſt her eyes upon it; "*This is then, my daughter,*" ſaid ſhe, "*the picture of the king your father?*" "*Yes, mamma,*" anſwered the dauphineſs, preſenting her arm to her majeſty, "*see how like it is.*" It was the picture of STANISLAUS. Accordingly, from that time, both the king and the queen, penetrated with gratitude for this piece of gallantry, in which the heart was ſtill more concerned than the underſtanding, adopted her as their daughter, and lived upon the beſt terms with her and all her family.

First

First Impression.

The Dauphineſs muſt have been poſſeſſed of a great many charms, to be able to obliterate from his memory the one he lamented.† Accordingly, when the dauphin, on the firſt night of his nuptials, entered her apartment, at the ſight of ſeveral pieces of furniture, which recalled this tender recollection, all the ſenſations of grief acquired freſh force, and he was incapable of reſtraining his tears. The Dauphineſs obſerved this, ſhe ſeemed herſelf affected with it, and ſaid to him: "*Sir, give a free vent to your tears,* "*and do not fear that I ſhould be offended by them:* "*they ſhew me, on the contrary, what I have a right* "*to expect myſelf, if I am fortunate enough to deſerve* "*your eſteem.*" She really did deſerve it, but never gained his heart to ſuch a degree as the preceding Dauphineſs, by reaſon of (to end the anecdote as I began it) a FIRST IMPRESSION.

Abyſſinian Bruce. George Selwyn.

In a large company at dinner, Mr. Bruce, was, according to his cuſtom, talking away. Some one aſked him what muſical inſtruments are uſed in Abyſſinia. Bruce heſitated, not being prepared for the queſtion; and at laſt ſaid, "I think I ſaw one *lyre* there." George Selwyn whiſpered his next man, "Yes, and there is one leſs ſince he left the coun-"try."

Plain

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† This was the Dauphin's ſecond marriage. E.

Plain Truth.

Bishop Burnet. Duchess of Marlborough.

Bishop Burnet's absence of mind is well known. Dining with the Duchess of Marlborough after her husband's disgrace, he compared this great General to Belisarius. "But," said the Duchess, eagerly, "how came it that such a man was so miserable, and "universally deserted?"—"Oh, madam (exclaimed the *distrait* prelate), he had such a brimstone of a wife!"

Count Stackleberg. Baron Thugut.

Of all the ministers employed by Catherine II. Count Stackleberg had the most wit and the most pride, and this he displayed particularly in Poland. M. Von Thugut being sent to that country by the Emperor Leopold, when he was to have his audience of Poniatowski, was introduced into a saloon, where, seeing a man gravely seated, and surrounded by Polish lords respectfully standing before him, he took him for the king, and began his complimentary speech. It was Stackleberg, who was in no hurry to set him right. Thugut, informed of his mistake, was vexed and ashamed. In the evening, being at cards with Stackleberg and the king, he played a card, saying, "*The king of clubs.*"—"*You are wrong,*" said the king, "*it is the knave.*" The Austrian ambassador, pretending to have been mistaken, answered, slapping his forehead, "*Ah, Sire, pardon me, this is the second time to-day I have taken a knave for a king.*" Stackleberg, ready as he was at repartee, could only bite his

his lips. His great humiliation no doubt was that of being afterwards named by PAUL lord of the bed-chamber in waiting to the very King of Poland who had often danced attendance in his anti-chamber at Warſaw. In this malicious appointment of the emperor there was ſomething ingenious and noble that does him honour.

English Spirit.

Prince of Orange, Sir Edward Seymour.

On the landing of the prince in England, Sir Edward Seymour, one of the moſt eminent of the tories, was one of the firſt who joined him. His arrival gave the prince an opportunity of perceiving the high ſpirit of the Engliſh: Having ſaid to Seymour, "*I believe, Sir Edward, you are of the Duke of Somerſet's family.*" "*No, Sir,*" anſwered he, "*the duke is of mine.*"

Jewiſh Liberality.

Schwartzau.

We are indebted for the following intereſting anecdote of William the III. to Frederic the Great, who has not thought it incompatible with the cares and pomp of royalty, to write the hiſtory of that country whoſe glories he has extended; this prince relates the following anecdote of a Dutch jew of Amſterdam, named Schwartzau; this man haſtened with an hundred thouſand pounds to the Prince of Orange, previous to his embarkation for England; "*If you are fortunate,*" ſaid he, "*I know you will*

"*pay*

"*pay me, if you are not, the loss of my money will be* "*the least of my afflictions.*"

The Dead alive,

Curious Stratagem of Tenier.

This great painter, perceiving that the works of painters ſold much dearer after the death of their authors, wiſely determined to anticipate the *reverſionary* profits of talent; and, to effect this, thought he could not adopt a better expedient than to ceaſe to live to the public: In order to execute this ſingular ſtratagem, he abſented himſelf from the town of Anvers, and his wife and children counterfeited affliction by putting on black. The trick ſucceeded, and, in a very ſhort time, all the pieces of the pretended deceaſed, were bought up at very high prices!

Seeing, not Believing.

Fontenelle.

The Abbe Regnier, ſecretary of the French academy, was collecting in his hat from each member a contribution for a certain purpoſe. The preſident Roſes, one of the forty, was a great miſer, but had paid his quota; which the Abbe not perceiving, he preſented the hat a ſecond time. Roſes, as was to be expected, ſaid he had already paid. "*I believe it,*" anſwered Regnier, "*though I did not see it.*" "*And I,*" added Fontenelle, who was beſide him, "*saw it; but I do not believe it.*"

[*Faith.*

Faith.

King James II.

Some time previous to the landing of the Prince of Orange; it was generally reported that the whole armament was loſt. James received the news at dinner; and, with an appearance of great devotion, remarked, "*It is not to be wondered at, for the host "has been exposed these several days!*"

Out-lawed!!!

Serjeant Maynard.

When Serjeant Maynard, then ninety years of age, came at the head of the lawyers to congratulate the Prince of Orange, the prince having paid him this compliment on the vigour of his age, "*That he had "outlived all the men of the law of his time:*" Maynard anſwered, "*Had not your Highness come over, I "should have outlived the law itself.*"

The British Seaman still!

King James II.

When D'Avaux the French ambaſſador, haſtened to inform James, then in Ireland, of ſome advantage obtained by the French fleet. James, with a generous peeviſhneſs, anſwered: "*C'est bien la premiere fois donc:*" "It is the firſt time, then."

Religious

Religious Scruples appeased.

Marshal de Vitry.

The Marshal having taken possession of the government of Franche Comte. The jews came to pay him their salutations, he would not at first receive them. "*I cannot*," said he, "*see them without horror; they* "*have betrayed my master*." He was informed they had brought him a present of 400 pistoles. "*Alas!*" said he, "*poor men, when they betrayed my master,* "*they did not know him*."

The British Aristophanes.

Samuel Foote, Esq.

No greater proof need be given of his comic powers, than the following anecdote related by Doctor Johnson.—"The first time (says he) I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased, and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on, eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, and fairly laugh it out. Sir, he was irresistible."

The following anecdote will shew that Foote was fully entitled to the character given of him by Dr. J. The Editor of this work had it from Mr. Foote's lips, and, as nearly as he can recollect, in the following

ing words. " After an infinite number of preſſing invitations from Mr. Vaillant, to take a caſual dinner with him, as I frequently paſſed his houſe, in the road to my little manſion at Elſtree, I accordingly called, and had ſuch a reception as I expected from an avaricious man. The door, in obedience to my knock, opened, when I ſaw the ſheriff pop out of the hall back-door into the garden. I then aſked the ſervant, if her maſter was at home.—" No," ſaid the tutored female.—By your permiſſion, then, my dear, I'll take a walk in your garden.—" By all means," replied the obliging fair one. As ſoon as I entered the garden, I ſaw the ſheriff enter the temple of the Goddeſs Cloacina, where I kept him a cloſe priſoner for upwards of an hour and a half. Determined, however, to let him know that I had ſeen him, and have the full enjoyment of my joke, I knocked at the door of the fragrant tenement, ſaying, with a loud voice, " *You may come out, Mr. Sheriff, for I am going.*"

The following anecdote may be relied on.—When Foote had a houſe at Hampſtead, he invited a number of friends in London to dine with him, twenty of whom obeyed the invitation, and fared ſumptuouſly. The repaſt being over, Dr. Heffernan, who was one of the company, drew from his pocket propoſals for a new edition of Horace; the conditions ſtating, that the price would be two guineas, half to be paid at the time of ſubſcribing, and the other half on the delivery of the book. Our Ariſtophanes, threw down his guinea without delay, declaring himſelf a ſubſcriber, and every perſon preſent inſtantly followed his example. But after Heffernan had pocketed the 20 guineas, our hoſt delivered the following remonſtrance, addreſſing

addressing himself to the now affluent physician,—"*Heffernan, this is about the thirty-fifth time that I have subscribed to your Horace, but for heaven's sake never think of printing it; it is hardship enough to be obliged to throw away a guinea; but the further punishment of reading your vile nonsense would be intolerable.*" The doctor smiled, and implicitly followed his advice, for not a line of his Horace ever appeared.*

Bane and Antidote.

Edmund Burke. Thomas Paine.

It is, certainly, a singular circumstance, that so great a portion of Burke's dislike to the French revolution, originated in the narratives of Thomas Paine. The latter, in endeavouring to persuade Mr. Burke, left, in fact, nothing undone to shew him how odious and destructive a system might be expected from the French revolution. Mr. Burke said, "*I do not rejoice to hear that men may do what they please, unless I know what it pleases them to do.*"—And, "*Society cannot exist unless a controuling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without. It is ordained in*

* However generous Foote might be on this occasion, it may, perhaps, be deemed a breach of hospitality to levy a tax on his guests, at his own table, even though he had subscribed 35 times himself. It seems clear to have been a concerted plan between the two dramatic authors. Some particulars of Doctor Heffernan will be found in the subsequent pages. E.

in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters."

Cock Crowing.

Danas Bishop of Laveur.

This prelate assisted at the Council of Trent, having prescribed in one of his discourses rules for the conduct of the sovereign pontiff; a cardinal interrupted the bishop, by saying, *Gallus cantat.* Danes answered immediately; *ultinam ad Galli cantum petras resissceret*† ; and he continued his discourse.

Happy Retort.

Magliabechi.

A Florentine ignoramus was ridiculing this learned man, on his great age: Magliabechi replied, "*an ass is older at twenty, than a man at sixty years.*"

*Gynocracy.**

King Charles I.

When the king, on the return of his serjeant, empty-handed, from the Commons, where he had been to demand the bodies of Pym, Mr. Hollis, Sir Arthur Hazlerig,

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* A Greek word, signifying petticoat government. E.

† A happy allusion to MATT. ch. xxvi. v. 75. E

Hazlerig, Mr. Strode, and Mr. Hampden; his majesty determined to enter himself on the execution of the project. This was in the evening, but the morning bringing more timid reflections, the king went to the queen's apartment, and expostulated on the hazard of the attempt: The queen was transported with passion at this want of resolution: "*Go, coward,*" exclaimed this imperious woman, "*pull these* "*rogues out by the ears, or never see my face more.*" The submissive husband obeyed, and went straight to the house of commons with a train of five hundred followers. Every reader knows the result.

Convenient Courage.

Anthony Henley.

A certain Earl having beaten Anthony Henley, at Tunbridge, for some impertinence, the next day found Henley beating another person. The peer congratulated Henley on that acquisition of spirit. "Oh, my Lord," replied Henley, "your lordship and I know whom to beat."

Modest Death.

Fontenelle.

We are fond of Fontenelle, and of every anecdote relating to him. He was told that an actress had died of the small-pox. "Very modest!" exclaimed he.

Important Notice.

Rev. John Wesley.

The Rev. John Wesley has predicted the end of the world, and fixed the year to 1836.

Birmingham Taste.

When Handels L'Allegro and Il Penseroso were exhibited at Birmingham a few years ago, the following passage (as Mr. Warton says, " for obvious reasons") was more applauded than any in the whole performance :

Such notes as warbled to the string
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek.

Eccentricity.

Rev. Mr. Hagemore.

The character of Trunnion in Smollet's novel, right, in one or two *traits* be supposed a copy of Mr. Hagemore : this gentleman, died in 1746, possessed 700l. per annum, and 10001. in cash, which devolved to a ticket-porter in London. Mr. H. kept a servant of *each* sex, in his ark, whom he locked up every night. His last employment in an evening, was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life in the following extraordinary manner :—Going one morning to let out his servants,

ſervants, the dogs fawned upon him ſuddenly,* and threw him into a pond, where he was breaſt high.—The ſervants heard him call for aſſiſtance, but, being locked up, could not afford him any. In conſequence of which he was drowned. He had, viz.

Thirty gowns and caſſocks,
Fifty-eight dogs,
One hundred pair of breeches,
One hundred pair of boots,
Four hundred pair of ſhoes,
Eighty wigs, (although he always wore his own hair.)
Eighty waggons and carts,
Eighty ploughs, (and uſed none.)
Fifty ſaddles and furniture for the menage,
Thirty wheel-barrows,

And ſo many walking-ſticks, that a toyman in Leiceſter Fields, offered his ſucceſſor eight pounds for them. He had alſo ſixty horſes and mares, three hundred pick-axes, two hundred ſpades and ſhovels, twenty-five ladders, and two hundred and forty razors.

Captain

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* It will occur to the reader, that this *fawning* circumſtance is ſomewhat ſimilar to that in Homer, who relates a dream of Rheſus, murdered in his ſleep, by Ulyſſes. Unleſs the dogs are ſuppoſed to have preternaturally been endowed with "miraculous organ" on the occaſion: But the reader has it as we have it. E.

Captain Grose

Had illuſtrated the Antiquities of England and Wales, in four volumes, 4to, and of Scotland, in two volumes. He was executing a work of the ſame kind relative to Ireland, when he died at Dublin, in May 1791. He alſo publiſhed "A Provincial Gloſſary, with a Collection of local Proverbs, &c." aand a very eccentric performance, entitled, "A Claſſical Hiſtory of the Vulgar Tongue." He was a man of much humour, and remarkably familiar with his domeſtics. Though a military officer, his figure was ſo remarkably thick and ſhort that he was ſuppoſed, by many, a kind of burleſque on the military character. He delighted much in punning upon his own figure, of which the following anecdote is an inſtance, as it is alſo a proof of his familiarity and good nature. In a culinary tête-a-tête with his houſekeeper, ſhe thus expoſtulated with him: "*Sir, as you are* inclinable to be fat, you ſhould not eat food of a nouriſhing kind; you ſhould ——" —— "*You jade,* (replied he) *I am not* inclinable to be fat; that I am fat is *wholly* againſt my inclination; I conſider it as a miſfortune *to be fat. For the future, therefore, remember that I am* diſinclined *to be fat.*"

George Frederic Handel.

The uninterrupted ſucceſs and unrivalled glory with which the compoſitions of Handel are ſtill performed, render anecdotes of him, extremely intereſting.

Arbuthnot, ſpeaking to Pope, of Handel, ſaid,— "*Conceive the highest that you can of his abilities, and they are much beyond any thing that you can conceive.*"

Handel's father intended him for the law; and would not suffer any instrument belonging to the science of music to be taken into his house. The son concealed a small clarichord in his garret, where he amused himself when the family were asleep.

When seven years of age he went with his father to the court of Saxe Weissenfels. Here he got into church one morning, and began to play upon the organ. The duke, who was then in the church, surprised at the playing, desired to know who it was; and on being informed, blamed the old gentleman for restraining the son's inclination. At the age of nine years Handel actually composed the church service.*

During his residence at Hamburgh, one of his own profession made a push at him with his sword, as he was coming out of the orchestra, a music book in Handel's bosom, prevented the weapon from piercing his heart. Hence, music stood his friend on the best occasion; it obtained him 200l. from Queen Anne, and 200l. more from George I. and warded off the assassin's push.

William Hogarth

Was assisted in his "Analysis of Beauty," by Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, (author of the Suspicious Husband) Mr. Ralph, and Dr. Morell.

His

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* Genius is often elicited by accident; little Parker, who is really a phenomenon, owes his celebrity to the casual circumstance of Mr. Billington having lodged for a while at his father's house. E.

His vanity was unbounded, one word in favour of his favourite daubing of "Sigiſmunda" might have commanded a proof print, or forced an original ſketch out of our artiſt's hands.

Hogarth was one of the moſt abſent of men; ſoon after he had ſet up his carriage he paid a viſit to the Lord Mayor (Mr. Beckford), and having protracted his viſit for a conſiderable time, till a heavy ſhower came on, he was let out by a different door from that by which he entered. Unmindful of his own carriage, he called for a hackney coach, but could not procure one; he therefore ſet off through the rain, and got home dripping wet. Mrs. Hogarth very naturally aſked him "*where he had left the carriage?*"—"*Why, really,*" replied he, "*I had entirely forgot it.*"

Hogarth being appointed ſerjeant-painter to his Majeſty, he thought he ſhould ſhew his gratitude for that favour by attacking the oppoſition gentlemen. He began with a caricature of Mr. Wilkes. Mr. Churchill ſoon after publiſhed the "Epiſtle to William Hogarth," in which that artiſt was unmercifully laſhed. Hogarth's revenge terminated in "The Bruiſer, C. Churchill, (once the reverend)" repreſenting the ſatiriſt in the form of a bear dreſſed canonically, holding a pot of porter in his paw; during theſe hoſtilities, Hogarth died.

On the front of his pyramidical monument at Chiſwick, are the following admirable lines by his friend Garrick.

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
"Who reach'd the nobleſt point of art,
"Whoſe pictur'd morals charm the mind,
"And through the eye correct the heart.

"If

" If genius fire thee, Reader ſtay;
" If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
" If neither move thee, turn away,
" For Hogarth's honour'd duſt lies here."

Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson.

This celebrated ſtateſman and lawyer, had accumulated a great number of very lucrative places; and ſo great was his avidity, that Lord North humorouſly ſaid, *If England and Ireland were given to this man, he would solicit the Isle of Man for a potatoe garden.*"

Alexander Pope, Esq.

Mr. Pope's aunt taught him to read, when he was a child, and he learnt to write from copying only.

The ſubſcriptions for his Iliad amounted to 6000l. beſides 1200l. from Lintot for the copy.

Mr. Pope did not, in his laſt hours, chooſe to be attended by the catholic prieſt, recommended by Mr. Hooke* to come to him, till he knew Lord Bolingbroke had quitted his houſe.

Mr. Pope died as he was receiving extreme unction. It is probable, from his not having ſufficiently attended to his religious faith and principles, that he was almoſt in the ſtate of that French nobleman, mentioned in a French Miſcellany, called *Ana*, who, at the requiſition of his wife ſent for a prieſt; and when the prieſt aſked him whether he believed ſuch and ſuch particular

* Author of the "Roman Hiſtory." E.

particular article, he turned to his wife, and ſaid, "*My dear, should I believe that?*"*

Taciturnity.

Edward Pratt, Eſq.

This gentleman was an officer in the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company, and half brother to a late venerable and illuſtrious peer of the ſame name.‡ This ſingular character is a remarkable inſtance of taciturnity, and tenacious accuracy of memory.

Though by no means an avaricious man, he always preferred the upper floor of a houſe for his reſidence, on account of its tranquility; and regularly while on ſhore, dined in a room by himſelf at a tavern, where he daily drank a ſolitary bottle of wine, without intoxication.

He ſeldom was heard to ſpeak, but no circumſtance, however urgent, could prevail on him to *break ſilence at whist*, the favourite amuſement, or rather occupation, of his life; and, at the concluſion of each rubber, he could correctly call over the cards in the exact

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* Mr. POPE, in one of his letters to ATTERBURY, the Biſhop of Glocester, talking of his reading books of controverſy on religious ſubjects, ſays, "At the age of ſeventeen, I warmed my head with them, and the conſequence was, that I found myſelf a proteſtant and papiſt by turns, according to the laſt book I read." —On this admirable picture of religious controverſy Biſhop Warburton has ſome excellent remarks. E.

‡ Father of a late Viceroy of Ireland. E.

exact order in which they were played, and enumerate various instances of error or dexterity in his associates, with practical remarks.

Taciturnity, however, was the favourite, the habitual, or the affected pleasure of his life: he chose to forego many little satisfactions and comforts rather than be at the trouble of asking for them. The endearing chit-chat of friendship or affection, the familiar small-talk of domestic life, the lively intercourse and spirited conversation of polished circles, which the sons of solitude sometimes relish, he studiously avoided.

In his voyages to the East, he often doubled the Cape without opening his lips. On a certain occasion, the ship had been detained by a long and troublesome calm. The anxious and dispirited crew were at last revived by the wished-for breeze springing up, a seaman at last proclaimed the welcome tidings of land from the top-mast.—While the officers and company were congratulating each other on the approaching comforts of *terra firma*, the features of Mr. Pratt were observed somewhat to alter, and unbend. "*I knew* (said he) *you would enjoy the sight of land*; *I saw it an hour before the careless ragamuffin aloft.*"—And these were the first, the last, and the only words he uttered during the voyage. This unsocial and reserved behaviour probably originated from ill-treatment on his first voyage, or a hasty unfavourable opinion of his associates.*

Public

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* This character might prove under the pen of a dramatist; prolific. BEN JOHNSON, who studiously selected odd and original *traits* from his contemporary fellow mortals; has introduced a prototype of Mr. PRATT, in his comedy of "The Silent Woman." Editor.

Public Speaking.

Mr. Burke.

Mr. Burke's diligence was employed in preparatory public ſpeaking. He frequented the Robin Hood Society, and practiſed there the replies and contentions of eloquence. There was at that time in the Society, a baker, of very conſiderable argumentative powers: with him Burke contended; and, by his own confeſſion, derived from the conteſt very great advantage in point of reading, of reaſoning and expreſſion. He often frequented the theatre, and acknowledged, that he derived from thence, very great improvement in the art of ſpeaking. He retained, during life, in a great degree, the Iriſh accent; although it was more obvious in familiar converſation, than in his parliamentary ſpeeches. His manner was leſs graceful and dignified, than intereſting, impreſſive, and perſuaſive.

Mr. Burke, on his entrance into the houſe of commons, employed himſelf in laying up ſtores of knowledge. He was of the ſame opinion with Cicero, that an orator ought to be acquainted with every great and important ſubject of art and nature.

He prepared himſelf by ſtudying hiſtory, poetry, and philoſophy; by ſtoring his mind with facts, images, reaſonings, and ſentiments. He even applied himſelf to ſubjects which do not, *very often*, occupy men of taſte and ſcience. He became intimately converſant with the writings of the fathers, and with the ſubtleties of ſchool divines: with the principles and details of orthodoxy: the riſe, progreſs, and effect, of the manifold hereſies: with the various means, either of reaſon, or of force, employed for their diſ-

proof

proof or extirpation. However frivolous ſo great a mind muſt have thought ſuch diſtinctions and diſputes in themſelves, he deemed them of great importance in their operations, by illuſtrating the force, acuteneſs, and invention which the human mind can employ upon even frivolities and abſurdities: and of great conſequence in their effects; ſince, during the prevalence of prejudice and ignorance, they had a moſt powerful influence on the happineſs of ſociety. Indeed ſuch ſubjects often called forth powers of underſtanding equal to thoſe which have been applied to the inveſtigation of uſeful philoſophy.

His induſtry was alſo exerciſed in making himſelf acquainted with old records, patents, and precedents; ſo as to render himſelf complete maſter of office buſineſs, deeming no reſearch too laborious, no attainment too minute, which was to fit him for the diſcharge of his duty.

Peter the Great.

This great reformer and legiſlator of Ruſſia, on viſiting Paris; being introduced to Louis XV. foretold that "his Majeſty would one day ſurpaſs Louis "XIV. in wiſdom, glory, and power." A prediction which ſhews that among all the great qualities of Peter I. the gift of prophecy could not be reckoned.

The following anecdote, however, proves the French court to have been better gifted by preſcience than the Czar, who was much pleaſed by the circumſtance which happened to him at the mint, and which he delighted much in relating: By an ingenious piece of politeneſs, and which his prognoſtic of the king well deſerved, the medal which was ſtruck in his preſence repreſented himſelf. He perceived it, and was ſtill more

more ſurpriſed in reading the inſcription round it; *Petrus Alexiowitz Czar Mag. Rus. Imp.* and on the reverſe, a figure of Fame, with theſe words: *Vires acquiret eundo.*

Authority.

Duke of Orleans.

The following anecdote proves how much preſence of mind in a man in office is neceſſary to check the inſults of authority. One day, the Duke of Orleans tired with the reiterated remonſtrances made in relation to his arrangements about the mint, gave the magiſtrate who had been ſpeaking to him, this brutal anſwer, "*Go, and be d—n—d!*" The magiſtrate without being diſconcerted, replied, "*Does your Highness command that this answer should be registered?*" The prince, whom this gravity brought to himſelf, changed his language, and expreſſed himſelf with the dignity that became him.

Magnanimity.

The Chevalier de Menilles, being implicated in the conſpiracy againſt the Duke of Orleans, was thrown into priſon; the allegation againſt him was, the not having betrayed thoſe who had intruſted him with the ſecret. A Marquis of Menilles, of another family, went to the Duke of Orleans, to aſſure him that the Chevalier was neither a relation or friend of his. "*So much the worse for you,*" replied the regent, "*the Chevalier de Menilles is a very gallant gentleman.*"

Fine

Fine Compliment.

Fontenelle.

La Motte hearing one of the tragedies of Fontenelle decried very much in a public coffee-room, rose up, saying, to one of his friends, "*Let us, Sir, go and weary ourselves in witnessing the ninetieth* representation of this bad piece.*"

Eight less than One.

M. Turenne.

After the death of Turenne, Louis XIV. made, all at once, eight Field-marshals, and DESPREAUX said, "*That the king had converted his large coin into change.*"

Discomfort of Inequality.

Fontenelle.

The following anecdote is very characteristic of Fontenelle: The Duke of Orleans, regent, had it in contemplation to establish a perpetual president to the Academy of Arts. He cast his eyes on Fontenelle: But, when the prince spoke to him on this subject, "*Ah!*

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* The *then* age of Fontenelle, who lived to upwards of an hundred and six years. E.

" *Ah! my Lord,*" answered he, " *deprive me not of the privilege of living with my equals.*"‡

Crimes and Punishments.

Fenelon.

The Bishop of Avranches discoursing with the Archbishop of Cambray, on the subject of the code of criminal laws in France, approved, in contradiction to the Archbishop, of the number of executions for capital offences. " *I maintain,*" said he, " *that such criminals are not fit to live.*"—" *But, my friend,*" replied Fenelon, " *you do not reflect that they are still less fit to die.*"

Best bred Man.

Louis XIV. Earl of Stair.

Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe, " *I shall soon put that to the test,*" said the king; and, asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was

‡ Fontenelle was too wise, to renounce the only real and solid comfort of human life, social enjoyment; and the sage knew well, that there is no society amongst unequals, " *no sorting, or true delight*" as Milton expresses it. The late Lord Orford said " *I am fond of Fontenelle, and of every anecdote relating to him.* Editor.

was opened, he bade him pafs, and go in: the other bowed, and obeyed: The king faid, "*the world's in the right, in the character it gives, another perfon would have troubled me with ceremony.*"

In Pounds Sterling.

Hanfeatic League.

The fix Vandalic cities of the Hanfeatic League, Hamburgh, &c. being to the eaft of England, were called Eafterlings; King John invited fome of thefe Eafterlings into England, to reduce the money to its due ftandard, the money fo coined, was diftinguifhed by the name of Eafterling, or Sterling.‡

The Semiramis of the North.

Margaret of Waldemar.*

The birth of Margaret was attended by circumftances of a very extraordinary nature: The king, her father, had for fome years, entertained a fufpicion of

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‡ It is, perhaps, needlefs to acquaint the reader, that thefe *sterling* monies, of every denomination, gold, filver, and copper, have vanifhed;—fome of us may live to fee a *bit* of that metal which lately chincked, pleafant to the ear, in all pockets, put up by a future Vallance, or Whiftler, as a genuine *antique*; as, at prefent it is juftly held to be an *unique*. Editor.

* Her reign fhines with diftinguifhed luftre in the Danifh annals. Manly virtues, and uncommon intellectual

of his Queen Hedwig,‡ kept her confined in the castle of Seeburg. One day, as he was returning from hunting, a sudden thought made him repair to the castle, whhere he afterwards formed a design to spend the night with one of the queen's women. The lady, whose virtue, or, perhaps, *northern temperament*, (for we often assume the praise of *virtue*, which, in fact is natural *indisposition*) declined even the embraces of a monarch, not daring openly to refuse him, had recourse to artifice; and availing herself of the shade of night, *betrayed*‖ the king into the arms of his lawful wife, where, by the powerful operation of a deluded fancy, he enjoyed all the pleasures of stolen love, in the arms of her whom he had long since neglected and forsaken. The queen conceived, in consequence of the embraces of this night, the mistake not being discovered till the morning, and the birth of the Princess Margaret, was, *nine months* after, the fruit of these endearments.

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lectual endowments raised her afterwards to the crown of Sweden. She resembled our Queen Elizabeth. The king, her father, said of her, that "*nature had erred in making her a woman, since she was originally intended for a man.*" This judgment, her uncommon intellectual abilities fully justified. It ought not to surprize, that her *character* was not suited to her *sex*, since her birth was owing to a mistake; and the consequence seems natural, that the fruit of such an embrace, must be an extraordinary production. Editor.

‡ She fell into disgrace, in consequence of too great a familiarity between her and Valguard Langmann, a Danish officer.

‖ This is the word employed by the historian (Dr. Nugent) as there is some *naiwette* in it, we retain it.

Strong Logic.

Margaret of Waldemar.

When the leading nobility and gentry of Sweden applied to her for protection and aid, the queen held them long in suspense; at length they stood in the dilemma, either to renounce her aid; or, to purchase it at her own price: The queen, after a while, pulled off the mask; declaring, that, "*since she exposed her own crown to the issue of a doubtful war, it was but just she should have the prospect of an additional kingdom.*"

Drunkenness.

Marshal Saxe.

In one of his campaigns on the Rhine, the Marshal going his rounds in the encampment, was met by a soldier who had that evening liberally sacrificed to Bacchus, and who, laying hold of the bridle of the Marshal's horse, asked him what was the price of it, for that he wanted a horse. The Marshal, perceiving the state he was in, had him taken to the provost; the next morning, he sent for him and asked him, "how much he would give for the horse?" the soldier, become perfectly sober, answered him: "*General, the merchant who yesterday evening felt inclined to purchase your horse, went off early this morning.*"

Coffee.

Coffee.

Fontenelle.

A physician said one day to Fontenelle, "*Coffee is a slow poison.*"—"Yes, very slow," answered Fontenelle, smiling; "*for I have taken it every day for more than four-score years.*"

Useless Offices.

King William III.

A young nobleman, at his return from France, told the king, that what appeared to him most singular in France, was, "that Louis XIV. had an old mistress, and a young minister." "*We may understand from this circumstance,*" said the king, "*that he makes use of neither one or the other.*"

Precedent.

Jason Magnus.

This person was a celebrated lawyer of Pisa, one day being engaged in a cause with another lawyer, of the name of Socin, and finding himself somewhat embarrassed by his adversary, took it into his head to fabricate a law at the moment, which gained him his cause: Socin perceived the trick, and as he was not less cunning, he immediately overturned Magnus's

reference by another, not leſs preciſe. Jaſon, who had never heard of ſuch a law, inſiſted that Socin ſhould declare where it was to be found. "*It is to be found,*" replied Socin, "*in the next chapter to that you have just referred to.*" Lorenzo de Medicis who was preſent, much applauded this repartee, and the whole aſſembly were entertained by this novel kind of argument.

Forgiveness.

The Caliph Haroun al Rachid.

The Caliph's ſon preferred a complaint of a man who had calumniated his mother. "*Oh, Son!*" ſaid the Caliph, "*you are doing a greater wrong to your mother than he has, for you will cause it to be believed, that she did not teach you forgiveness.*"

Effect of good Wine.

Rabelais.

This ſupremely witty writer, ſaid, "Good wine makes good blood, good blood makes good humours, good humours create good thoughts, good thoughts produce good works, good works guide men to heaven, and, conſequently, good wine conducts men to heaven." Perhaps Rabelais might have thus expounded the paſſage of Scripture, "*Wine cheers the heart of God and man.*"

Ignorance.

Ignorance.

The Duke of Roquelaire.

An officer in the Duke's regiment, being at a dinner given by his Grace, it happened that some of the company were speaking of Aristotle; and one person said, that, in Aristotle, were some beautiful things, which were not to be found elsewhere. "*Well,*" said the Duke de Roquelaire, who knew the ignorance of this officer, and used frequently to divert himself at his expence, "*What is your opinion?*"—"*My opinion is,*" said he, "*that those who boast so much of Aristotle, have probably never been there.*" He took the philosopher for some town.*

Hard of Digestion.

M. de Thou.

Son of the great historian of that name, was condemned to die for having engaged in a conspiracy against Richlieu, the evening previous to the execution of his sentence, he was asked by some of his fellow-prisoners to partake of their repast, "*I never,*" said de Thou, "*eat any thing that I expect will not digest.*"

Jest

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* This is similar to the mistake of a *well-informed* gentleman, who, some years since, being told that, "the French had taken *umbrage*" actually supposed that they had commenced hostilities by the capture of a town called *Umbrage*. E.

Jest upon Jest.

Chevalier Harcourt.

It is a high degree of pleasure to put a determined jester to silence; the Chevalier was of this character. He introduced the Count d'Essars to a lady of quality, saying, in presenting him to her, "*Madam, this is the Count d'Essars, who is not such a fool as he seems,*" —the count answered, "*Yes, Madam, and this is the only trait in which I differ from the Chevalier.*"

Transmigration of Souls.

Mr. Selwyn.

The transmigration of souls was the subject in a large company. A young gentleman attempted to turn the subject into ridicule, and said, "*In fact I can remember having been the golden calf myself.*"—"*That we can readily believe,*" replied George Selwyn, "*for you have only lost the gilding.*"

Harangue.

M. Molé.

The President Molé, finding it his duty to make one of those orations, prescribed by custom, to the Duke of Bourgoigne, who was then an infant in his cradle, contented himself with addressing these honest sentiments to him. "My Lord, we come to offer our *respects* to you; *our children* will offer you *their services.*"

No Redemption.

Michael Angelo.

In his famous picture, representing hell, this great painter, exhibited in the middle of the flames, a Cardinal who had incurred his dislike, the resemblance was obvious to every one. Leo X. endeavoured to persuade Angelo to expunge the features of the obnoxious Cardinal from his picture, but Angelo evaded his Holiness's request, alledging, by way of excuse, *In inferno nulla redemptio**."

Spirited Answer.

Michael Angelo.

The Emperor Charles V. asked Angelo his opinion of Albert Dure, a celebrated painter; Angelo was bold enough to make him this answer, "*I esteem him so much, that if I was not Michael Angelo, I had rather be Albert Dure, than the Emperor Charles V.*"

Summary Process.

Henri Etienne.

This judge had but one mode of proceeding in criminal cases, if the prisoner was old, "*Hang him, hang*

* "Out of hell there is no redemption."

hang him," said he, "*he must have committed many other crimes,*" if young, "*hang him, hang him, he will commit many other crimes.*" This judge resembled Sir John Page, of whom Pope thus speaks :—

"Hard words and hanging, if your judge be Page."

Blushing.

Raphael.

Two Cardinals having come to see Raphael, when that great painter was attentively employed on a piece, in which St. Peter and St. Paul were represented; after having looked a long time at the painting, they told him, that "*he had made the faces too red.*" Raphael answered, "*Your Eminences ought not to be surprized at that, for I have painted them as if in heaven; and that redness arises from shame, in seeing such successors as you to the government of the church.*"

Armed strong in Honesty.

Molé.

Some seditious and disaffected persons having assembled round the house of the President Molé. He was desirous of appearing amongst them. The Abbé de Chanvallan dissuaded him from it: "*Learn young man,*" said this illustrious and brave magistrate, "*that there is a great distance from the poignard of a wicked man to the heart of an honest man.*"

The

The Conclusion.

President Molé.

The President was occasionally very imperious in such cases as the subject matter of the pleading, or the advocate, happened to be the objects of his dislike: On one occasion, however, he was answered in his own way; An advocate having risen to plead in an obnoxious cause, the president repeatedly desired him to abridge his cause: The advocate contended for it with encreased effect, and insisted that he had said nothing but what was essential: the president, at length, piqued at something he had advanced, told him, "*the court ordered him to conclude.*"—"*Well,*" answered the advocate, "*I conclude that the court understands me.*"

Fear.

Lord Peterborough.

His lordship being congratulated on never evincing any fear, "*Sir,*" answered Lord Peterborough, "*shew me a danger which I am convinced is near and unavoidable, and I promise you I shall have as much fear as any of you.*"

Marriage.

Benzaret.

This eminent genius who had married imprudently, was soon after met by a friend, who unfortunately

offered his congratulations on the occasion: "*The benefice would be a good one,*" said he, "*if it did not require residence.*"

Uncomplimentary.

Father Seraphin.

Father Seraphin, on whom Bruyere passes an eulogium, as an apostolic preacher, the first time he preached before Louis XIV. said to that monarch, "*I am not ignorant of the custom, by which I am prescribed to pay you a high compliment, but I beseech your majesty to dispense with it; I have sought for a compliment in the holy writings, and have had the misfortune not to find one.*"

How to be sure of a second Night.

Armand.

An author having, as was customary, read a new comedy to a company of French actors, and his auditors remaining all silent when he had finished. Armand, the comedian, ventured to tell the poet, who waited for his opinion, that "*his companions thought the piece a good deal complicated,*" and that "*it was difficult to follow the thread of so intricate a labyrinth.*" —"*Well, well,*" said the author," "*then we shall be certain, at least, of two representations. The public will witness the performance on the second night, to learn what they will not be able to understand the first.*"

Painting

Painting.

Timanthes.

An Athenian painter, made uſe of a very ingenious device for repreſenting the prodigious ſize of a ſleeping giant. He repreſented a ſatyr meaſuring the thumb of the giant with a thyrſe.

Apelles.

A painter boaſted, to Apelles, of his being able to paint very faſt. This great artiſt merely anſwered, "*It is visible in your works.*"

Vigée.

Vigée taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at the mouth, ſhe was twiſting her features in order to render it ſmaller, and put her lips into the moſt violent contraction; impatient at ſuch deſigning artifice, he, at length, ſaid to her, "*Don't hurt yourself, madam, in trying to make your mouth smaller, because, if you choose, I will make none at all.*"

Fanaticism.

Lord Orford.

His lordſhip, whilſt moſt others, attributed the atrocities at Paris, in 1792, to various ſuppoſitious origins; pronounced them to be the effect of fanaticiſm;

eiſm; and his lordſhip's opinion was juſt*: Neither religion or law are any preſervative againſt this mental peſtilence: the worſt of fanatics are thoſe who in cool blood will ſet out hundreds of their fellow-creatures as ſacrifices, and murder them without any guilt but that of not being of their way of thinking. The leaders of fanatics, who put the weapons of deſtruction in their hands, are uſually deſigning knaves, a truth atteſted in the perſons of Robeſpierre and his aſſociates, as well as of others in other places.

Suicide.

M. Bois Robert.

It often requires more courage to ſupport life than to deſtroy it. M. Bois Robert after having given his friend an account of the trying reverſes he had ſuffered during the iron reign of Robeſpierre, "*Well*," added he

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* The maſſacres in the priſons, were ſettled by the leaders of the parties, as a kind of *peace-offering*; Rabaud St. Etienne and his party, required an expiation for the night of St. Bartholomew! Indeed it is impoſſible to account on any other ground, for the immolation of eight hundred prieſts collected in the priſons: Some ſuch atrocious compromiſe may be preſumed to have actuated the *fraternizing* leaders in other ſcenes: The Roman Triumvirs made a joint havock of thouſands of the citizens of Rome, even of their friends and relations, the *ſeal and ſignature* of their agreement! E.

he, *what would you have done, in my place, in such extremities!*" "*What, me,*" answered the confidential friend, "*I should have put myself to death.*"—"*I did more,*" replied the other coolly. "*I lived.*"

Reversionary Payments.

C. Maratti.

A Roman Prince complained to this celebrated painter of the dearness of his pictures. He answered, that "the famous artists, his predecessors, having been very ill paid, the whole world were indebted to them a very large sum, and that he was come to receive their arrears.

Past Understanding.

Gombold.

This agreeable writer, one day, presented some of his compositions to a nobleman of rather dull comprehension. The nobleman, in reading them, said, "*Here are things I do not understand.*" The poet answered, "*That's not my fault.*"

Equal Value.

Bishop Warburton.

Once asked a curate "*what his living was worth?*"—"*As much as your lordship's bishopric,*" answered the curate, "*either hell or paradise.*"

Application

Application of Scripture.

Philip de Merveilles.

This person was a favourite of Charles VII. King of France, and had been disappointed in his expectation of appointment to one of the presidencies of Parliament. Some time after, the office becoming vacant, the king conferred it on him. When he attended, and took his seat, he began his address with these words from Scripture:—" *Lapidem quem reprobaverunt edificantes, hic factus est in caput anguli.* M. de St. Romain, then solicitor general, answered him by this other passage, " *Domino factum est illud, and est mirabile in oculis nostris.*"

Equality.

Benjamin Franklin.

The strong, sound, good sense of Dr. Franklin, was discernable on whatever subject he spoke or wrote; That of EQUALITY*, so curiously taken in our time, was thus discussed by Dr. Franklin in a conversation with David Hume: " Every man is born with a " propensity to power, riches, &c. &c. and would, " willingly engross not only a very unequal portion " of

* His Highness of Orleans was excessive in assuming the epithet EQUALITY; which, however, he secretly designed as a ladder to a throne, though, in effect, it raised him no higher than the scaffold. E.

" of these to himself, but would subject others to
" his humours into the bargain: it is evident, then,
" that for men of such fine dispositions to be equal,
" is a thing impossible: Men are excessive in every
" thing where they can be so: Certainly every man
" has a right to indulge his self-love, and to believe
" himself naturally equal to other men; but it does
" not from thence follow that a prince's cook may
" order his Royal Highness to dress his dinner. The
" cook indeed may say, I am as much a man as my
" master; like him I cried at my birth, and he will
" die as well as myself: If the Turks make them-
" selves masters of Petersburgh, and I should come
" to be a prince, and my master reduced to turn cook,
" I will take him into my service. There is nothing
" in this soliloquy but what is rational and just, yet
" till the Grand Seignor makes himself master of
" Petersburgh, the cook is to do his duty, else there
" is an end of human society."

Self-Conquest.

General Sinclair.

There is nothing more true than that maxim of Rochefoucauld, which says, " when our passions leave us, we fancy that we leave them."—General Sinclair when upwards of eighty years of age, observing some young officers making a little free with a lady, said to them in a passion, " *Fie! gentlemen, what do you mean? do I set you such an example?*"

Love, and the Small Pox.

Fontenelle.

Fontenelle being told that the favourite child of a friend was lingering under the slow filling of a small-pox, "*Ay*," said the wit, "*like love, the longer in* "*making its appearance, the more violent the disor-* "*der.*"

Matrimonial Insolvency.

Montesquieu.

The following singular remark of Montesquieu, though not in strictness an anecdote, yet relates to *private life*, and the best anecdote can do no more. This author observes, that "the retired lives of wo- "men, in the east, is the natural effect of polygamy; "*domestic order* requires it: an *insolvent debtor* is "desirous of concealing himself from his *creditors*."

Two

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* Perhaps, pursuing FONTENELLE'S idea, the *remedy* for love, might prove the same as that discovered for the *small-pox*; inoculation: the great CONDE, was reduced to a skeleton by a passion for a lady;—a fever seized him; and the prince recovered at once of his *fever* and his *passion*: Inoculation for love! Ovid has nothing like it! E.

† Montesquieu's lively genius, as in many other instances, has here left him vulnerable. The custom of

Two material Faults in a Sermon.

Paul Whitehead.

This ingenious and witty writer being told that the ſermons of a certain famous preacher were printed, "*They ought,*" ſaid Paul, "*to print the preacher, for the principal merit of his sermons is in the delivery.*" ‡

Running Account.

Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

Foote frequently indulged his ſatiric vein, in ſly jokes on Sir Francis, who, one night on a party at Foote's, having outſtaid moſt of the company, he aſſigned

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of the Eaſt univerſally ſecludes the ſex, and Monteſquieu, with all his intelligence, could ſcarcely aſcertain the number, or ſtated times, at which the polygamiſt viſited his Haram. The laws of Solon preſcribed *three* viſits monthly to the Athenian huſband; if this number of payments was unfulfilled, the lady might ſue for a divorce; we apprehend, that few *Iriſh husbands*, though unreſtricted, limit their dames to the Solonian rule. E.

‡ We have heard a ſimilar remark on the diſcourſes of a celebrated extemporaneous preacher in Dublin. E.

assigned as his motive for so late a sitting, that "*he staid to watch his character.*" Foote often related, with much glee, the following anecdote. The *valet de chambre* of Sir Francis, finding the baronet somewhat tardy in the payment of his wages, intimated his wish to seek another service; hinting at the same time, that the sum long in arrear, would be very acceptable. Sir Francis, who liked the man, and was desirous of keeping him, said, "*You are wrong, very wrong, La Font, to complain; 'tis true I am in your debt, but your wages are* running on."—"*That's the very thing,*" answered the valet; "*I am afraid they are* running *so fast, that I shall never* catch *them.*"

A fine Answer.

Louis XIV.

Shortly after his accession, Louis XIV. then very young, asked one of the oldest of his courtiers, which he liked best, the last age, or the present? "*Sire,*" answered he, "*I passed my youth in respecting the old, and I now pass my old age in respecting the young.*"

Water Colours.

John Griffier, (Landscape Painter.)

John Griffier, known amongst amateurs by the name of the gentleman of Utrecht, formed the singular resolution of living always upon the sea: he bought a vessel with accommodation for himself, wife, and children. He sailed continually along the Dutch coasts, always in his floating house, and in these voyages

ages he painted moſt beautiful landſcapes and marine views. His fortune proved the inconſtancy of his favourite element; he was frequently wrecked, and ſaw his whole property twenty times ſwallowed by the mercileſs waves, without wiſhing to change his mode of life.

Difference between Intelligence and Ignorance.

Ariſtippus.

Ariſtippus, the Athenian, being aſked, what difference there was between a wiſe and an ignorant man. "*Let them be sent,*" ſaid he, "*but of their own country, and you will see.*"

Exclusion.

Diogenes.

An Athenian (as was cuſtomary with that people) had cauſed an inſcription to be placed over the door of his houſe, "Let nothing enter here but what is good." Diogenes aſked, "*Then where will the master go in?*"

Government.

Peter the Great.

Peter the Great, ſeeing the tomb of Cardinal Richlieu in the church of Sorbonne, exclaimed, "*Oh! great man, if thou wast still living, I would give*

"*thee*

"*thee one half of my kingdom to learn to govern the* "*other**."

Blood for Blood.

Louis XIV.

Louvois, prime minister to Louis XIV. said to that monarch, in the presence of Peter Stuppa, colonel of a regiment of Swiss guards, that, with the gold and silver which the Swiss had received from the King of France, an highway might be paved to reach from Paris to Basle. "*That may be true, Sire,*" replied the colonel, "*and, likewise, if all the blood could be collected, that my countrymen have shed in the service of your majesty, and of the kings, your predecessors, a canal might be formed to reach from Paris to Basle*†."

Concise

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* Richlieu's system was easily acquired, it consisted, simply, in an application of the old Greek symbol, that of "cutting down the tallest poppies." Richlieu's ministry effected that which the policy of Louis XI. and the courage of Henry IV. failed to effect;—lowering the power of the nobility. Peter the I. wanted neither cruelty or policy to equal, if not outdo, the Cardinal. E.

† A fine answer! the Swiss certainly possess an innately high and heroic spirit of valour and of loyalty; history will do justice to their generous attachment to Louis XVI. on the fatal 10th of August, when 2000 of them were slain by his own assassin subjects and soldiery. E.

Concise Discourse.

Rapin.

This celebrated jesuit, on the festival of St. Stephen, was to deliver a panegyric on that Saint, and, it being late before he began, his brethren, who feared that he might detain them too long, begged him to abridge his discourse. Rapin mounted the pulpit, and addressed his auditors, "*Brothers, it is one year to-day since I delivered before you, a panegyric on the Saint, whose festival we celebrate, as I have not heard that he has performed any thing new since, I have nothing to add to the encomiums which I then passed upon him.*" Thereupon, he gave his benediction, and departed.

Expression.

Le Seuer.

This painter acquired, by his rare talents, the denomination of the Raphael of France. Le Brun, a celebrated painter, examining the cloisters of the Chartreuse at Paris, painted by Le Seuer, supposing himself alone, cried out, at each painting, "*How fine that is! what beautiful colouring! how admirable is the effect and expression of the figures!*" The same artist, having visited Le Seuer in his last moments, said, in retiring, that, that "*Death was going to extract a large thorn from his foot.*"

Swearing

Swearing to some Purpose.

Nicolas.

Nicolas, a French painter, flourished in 1593, one of his friends has lent him some money; as he appeared in no hurry to return it, and, indeed took no measures to acquire the means of doing it, his friend summoned him. If he chose to deny having received the money, he would immediately be quit of the charge; but such a dishonourable act he felt repugnant to his conscience. Nicolas, however, when before the judge, hesitated, being uncertain whether he should take an oath, or acknowledge the debt. His wife, who had accompanied him, seeing him so perplexed, said to him, "*Swear, Nicolas, swear, since there is something to be got by it, you swear often enough at home, and get nothing for it.*"

Miracles.

Gregory the Great*.

The reader of the works of this celebrated man, surnamed the Great, may be indulged in suspending his judgment concerning the following miracle: Gregory affirms, that a monk of his order got such a custom of working miracles, that at length the prior forbid him to

* The same who instituted a persecution against the works of Livy and Tacitus. E.

to exercise his supernatural talent. The monk conformed to the order, but one day seeing a bricklayer falling from the roof of a house, he hesitated between obedience, and charity in saving the poor man's life, and only ordering him to remain in the air till he got orders, he ran to acquaint the prior with the case. The prior allowed him to go through with it, but never to do the like again. It is granted to incredulity that this story may be mistrusted.

Painting by Music.

Gerard Lairesse.

This painter, previous to his leaving Amsterdam, where he had made a considerable fortune, had been invited to the house of an eminent painter, who requested he would favour him with one of his performances; he consented; but the painter and his pupils were greatly astonished, when Lairesse, instead of drawing a painting, pulled from under his cloak a violin, on which he played some airs; he afterwards took up the pencil, sketched the subject which he proposed to execute, resumed his violin, played a few airs, then returned to the pallet, and continued alternately playing and painting, till, in the space of three hours, Lairesse had completed an exquisite painting. It was always through the assistance of his violin that this celebrated artist performed his works.

Example.

Example.

Madame de Longueville.

Madame de Longueville was advised to go to court, in order to give it a good example. "I cannot," said she, "shew a better example than in quitting it."

Satisfactory Explanation.

Santeiul

Preaching one day upon the Evangelist of the Samaritan, said, "*Don't be surprized at this Evangelist being so long, it is a woman who speaks.*"

Poetry and Painting.

Boileau.

Boileau said, "As tradesmen are continually "wanting signs for their shops, a bad painter is al- "ways of some use; but what is a bad poet good "for?"

Powers of a Painter.

Cortone.

One day that Cosmo de Medicis was amusing himself, in seeing Peter Cortone painting, who was representing a child crying, "*I'll soon make him change his*

his note," said the painter, he then gave a touch of his pencil, and the same child appeared laughing; again, by another stroke of the pencil, he represented him in his former state; "*Thus, prince*," said the artist, "*you see how easy it is to make children either "laugh or cry.*"

Painting.

Mrs. Baddely.

A tradesman who had sold paint to Mrs. Baddely, tired of dancing attendance on her to obtain his money, said to her, "*Madam, you make me wait on you as if I was your servant, now I do not wear your livery, but you wear mine.*"

"*Let Brotherly Love continue!*"

Boileau.

Patru, a most ingenious writer, being reduced to extreme indigence, found himself reduced to sell his books, the only articles of value he had left. Boileau having heard of his distressed situation, and that he was on the point of disposing of them for a very moderate sum, went immediately and offered one third more; having paid the money down for them, he put into the bargain, a condition, which was a most agreeable surprise to Patru; it was, that the books should remain in his possession as heretofore, and that his library should come to Boileau, only as a legacy, in case of his surviving.

Peter and Martin.

Sterne.

This ſenſible, ingenious, and philanthropical divine had brought up four dogs, one he called Peter, the other Martin. He had given to each a diſciple, or proſelyte, and had maintained between the two parties, a great animoſity. Peter never ſaw Martin but he was ready to jump on and devour him; and Martin had an equal hatred for him. When Sterne wiſhed to divert himſelf, he called Peter and Martin, each took his place, the one on his right hand, the other on his left, and each with his diſciple beſide him. Sterne then ſpoke to Peter to invite him to agree with Martin; Peter, by his continual barking, and the ſparkling of his eyes, ſeemed to ſay that he would liſten to no accommodation. He afterwards turned to Martin, towards whom his wiſhes of union were equally unavailing. "Let us ſee," ſaid Sterne, "if, by a conference, your ſpirits and ſentiments may become more conformable;" he brought them together; they at firſt converſed together, by barking, gently; they ſeemed, by their growling, to anſwer each other, till at length inſenſibly attacked each other in furious combat, and would probably have torn each other to pieces, had they not been parted: the amiable Sterne, as an excuſe for the apparent folly of amuſing himſelf in this manner, contended, with probably a great degree of truth, that the conduct of his dogs afforded him an apt type of the ſanguinary animoſities that have been produced even in the moſt humane and generous nations by religious controverſy, or difference of opinion.

Good Wine needs no Bush.

Vander Kabel.

Some of the friends of Vander Kabel, a famous Dutch painter, obſerved to him, that they never heard any praiſes but of his worſt paintings, "True," anſwered he, "for the beſt will always praiſe themſelves."

A good Reason, and a fine Compliment.

Le Seuer.

Le Seuer was employed by the friars of Toulouſe, to make a painting, repreſenting the temptation of our Lord in the deſert. The artiſt repreſented Satan in the habit of a friar. The reverend fathers, extremely offended, made moſt violent complaints to the painter, who anſwered them, "That the enemy of the world could not have taken more likely means to ſeduce our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, than by wearing the garb of virtue."

Homage to Virtue.

Fenelon.

An eccleſiaſtic was ſent from Paris to Cambray, who, under the title of Grand Vicar, was to act as a ſpy on the conduct of Fenelon; to criticiſe it throughly, and make his report of it. This man remained four years at Cambray, and was, at the expiration of that time, ſo penetrated with the merit of Fenelon, with

with his affable manners, and ſound virtue, that one day burſting into tears, he confeſſed to him the odious myſtery of his journey there; and went immediately to ſhut himſelf up at *La Trappe*, to endeavour to expiate the wrong he had committed*.

The following anecdote demonſtrates that the virtue of Fenelon was not alone acknowledged by his countrymen. During the war 1701, Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, treated him with every kind of homage. They ſent detachments to guard his corn and meadows. They even had his property eſcorted to Cambray, for fear it ſhould be carried off by plunderers of their army. When any party of the enemy learnt that he wiſhed to take any journey in his dioceſe, they informed him that he need not have a French eſcort, and that they would eſcort him themſelves. The huſſars of the Imperial troops, even rendered him their ſervice.—Such empire has true virtue over the mind.

One of the curates of the dioceſe of Cambray, was boaſting, before Fenelon, of having aboliſhed, among the peaſantry, the cuſtom of dancing on Sundays, and

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* It were to be wiſhed, that the name of this perſon had been preſerved; his virtue was not leſs than Fenelon's, as it ſympathized with it; and the compunction diſplayed, was as rare, as it was exemplarily heroic. E.

and holy-days, " *Sir*," ſaid the virtuous archbiſhop, " *We will not dance, but let us not prevent those poor* " *people from dancing, why should we prevent their for-* " *getting, for a few moments, that they are un-* " *happy?*"

Pardon of Injuries.

The Caliph Aziz.

A ſatiric poet had publiſhed ſome ſevere verſes againſt the Vizier of the Caliph Aziz, in which the Caliph himſelf was not ſpared. The vizier complained of it, and demanded the puniſhment of the author. Aziz having read the ſatire, ſaid to him, " *As I take* " *part in the abuse, I desire that you will share with* " *me the merit of pardoning him.*"

Pasquinades.

Paſquinades are a ſort of ſatire, which took their name from a mutilated ſtatue called Paſquin, to which they were attached. It is commonly ſuppoſed to have its name from a buffoon tailor of the neighbourhood whoſe ſhop was a ſort of receptacle for news, and ſatiric effuſions. There was another ſtatue, called Marforio, to which, when the ſatire aſſumed a *colloquial* form, the anſwers were affixed. The following are ſpecimens of this kind of wit, ſo cutting and cauſtic to thoſe who were the ſubjects of it, and, (when diſcovered) ſometimes extremely ſerious to its author.

The Signora Camilla, ſiſter of Sixtus V. and who had formerly been a waſher-woman, being raiſed to the

the rank of a princeſs, Paſquin exhibited the next morning a ſhirt which reſembled that of a chimney ſweeper. Marforio aſked his brother ſtatue, the cauſe of ſuch negligence, "*It is*," anſwered Paſquin, "*because my washer-woman is made a princess**."

Pope Clement VII. was very unpopular. A ſurfeit of melons and muſhrooms, of which he was exceſſively fond, and the preſcriptions of an unſkilful phyſician, haſtened his death, to the great joy of the Romans, who fixed on Paſquin the portrait of the phyſician, with theſe lines under it, "*Ecce Agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit peccata mundi.*"

Etiquette à la Cheval.

Emanuel I. Duke of Savoy.

The day that Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, made his entry into Saragoſſa, Philip II. King of Spain, afterwards his father-in-law, rode at his left hand, ſaid to him. "*You are mounted on a very mettlesome horse.*"—"*No, Sire,*" anſwered Emanuel, "*but he knows that he is not in his right place.*"

Professional

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* This ſally of wit, if we may believe Gregorio Leti, coſt its author his life. Sixtus iſſued a notice, expreſſive of admiration of the talents of the ſatiriſt, and inviting him to come forward, with an aſſurance of a reward of 500 crowns. The credulous Italian appeared, when Sixtus ordered the money to be paid him, and at the ſame time ordered him to be hanged. E.

Professional Sensibility.

Raphael.

An Italian painter has been ſeen to bedew with tears, his pallet and pencils, becauſe he was employed to cover, with a drapery, the greateſt part of one of Raphael's paintings, in which an infant JESUS appeared too naked.

Retrospect.

Abbè de Choisi.

The Abbè, having incurred ſome heavy debts, was under the neceſſity of ſelling his fine eſtate in Normandy. Paſſing ſometime afterwards, by the ſeat of his former wealth, and being extremely hungry, he exclaimed, as he looked at it, "*Oh! how I ſhould like to dine with you to-day.*"

Contempt of Ridicule.

J. J. Rouſſeau.

This man had great abilities, but his ſingularities had drawn on him the ridicule of the vulgar, who ſeldom ſee things rightly, becauſe they never go beyond the ſurface: Rouſſeau was on one occaſion, pointedly inſulted, and treated as a man of no underſtanding: Some perſons, preſent, expreſſed their ſurprize that he was not offended; but, to put an end to their ſurprize, he repeated to them, an obſervation of

Seneca,

Seneca, that, " he was born either for a king or a fool; that, not being the former, he must then reconcile himself to the latter title; and thus, that those who had treated him like a fool, were perhaps, not so wrong as it might appear." This observation made those who had mocked him ashamed of themselves, and gave the highest idea of the moderation and virtue of him who made it.

Truly Princely Idea of Religion.

Stephen,

King of Poland, said to them who urged him to constrain those of his subjects, who were of a different religion, to embrace his, " *I am king of men, and not of consciences;—there are three things which belong exclusively to God, the creation of matter from nothing; the prediction of the future; and the dominion of the conscience.*"

The absent Man.

P. Coulè.

This person was a merchant of eminence at Paris; having to sign the extract of the baptism of one of his children, he signed " Peter Coulè *and Company.*" He did not perceive the mistake, till a general laugh was raised against him.

Solitude.

Solitude.

Dr. Young.

This celebrated genius was fond of retirement, a young man, who obſerved him often walking alone, ſaid to him, one day, in accoſting him, "Sir, how can you bear this ſolitude?"—"I had only begun to be alone," anſwered Young, "at the moment you accoſted me."

Value of Juſtice.

M. Camus.

This gentleman having bought a charge of *bailiff* for his ſon, adviſed him never to work in vain, but to raiſe contributions on thoſe who wanted his aſſiſtance. "*What! father,*" ſaid the ſon in ſurpriſe, "*Would you have me ſell juſtice?*"—"*Why not?*" anſwered the father: "*Is ſo ſcarce an article to be given for nothing?*"

Female Quarrels.

Earl of Cheſterfield.

The *spretæ injuria formæ* is the greateſt with a woman. The Earl, hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, aſked, "*Did they call each other ugly?*"—"*No,*"—"*Well, well, I ſhall ſoon reconcile them.*"

Sentiment.

Sentiment.

Sterne.

What is called ſentimental writing, though it be underſtood to appeal ſolely to the heart, may be the product of a bad one. One would imagine Sterne had been a man of a very tender heart—yet, we have it from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a ſchool, having run in debt, on account of an extravagant daughter would have rotted in jail, if the parents of her ſcholars had not raiſed a ſubſcription for her. Her ſon had too much ſentiment to have any feeling. A dead aſs* was more important to him than a living mother.

Antipathy

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*Theſe remarks, and the ſevere reflection with which they conclude, are but too true; they receive additional credence from the ſtrange contraſt between Yorick's tender letters to Eliza (Mrs. Draper) and his treatment of a very amiable wife; though, *circumſtances* or *conduct* might palliate the latter part of Sterne's conduct, yet nothing can excuſe his neglect of a parent. Whoever has read Lord Lyttleton's fine monody to the memory of his wife, would with difficulty believe that he had treated her not only with unkindneſs, but cruelty! Notwithſtanding Johnſon's affecting tribute to his deceaſed companion (in the "Idle") we ſuſpect that he had reaſon for ſelf-accuſation on the ground of unkindneſs. He ſeems, in his last

Antipathy to Wigs.

Mr. Pennant.

Mr. Pennant is a moſt ingenious and pleaſing writer. His tours diſplay a great variety of knowledge,

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laſt converſation with Dr. Brockleſby, his phyſician, to have felt ſome "compunctious viſitings;"—he repeated to Dr. B. thoſe well-known lines:—

"—— Canſt thou miniſter to a mind diſeas'd?
"Pluck from the memory a *rooted ſorrow*;
"And with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
"Cleanſe the full boſom of that perilous ſtuff,
"That weighs upon the heart?"

To this, Dr. B. very pertinently anſwered, from the ſame drama (Macbeth)

"———— therein the patient,
"Muſt miniſter to himſelf."

"TRUE" rejoined the dying man, "*that is* TRUE, *more than poetically* TRUE!" For our own part, we think, that no reflection, at the hour of death, can inflict keener anguiſh than the recollection of having embittered the exiſtence of a fellow-creature! either by calumny, unkindneſs, or cruelty: Of this, Shakeſpeare's Henry VI. exhibits a terrific inſtance in the following paſſage:—

"——— he cannot ſpeak ———
"If thou think'ſt on heaven's bliſs;—
"Hold up thy hand in witneſs of thy HOPE:—
"He DIES, and MAKES NO SIGN! Oh! GOD forgive him!"

ledge, expressed in an engaging way. In private life he had some peculiarities, and even eccentricities. Among the latter may be classed his singular dislike to a wig—which, however, he could suppress, till reason yielded a little to wine. But when this was the case, off went the wig next to him, and into the fire!

Dining once at Chester with an officer who wore a wig. Mr. Pennant become half seas over; and another friend that was in company carefully placed himself between Pennant and wig, to prevent mischief. After much patience, and many a wistful look, Pennant started up, seized the wig, and threw it into the fire. It was in flames in a moment, and so was the officer, who ran to his sword. Down stairs runs Pennant, and the officer after him, through all the streets of Chester. But Pennant escaped, from his superior local knowledge. A wag called this Pennant's Tour in Chester.

Nationality.

Abbé Raynal.

The Abbé came, with some Frenchmen of rank, to see Mr. Walpole at Strawberry-hill. They were standing at a window, looking at the prospect to the Thames, which they found flat, and one of them said in French, not thinking that Mr. W. and a Mr. Churchill over-heard them: "*Every thing in England serves to recommend France to us the more.*" Mr. Churchill somewhat piqued, instantly stepped up, and said, "*Gentlemen, when the Cherokees were in this country they could eat nothing but train oil.*"

Emphatic

Emphatic Oath.

Catharine of Medicis.

Sometime after the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, the deputies of the reformed were treating with the king, the queen-mother, and ſome of the council, for a peace. The articles were mutually agreed on, the queſtion was upon the ſecurity for performance. After ſome particulars propounded and rejected, the queen-mother ſaid, "*Is not the word of a king ſufficient ſecurity?*" One of the deputies anſwered, "*No, by St. Bartholomew, madam.*"

Extraordinary Will.

M. Theluſſon.

M. Peter Haac Theluſſon was a native of France, though many years reſident as a merchant in England. He died in 1798. Having acquired a vaſt fortune, he diſpoſed of it in the following extraordinary manner. Having a property of 700,000l. he left in legacies to his wife and children, not quite 100,000l. The reſidue he left to truſtees to accumulate and be laid out in the purchaſe of eſtates in England, till all the male children of his ſons and grandſons are dead. But all who may take under this will muſt adopt the name of Theluſſon. The term of accumulation cannot be leſs than from 90 to 120 years. If it ſhould terminate at the firſt period, the property would amount to 35,000,000; and if at the latter to 140,000,000. And if, at that remote period, he ſhould have no lineal deſcendants, the eſtates are to be ſold, and the money

applied to the ſinking fund under the direction of Parliament. The heirs at law have ſince applied to the Court of Chancery to ſet aſide the Will; but, after long and learned arguments, it was fully eſtabliſhed.

Fate.

Zeno.

This extraordinary man was a native of Cyprus. He taught in the Portico of ΣΤΟΑ, in Athens; hence ΣΤΟΙC, the appellation of his followers; amongſt whom are to be ranked the greateſt characters of antiquity; as Cato; Seneca; Epictetus, and Marcus Antoninus: A ſervant of Zeno being told that the plea of *fate* would exculpate him from any fault he ſhould commit, exclaimed to his maſter, as he was undergoing puniſhment for theft, "*It is my* fate *to be a thief.*"—"*Yes,*" replied Zeno, "*and it is your* fate *to be punished for it.*"

The Contest of Art.

Zeuxis and Parrhaſius.

Many curious anecdotes are related of the former of theſe celebrated painters, his diſpute with Parrhaſius is thus related by Pliny. Zeuxis had painted ſome grapes ſo naturally that the birds uſed to come and peck at them; and Parrhaſius had repreſented a curtain ſo artfully, that Zeuxis, miſtaking it for a real curtain, which hid his rival's work, ordered it to be drawn aſide, that he might ſee the painting behind it. Diſcovering his miſtake, he confeſſed himſelf

out-done,

out-done, ſince he had only impoſed upon birds, but Parrhaſius had deceived even thoſe who were judges of the art. Another time he painted a boy loaded with grapes, when the birds flew again to his picture. At this he was exceedingly vexed, and frankly acknowledged that it was not perfectly finiſhed; ſince, had he repreſented the boy as naturally as the grapes, the birds would have been afraid of him. One of Zeuxis's fineſt pieces was a Hercules ſtrangling ſome dragons in his cradle, in the preſence of the affrighted mother. Some are of opinion, however, that Helena was the picture by which he gained the greateſt reputation. He died immenſely rich. Valerius Flaccus ſays, that his death was occaſioned by an immoderate fit of laughter, on looking at the picture of an old woman he had drawn.

Tapping.

The Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice.

This gentleman who was brother to the preſent Marquis of Lanſdowne, had a peculiar turn for humour, which did not forſake him even in the moſt painful moments of the illneſs which terminated in his death. He enjoyed a joke; and the approach of diſſolution could not reſtrain him from uttering it, when an occaſion occurred. One remarkable inſtance of this diſpoſition occurred almoſt at the very cloſe of his life. He laboured under a complication of diſorders, the moſt formidable of which was a dropſy. A conſultation was held upon the ſubject of tapping, to which the late Mr. John Hunter, Dr. Aſhe, and ſome others were called. Dr. Aſhe is not more remarkable for profeſſional knowledge, than for the rotundity of his

ſhape, inſomuch that among his legal acquaintance he is named *corporation sole*. The reſult of the conſultation was communicated to Mr. Fitzmaurice, by Mr. Hunter, who told him, with that honeſt bluntneſs, which was peculiar to him, that the propoſed operation would ſerve only to give him agony, without affording him any material relief, and that the endeavours of ſurgeons or phyſicians would be wholly ineffectual. The patient heard this ſentence of death pronounced without emotion or dejection; but on the contrary, preſerving his uſual diſpoſition to create a laugh, or join in it, he thus replied to Mr. Hunter, with an affected air of gravity. "*My dear Sir, I am very sorry that you, who are so excellent an operator, should have had the trouble of coming so far* (from Hampſtead) *without having an opportunity of displaying your skill upon me; but, since you think, that, in my present emaciated and debilitated state, is would not be of service to me, I readily submit to your opinion: but it gives me concern that you should go away without having performed an operation; and, therefore, permit me to request, that you will* tap *Dr. Ashe, as there can be no objection in that quarter on the score of emaciation.*" The doctor, who was a man of pleaſantry and good-humour, laughed heartily at the conceit. And no one could have imagined, from Mr. Fitzmaurice's ſeeming enjoyment of the joke, that there was a perſon in the room who had juſt heard from authority, that he had but a very ſhort time to live."

Commentary on the Book of Beauty.

Cujas.

Cujas had a daughter who was very handſome, rather coquetiſh, and who had no diſlike to men: the ſcholars

ſcholars were glad to quit the leſſons of the father for the more pleaſing company of the daughter, which they called, " *commenting on the works of Cujas.*"

Application of Scripture.

Pope Innocent XI.

This pontiff was the ſon of a banker. He was elected on the day of St. Matthew; and from that day, Paſquin ſays: " *Invenerunt hominem sedentum in telonio!*"—" They found the men ſitting at the ſeat of exchange."

Comparison.

Mr. Garrick.

Remarking on an actreſs of Drury-lane theatre, remarkable for her coquetry, " *that lady,*" ſaid Mr. G. " *is like those sparkling wines, which every one tastes, but none buys.*"

Excuse for want of Courage.

Duke of Guiſe,

Reproached Villandri, one of his officers, that he did not ſee him on the day of battle. " *I was there, however,*" anſwered Villandri, " *and in a place where you never dare appear*;" which appeared an inſult, irritated the Duke, who was about demanding an explanation, but Villandri ſtopped him, by ſaying

to

to him; "*I was with the baggage: would you have appeared in such a place as that?*"

Equality.

Queen Anne. The Duchess of Marlborough.

The secret letters between Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough, are still extant in a certain house in the Green-park. They were accustomed to correspond under feigned and romantic names. When this intense friendship abated, the Duchess was certainly more in fault than the Queen. Such was the equality produced by their intimacy, that almost the sole remaining idea of superiority remained with her who had the advantage in personal charms—and in this there was unfortunately no comparison. The Duchess became so presumptuous that she would give the Queen her gloves to hold, and on taking them again would affect suddenly to turn her head away, as if her royal mistress had perspired some disagreeable effluvia!

Smart Epistle.

Captain Cockburn.

The French civil wars often display wit, ours are dull. The answer of the Captain of Hume Castle to Colonel Fenwicke, who summoned it in the name of Cromwell, is, however, whimsical.

"Right

"Right Honourable,

I have received a trumpeter of yours, as he tells me, without your pass *(he had forgot it, it seems, and left it behind him on the table)* to render Hume Castle to the Lord General Cromwell. Please you, I never saw your general, nor know your general. As for Hume Castle, it stands upon a rock.

Given at Hume Castle, this day before seven o'clock. So resteth, without prejudice of his native country,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN COCKBURN."

The first Step.

Madame de Sevigné.

Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute: "The first step is the only difficulty." This proverb was oddly applied by a lady, who, hearing a Canon in the company say that St. Piat, after his head was cut off, walked two entire leagues with it in his hand. "Yes, madam, two entire leagues."—"I firmly believe it," answered the lady; "on such an occasion *the first step is the only difficulty.*"

Corruption.

Sir Robert Walpole

Used to say, that it was fortunate so few men could be prime ministers, as it was best that few should thoroughly know the shocking wickedness of mankind.

"I never

"I never (says Horace Walpole) heard him say, that all men have their prices; and I believe that no such expression ever fell from his mouth.

Superlative Vanity.

Sigerus.

A visionary who flourished in the last century, was at the expence of having a plate engraved, in which he was represented kneeling before a crucifix, with a label from his mouth, "Lord Jesus do you love me?" From that of Jesus proceeded another label, "Yes, most illustrious, most excellent, and most learned Sigerus, crowned poet of his Imperial Majesty, and most worthy rector of the University of Wittemberg, yes, I do love you."

Sacerdos.

Mr. Gostling,

A clergyman of Canterbury, is said to be the writer of an admirable parody on the noted grammatical line,

Bifrons, atque Custos, Bos, Fur, atque Sacerdos.

It runs thus,

Bifrons ever when he preaches;
Custos of what in his reach is;
Bos among his neighbours wives;
Fur in gathering of his tythes;
Sus at every parish-feast;
On Sunday, *Sacerdos*, a priest.

Extraordinary

Extraordinary Ignorance.

Sir John Germain.

Anceſtor of Lady Betty Germain, was a Dutch adventurer, who came over to England in the reign of King Charles II. He had an intrigue with a counteſs, who was divorced, and married him. This man was ſo ignorant, that being told that Sir Matthew Decker wrote St. Matthew's goſpel, he firmly believed it. "I doubted," ſays Lord Orford, "this tale "very much, till I aſked a lady of quality, his de- "ſcendant, about it, who told me it was moſt true. "She added, that Sir John Germain was in conſe- "quence ſo much perſuaded of Sir Matthew's piety, "that, by his will, he left two hundred pounds to "Sir Matthew, to be by him diſtributed among the "Dutch paupers in London."

When Sir John Germain was on his death-bed, his lady deſired him to receive the ſacrament." "Do you think," ſaid he, "that it will do me any good?" —"Certainly," ſhe anſwered. He took it: and, half an hour after, ſaid to her, "My dear, what was that little thing you made me take? You ſaid it would do me good; but I do not feel a bit better."

Emblematical Plea and Reply.

Swift and Sir Robert Walpole.

Swift was a good writer, but took the wrong ſide. Even to the laſt he was devoured by ambition, which he pretended to deſpiſe. It will hardly be believed, that after finding his oppoſition to the miniſtry fruitleſs, and, what galled him ſtill more, contemned, he ſummoned up reſolution to wait on Sir Robert Walpole! Sir Robert ſeeing Swift look pale and ill, inquired the ſtate of his health, with his uſual old Engliſh good-humour and urbanity. They were ſtanding by a window that looked into the court-yard, where was an ancient ivy dropping towards the ground. "*Sir,*" ſaid Swift, with an emphatic look, "*I am like that ivy, I want ſupport.*" Sir Robert anſwered, "*Why then, doctor, did you attach yourself to a falling wall?*" Swift took the hint, made his bow, and retired*.

Jockeyship.

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* SWIFT, on another ſubject, more ſerious ſtill, made a tree emblematical of his concluſion: Walking one day, with Dr. YOUNG, author of the "Night Thoughts." SWIFT ſuddenly ſtopped, ſeemingly in deep thought; after muſing a while, he pointed to a tree, the upper branches of which were decayed, "'*I ſhall,*" ſaid he, "*be like that tree, I ſhall die at top,*"—the ſpeech was prophetic! E.

Jockeyship.

Louis XI.

Louis XI. when he was a youth, used to visit a peasant, whose garden produced excellent fruit. Soon after he ascended the throne, this peasant waited on him, and brought his little present, a turnip, from his garden, of an extraordinary size. The king smiled, remembered his past pleasures, and ordered a thousand crowns to the peasant.

The lord of his village hearing of this liberality, argued with himself thus; "If this peasant have a thousand crowns for a turnip, I have only to present a fine horse to this munificent monarch, and my fortune is made." As others might entertain the same idea, he loses no time, but mounts one horse, and leads in his hand a beautiful barb, the pride of his stable. He arrives at court, and requests the king's acceptance of his little present. Louis highly praised the steed; and the donors expectations were raised to the utmost, when the king exclaimed, "*Bring me my turnip,*"—and added, in presenting it to the *Seigneur*, "*Hold; this cost me a thousand crowns, and I give it you for your horse.*"

Odd Obligation.

The Duke of Roquelaire.

The Duke was one of those who, as Madame Sevigne says, "abuse the privilege that the men have to be ugly." Accidentally finding at court a very ugly country gentleman, who had a suit to offer, the

the Duke presented him to the king, and urged his request, saying he was under the highest obligations to the gentleman. The king granted the request; then asked Roquelaire what were those great obligations. "*Ah! Sir, if it were not for him, I should be the very ugliest man in your dominions.*" This sally excited the royal smile, while the gentleman, with plain good sense, affected not to hear it.

Legacy forestalled.

The Duke was making his testament: he had remembered all his domestics, except his steward; "*I shall leave him nothing,*" said he, "*because he has served me these twenty years.*"

Unexceptionable Testament.

Santroi,

A Notary of Paris, was sent for to write the testament of a rich man, who desired him so to word it that no room might be left for contestation among his heirs. "*No room for contestation, impossible!*" answered Sanfroi, "*Jesus Christ, the wisest of men, the Son of God, drew up a Testament, which has been contested for these seventeen hundred years, and will ever be contested. Can I hope to go beyond him?*" So saying, he took his hat, and withdrew.

Value

Value of an Oath.

Lord Orford

Often related the following anecdote in conversation. A Norman was telling another a great absurdity as a matter of fact. "*You are jesting,*" said the hearer. "*Not I, on the faith of a christian.*"—"*Will you wager?*"—"*No, I won't wager; but I am ready to swear to it.*"

Use of Monasteries.

Lorenzo de Medici.

An envoy from a foreign court to Lorenzo de Medici, asked that wise prince how it came to pass that there were so few madmen at Florence, while the capital of his country presented great numbers. Lorenzo, pointing to a monastery, said, "*We shut them them up in those houses**."

Sermonizing,

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* Perhaps a more shrewd and sensible reply was never uttered. Garat, in speaking of Robespierre's conduct, and describing his temperament, melancholy and atrabilious, says, "the monasteries, by shutting up numbers of such men, have rendered a great service to society."—"Robespierre," said Condorcet, "is a monk, and never can be any thing more."—This remark, however, cost Condorcet his life; a further proof of the truth of Garat's observation. E.

Sermonizing, movingly.

Abbé Dufont.

The Abbé, who, in general was a good preacher, was apt, on ſome ſubjects, to be immoderately tedious: Whenever the founder of the jeſuits was introduced, he never failed to enter on a tireſome panegyric on his favourite ſaint. One day, he compared him with all the celeſtial hierarchy, and could find no place honourable enough for him, while his long paragraphs were ever cloſed with the exclamation, "*Where ſhall we place this great Patriarch?*" An auditor, whoſe patience was exhauſted, roſe up, and ſaid, "*Since you are so puzzled, he may have my place, for I am going.*"

A Rouser!

Father Seraphin.

A noted Capuchin, of pious ſimplicity, was preaching before Louis XIV. at Verſailles, when he perceived the Abbé Fenelon aſleep. Stopping in the midſt of his diſcourſe, he ſaid, "*Wake that Abbé who is asleep, and who perhaps only attends here to pay his court to the king.*" Louis ſmiled, and pardoned the diſreſpect, in conſideration of the father's ſimplicity of character.

Embassadors.

Embassadors.

Baron Pendrider.

Sir Henry Wotton's definition of an embaſſador was a true one,—" A man ſent to tell lies for the good of his country." An embaſſador, ſhould of courſe, have a firm countenance. Louis XIV. delighted in exciting awe and confuſion of face in thoſe who approached him, but could not ſucceed with Baron Pendrider, envoy from the Emperor. When he was making his firſt ſpeech, Louis was piqued at his coolneſs, and ſought to embarraſs him by calling out, " *Speak louder Mr. Embassador.*" Pendrider only anſwered, " *Louder,*" raiſed his voice, and proceeded.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, tells a good ſtory of a Spaniſh Embaſſador, who had abandoned a congreſs becauſe he could not obtain precedence over the French deputy. On his return to court he waited on the king, and explained the reaſon of his conduct. " *What,*" ſaid the monarch, " *could you think of abandoning so important a business for the sake of ceremony?*" The embaſſador, piqued at the reflection, anſwered with great ſpirit, " *A ceremony! what is your majesty itself* " *but a ceremony?*"*

Ambassador.

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* A momentous truth! The abandonment of CEREMONY coſt Louis XVI. his crown and life. Rouſſeau predicted it. See his Emilius and Sophia. E.

Ambassador.

Philip II.

This prince ſent a young nobleman to Rome, to congratulate Sixtus V, on his exaltation. Sixtus was diſſatisfied at ſo young an ambaſſador being ſent, and with his uſual frankneſs ſaid, " Does your maſter " want *men* that he ſends to me a beardleſs ambaſſa- " dor ?"—" Had my ſovereign thought," replied the haughty Spaniard, " that merit conſiſted in a beard, he would have ſent you a *goat*."

" *Never ending, still beginning.*"

Joſeph II.

The mania of Catharine II. Empreſs of Ruſſia, to ſketch every thing, and complete nothing, drew from Joſeph II. a very ſhrewd and ſatirical remark. During his travels in Tauris, he was invited by her to place the ſecond ſtone of a town, of which ſhe had herſelf, with great parade, laid the firſt. On his return, he ſaid, " *I have finished in a single day a very important business with the Empress of Russia; she has laid the first stone of a city, and I have laid the last.*"

Qualification.

Edmund Burke

In deſcribing ironically, in his ſpeech on the Eaſt India bill, the qualifications of a modern good member

ber of parliament, Mr. Burke quotes the following rules for what formerly made a good monk: *Tria facium monachum: Beni loqui de superiore. Legere breviarum taliter qualiter, et sinere res vadere ut vadunt.* Which, applying to a member, he translated so,—" Speak well of the minister, read the lesson he " sets you; and let the State take care of itself."

Appearances fallacious.

Archbishop Laud.

We ought not to judge by appearances. Archbishop Laud mistakenly passed a very severe and very unjust judgment on a curate at one of his visitations; having asked the curate his name, which was Solomon, the archbishop immediately observed that " *his sponsors were no prophets*;" the archbishop, who was a man of great ability and penetration, was led to this false conclusion by the simplicity of the curate's manner: His grace proceeded, " I am persuaded that " you are ignorant of the primary elements of the " catechism. How many capital sins are there?"— " There are eight," answered the curate, " I am " not mistaken," answered the prelate, " in the judg- " ment I had formed of your knowledge;—what ass " of a bishop made you a curate?—and which are " these eight capital sins?"—" It was your grace " who conferred upon me wholly orders," replied the curate, " and as to the capital sins, besides the seven, " with which every body is acquainted, an EIGHTH " should be added, which is the CONTEMPT with " which POOR CURATES are treated."

All

All above Board.

Alexander the Great being urged to give battle in the night, " No," ſaid he, " I will not allow it to be ſaid that I am indebted to darkneſs for victory."

The ſame prince refuſed to ſee a beautiful woman whom he had made priſoner, " For fear," ſaid he, " I ſhould be captivated by my captive."

Military Eloquence.

An Officer

In the army of Henry IV. who commanded a regiment very ill-cloathed, ſeeing a party of the enemy advancing, who appeared newly equipped, he ſaid to his ſoldiers, " There, my brave fellows, go and cloathe yourſelves."

Preachers.

The following eulogium was given to a great preacher :—" *His audience, apprehenſive that his diſcourſe was drawing to a conclusion, were continually in pain.*"

The greateſt praiſe a preacher can receive, is the ſilence of his auditors : for, when they leave church, in a penſive manner, their ſilence is very expreſſive.

A clergyman

A clergyman, meeting a particular friend, asked him why he never came *to hear him preach?* He answered, "I am afraid of *disturbing your solitude.*"

It was said of a bad preacher, "*His last words* are more desirable than those of SENECA."

It was said of a preacher, of indifferent character, but who had a most pathetic delivery, joined to a thorough knowledge of the passions, that "he made others weep for his sins."

Symptoms of Passion.

General Sutton.

Brother of Sir Robert Sutton, was very passionate, Sir Robert Walpole the reverse. Sutton being one day with Sir Robert, while his *valet de chambre* was shaving him, Sir Robert said, "John you cut me;" and then went on with the conversation. Presently, he said again, "John you cut me"—and a third time—when Sutton starting up in a rage, and doubling his fist at the servant, swore a great oath, and said, "If Sir Robert can bear it, I cannot; and if you cut him once more I'll knock you down."

Hopes

Hopes of Heaven.

Lord Rofs.

The reprobate Lord Rofs, being on his death-bed, was defired by his chaplain to call on God. He replied, "*I will if I go that way, but I don't believe I shall.*"

To know how to expect.

Bernis and Fleury.

Cardinal de Bernis, when only an Abbé, folicited Cardinal Fleury, then *fourscore*, for fome preferment. Fleury told him fairly, he fhould never have any thing in his time: Bernis replied, "My lord, I fhall *wait.*"

Longing.

Madame du Chatelet.

Madame du Chatelet (Voltaire's Emelie) proving with child again, after a long interval, and King Stanifiaus joking with her hufband on it, he replied, "*Ah! Sire, she longed so much for it.*"—"*My friend,*" faid the old king, "*it was the longing of a woman with child.*"

Singular

Singular Office.

Catharine II.

This empreſs availed herſelf of her power, to exhibit to the world an example of which there is to be found no model, by making the office of FAVOURITE, a place at court, with an apartment, ſalary, honours, prerogatives, and, above all, its *peculiar functions*; and, of all the places, there was not one, the *duties* of which were more *punctually fulfilled*. Nor perhaps was there any poſt, in which the empreſs diſplayed more choice and diſcernment, and, except in the caſe of one *interregnum*, it was never twenty-four hours vacant.

Twelve FAVOURITES ſucceeded each other in this place, and, it is a very remarkable feature in the character of Catharine, that none of her Favourites incurred her hatred or vengeance, though ſeveral of them offended her, and were diſcarded. Thoſe went into foreign countries to diſſipate her treaſures, or diſplay her preſents; and afterwards returned to enjoy her liberalities with tranquillity, though their terrible miſtreſs could have cruſhed them in a moment. In this reſpect Catharine certainly appears ſuperior to all other women*.

It

* Catharine contented herſelf with diſmiſſing Korſakof, whom ſhe ſurprized even in her own apartments with one of her maids of honor.—Very different from the conduct of Chriſtiana of Sweden who cauſed one of her lovers to be aſſaſſinated in her preſence.

It will be ſufficient to relate how Zubof, her laſt Favourite, was inſtalled, to ſhew in what manner theſe affairs were managed.

Plato Zubof was a young lieutenant in the horſe-guards. He was of a middle ſize, but ſupple, muſcular, and well-made. He had a high and intelligent forehead, and fine eyes. He commanded the detachment that attended Catharine to Tzarſko-ſelo, in 1789, and with her there. Zubof was at that time the only officer in ſight, after the diſmiſſion of Momonof, and to this circumſtance, rather than to deliberate choice, Zubof was indebted to the preference he obtained. After ſome ſecret conferences, Zubof was approved, and ſent for more *ample information* to Miſs Protaſof, and the empreſs's phyſician*. The account they gave muſt have been favourable, for he was named *aid-de-camp* to the empreſs, received a preſent of an hundred thouſand roubles (20,000l.) to furniſh himſelf with linen, and was inſtalled in the apartment of the Favourites with all the cuſtomary advantages. The next day, this young man was ſeen offering his arm to his ſovereign, equipped in his new uniform, with a large hat and feather on his head, attended by the great men of the empire, who walked behind him with their hats off, though the day before he had danced attendance in their anti-chambers.

In

* Miſs Protaſof was called *l'eprouveuse*, from her functions. The phyſician to the empreſs, was Mr. Rogerſon.

In the evening, after her card-party was over, Catharine was seen to dismiss her court, and retire, accompanied only by her favourite†.

The reader may be actuated by curiosity to peruse a list of those who enjoyed the title of Favourite to Catharine, and who reigned over Russia more or less in the name of their august lover.

I. Sergius Soltikof.

It is whispered that he received Catharine's first favours when she was only Grand-duchess.

II. Stanislaus Poniatowsky.

He was at the time of Catharine's predilection, Polish Envoy at Petersburgh. Peter III. sometimes interrupted them, though he was little addicted to jealousy, and preferred his pipe, his bottle, his soldiers, and his mistress, to his lovely wife. Catharine, when seated on the Imperial throne, rewarded her lover with the crown of Poland. His disastrous reign evinced, that love, when it bestows a crown, is as blind, as favour when it distributes places and honours.

III.

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† Zubof being one day hunting, stopped with his suit in the road from Petersburgh to Tzarsko-selo. The courtiers who were going to court, the couriers, the post, all carriages, and all the peasants, were stopped: no one dared pass till the young man thought proper to quit the road: and he staid in it more than an hour waiting for his game.

III. Gregory Orlof.

Enjoyed long and diſtinguiſhed favour. He ſeemed to ſhare with Catharine, the throne on which he had placed her. Though he was young and robuſt, his brother Alexius, an Hercules in ſtrength and Goliah in ſtature, was aſſociated with him in his office. Potemkin ſupplanted him, and, it is ſaid, poiſoned him: Be that as it will, the once proud, powerful, and magnificent Orlof, died in the moſt horrible ſtate of inſanity.

IV. Vassiltchikof.

Introduced by Panin, only filled up the interval that took place between Orlof and Potemkin.

V. Potemkin.

His love, his valour, and his coloſſal ſtature, had charmed Catharine. He was the only one of her favourites who dared become enamoured of her, and to make the firſt advances. It appeared that he was truly and romantically captivated by her. To deſcribe the pomp of his entertainments, the laborious luxury of his houſe; the value of his diamonds; how many bank-notes he had bound up as books in his library; what he paid for the cherries, a plate of which he preſented every new-year's-day to his auguſt ſovereign; how many hundred miles he would ſend a courier for a melon or a noſegay, to preſent to one of his

miſtreſſes;

mistresses* ; all these would take up too much room to detail.

He (Potemkin) created, destroyed, or confused, yet animated every thing. The Prince de Ligne, said, "*There was something barbarously romantic in his character :*" and he spoke the truth. His death left an immense void in the empire, and that death was as extraordinary as his life. He set off for Jassy, but he carried death in his veins. He determined to wrestle with his disease, and overcome it by his iron constitution; he laughed at his physicians, and ate salt meat, and raw turnips. His disease grew worse; he would be conveyed to Ockzakof; but he had scarcely advanced a few miles, before the air of his carriage seemed to stifle him; his cloak was spread by the roadside; he was laid on it, and there expired in the arms

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* Potemkin had in his suit, an officer of high rank, named Bauer, whom he sent sometimes to Paris for a dancer, then to Astrakan for a water-melon; now to Poland, to carry orders to his tenants; to Petersburgh, to carry news to Catharine; or to the Crimea, to gather grapes. This officer, who thus spent his life travelling post, requested an epitaph to be ready for him in case he should break his neck, and one of his friends gave him the following :

Cy git Bauer, sous ce rocher :
Fouelle, cocher !

"Here Bauer lies, under this stone ;
Coachman, drive on !"

of his niece Bramicka, who accompanied him. Catharine fainted three times when she heard of his death: she was thought to be dying: But it was not the lover she regretted; it was the friend, whose genius assimilated with her own, whom she considered as the support of her throne.

VI. Zavadofsky,

Was presented by Potemkin to Catharine, (for ambition succeeded to love in his breast; every succeeding favourite was appointed by him, and remained subordinate to him.) Zavadofsky falling into disgrace was succeeded by

VII. Zoritch,

Was a foreigner, a *Servian*. He appeared at court the first time in the dress of a hussar. His beauty dazzled every eye, and the old ladies in Russia still speak of him as an Adonis. His mind was not sufficiently cultivated to captivate that of Catharine, who dismissed him at the end of twelve months, loaded with favours. The town of Scklof was erected into a principality for him, an instance singular of its kind in Russia.

VIII. Korsakof,

A sort of Russian fop, was raised to the rank of favourite, from that of serjeant in the guards at the palace. Catharine surprised him in the arms of the handsome Countess Bruce, her maid of honour and confidant. Struck with astonishment, she withdrew

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nd would never again ſee her lover or her friend. This was the only vengeance ſhe exerciſed againſt hem.

IX. Lanskoi.

Was one of the horſe-guards. He was ſoon the noſt beloved of Catharine's lovers, and appeared the noſt worthy to be ſo. He was handſome, graceful, nd accompliſhed, an admirer of the arts, a friend to alents, humane, and beneficent. Potemkin feared im, and, *it is said*, gave him poiſon. He died with orrible pains in his bowels. Catharine in vain laiſhed on him the moſt tender cares; her lips received is laſt breath. She ſhut herſelf up for ſeveral days, which ſhe paſſed in all the violence of grief. She acuſed heaven, would die, would ceaſe to reign, and wore never to love again. She really loved Lanſkoi; nd her affliction turned into rage againſt the phyſian, who could not ſave him, and who was obliged o throw himſelf at his ſovereign's feet, and requeſt er pardon for the impotence of his art. A decent nd afflicted widow, ſhe went into mourning for her over, and, a new Artemeſia, erected for him a ſuperb auſoleum near Tzarſko-ſelo. She ſuffered more han a year to elapſe, before his place was again filled; but, like another Epheſian matron, ſhe gave im an unworthy ſucceſſor. This was

X. Yermolof.

The leaſt amiable, and leaſt ſtriking in figure of all he had choſen. He diſpleaſed Potemkin, however, efore he ceaſed to pleaſe Catharine, and the haughty rince demanded, and obtained the diſmiſſal of this avourite.

XI. Momonof.

Catharine loved him, but he was soon disgusted with the faded charms of a mistress of sixty. He became enamoured of the young Princess Sherbatof, and had the courage to avow it, demanding permission to marry her. Catharine had pride and generosity sufficient to grant his request. She saw him married at court to the object of his honourable attachment, and sent him to Moscow, loaded with presents.

XII. Zubof.

We have already stated the rise of this favourite. He was not quite five-and-twenty years old, the Empress was upwards of sixty. She finished by treating him as much like a child as a lover, took upon herself the care of his education, and grew more and more attached to her own work, which became her idol. Yet, even at this advanced period of her life she was seen to revive the orgies and lupercalia which she had formerly celebrated with the brothers Orlof. Valerian, a younger brother of Zubof, and Peter Soltikof, their friend, were associated in office with the favourite.

Death of Catharine II.

The visit of the King of Sweden to Petersburgh, and the mortifying circumstances in which it terminated, hastened, no doubt the death of Catharine. On this occasion she experienced a slight stroke of apoplexy. It is certain, that on the 4th of November, 1796, Catharine displayed an uncommon share of spirits,

ſpirits, and ſhe wrote on occaſion of Moreau's being obliged to repaſs the Rhine, a very humorous note to the Auſtrian miniſter, Count Cobenzel. The next morning ſhe roſe at her accuſtomed hour, and ſending for her favourite, gave him a ſhort audience. She afterwards tranſacted buſineſs with her ſecretaries, but diſmiſſed the laſt that came, bidding him wait in the anti-chamber. The valet, Zachary Conſtantinowitz, waited for a while; but uneaſy at hearing no noiſe in the apartment, he at laſt opened the door, when he ſaw, to his ſurpriſe and terror, the empreſs proſtrate on the floor, between the two doors leading from the alcove to her water-cloſet. She was already without ſenſe or motion. It was generally believed that Catharine had died at this time, but the fact is, that ſhe remained till ten the next evening, in a kind of lethargy. Remedies had been adminiſtered. She had even moved one of her feet, and preſſed the hand of one of her women. About ten ſhe appeared ſuddenly to revive, and began to rattle in the throat in a moſt terrible manner, at laſt ſhe gave a moſt lamentable ſhriek which was heard in the neighbouring apartments, and died, after having continued thirty-ſeven hours in a ſtate of inſenſibility. During this interval ſhe gave no indication of pain, till the moment before ſhe expired, and her death appears to have been as happy as her reign.

Though near ſeventy years of age, Catharine ſtill retained ſome remains of beauty. Her hair was always dreſſed in the old ſtile of ſimplicity, and with peculiar neatneſs, and no head ever became a crown better than hers. She was of the middle ſtature, and corpulent; few women, however, with her corpulence, would have attained the graceful and dignified carriage for which ſhe was remarked. In private, the good-humour and confidence with which ſhe in-

ſpired

ſpired all about her, ſeemed to keep up an unceaſing ſcene of youth, playfulneſs, and gaiety. Her charming converſation and familiar manners placed all thoſe who were admitted to her dreſſing-room, or aſſiſted at her toilette, perfectly at eaſe; but the moment ſhe had put on her gloves to make her appearance in the neighbouring apartments, ſhe aſſumed a very different countenance and deportment. From an agreeable and facetious woman, ſhe appeared all at once the reſerved and majeſtic empreſs. Whoever had ſeen her then for the firſt time would have found her not below the idea he had previouſly formed, and would have ſaid, "This is indeed the Semiramis of the North!" The maxim, *Præsentia minuit famam**, could no more be applied to her than to Frederic the Great. I ſaw her once or twice a week for ten years, and every time with renewed admiration. My eagerneſs to examine her perſon cauſed me ſucceſſively to neglect proſtrating myſelf before her with the croud; but the homage I paid by gazing at her was ſurely more flattering. She walked ſlowly, and with ſhort ſteps; her majeſtic forehead unclouded, and her eyes often caſt on the ground. Her mode of ſaluting was by a ſlight inclination of the body, yet not without grace; but the ſmile ſhe aſſumed, vaniſhed with the occaſion. If, upon the introduction of a ſtranger, ſhe preſented her hand to him to kiſs, ſhe demeaned herſelf with great courteſy, and commonly addreſſed a few words to him upon the ſubject of his travels and viſit: but all the harmony of her countenance was inſtantly diſcompoſed, and you forgot for a moment the great Catharine, to reflect upon

* "Preſence diminiſhes opinion."

upon the infirmities of an old woman, as, on opening her mouth, it was apparent that ſhe had no teeth. Her voice too, was hoarſe and broken, and her ſpeech inarticulate. The lower part of her face was rather large and coarſe; her grey eyes, though clear and penetrating, evinced ſomething of hypocriſy, and a certain wrinkle at the baſe of the noſe indicated a character ſomewhat ſiniſter. The celebrated Lampi had lately painted a ſtriking likeneſs of her, though extremely flattering: Catharine, however, remarking that he had not entirely omitted that unfortunate wrinkle, the evil genius of her face, was greatly diſſatisfied, and ſaid that Lampi had made her too ſerious and too wicked. He muſt accordingly retouch, and ſpoil the picture, which appeared now like the portrait of a young nymph, though the throne, the ſceptre, the crown, and other attributes, ſufficiently indicate that it is the picture of an empreſs*.

Coals

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* The following humorous advice was given M. Le Brun, to render his reſemblance of the empreſs perfect:

Take a map of the Russian empire for the canvass; the darkness of ignorance, for the ground; the spoils of Poland, for the drapery; human blood, for the colouring; the monuments of her reign, for the outlines; and for the shading, six months of the reign of her successor.

Coals to Newcastle.

Duke of Newcaſtle.

The chief apprehenſion of the Duke of Newcaſtle (the miniſter), was that of catching cold. Often in the heat of ſummer the debates in the houſe of lords, would ſtand ſtill, till ſome window were ſhut, in conſequence of the Duke's orders. The peers would all be melting in ſweat, that the Duke might not catch cold.

When Sir Joſeph Yorke was ambaſſador at the Hague, a curious inſtance happened of this idle apprehenſion. The late king going to Hanover, the duke muſt go with him, that his foes might not injure him in his abſence. The day they were to paſs the ſea, a meſſenger came, at five o'clock in the morning, and drew Sir Joſeph's bed-curtains, Sir Joſeph ſtarting, aſked what was the matter. The man ſaid he came from the Duke of Newcaſtle. "For God's ſake," exclaimed Sir Joſeph, "what is it? Is the king ill?" No. After ſeveral fruitleſs queſtions, the meſſenger at length ſaid, "The duke ſent me to ſee you in bed, for in this bed he means to ſleep."

Two Miniſters.

Mr. Pitt. Duke of Newcaſtle.

Mr. Pitt's plan, when he had the gout, was to have no fire in his room, but to load himſelf with bed-cloathes. At his houſe at Hayes he ſlept in a long room; at one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought

thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into any mistake, to send for him, and read him a lecture. The Duke was sent for once, and came, when Mr. Pitt was confined to bed by the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room; the day was very chilly, and the Duke, as usual, afraid of catching cold. The duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place; then drew his legs into it, as he got colder. The lecture unluckily continuing a considerable time, the Duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bed-clothes. A person, from whom the writer of this anecdote had the story, suddenly coming in, saw the two ministers in bed, at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose, and black beard unshaven for some days, added to the grotesque of the scene.

Fitness of Things.

Charles II.

This prince hearing a high character of a preacher in the country, attended one of his sermons. Expressing his dissatisfaction, one of the courtiers replied, that the preacher was applauded to the skies by his congregation. "*Aye*," observed the king, "*I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense.*"

Jealousy.

King George the First.

The following remarkable fact, generally suspected, but not accurately known, is now established, from un-

unqueſtionable authenticity. The Count Koningſmark, who aſſaſſinated Mr. Thynne in Pall-mall, afterwards became an admirer of the wife of the Electoral Prince of Hanover, who was to ſucceed to the Engliſh throne by the ſtyle of George I. The prince was often abſent in the army, and Koningſmark was ſuſpected to have occupied his place. The Elector being enraged at the real or ſuppoſed inſult, ordered Koningſmark to be ſtrangled. When George II. made his firſt journey to Hanover, he ordered ſome repairs in the palace, and the body was found under the floor of the princeſs's dreſſing-room.

It is ſuppoſed the firſt cauſe of ſuſpicion aroſe from Koningſmark's hat being found in the apartment of the princeſs. Dr. Hoadly, in his "Suſpicious Huſband," introduces a ſimilar incident while the lady remains immaculate. This pleaſed George the Second, who was convinced of his mother's innocence. It is whimſical that this prince often expreſſed his anger by throwing down his hat, and kicking it about the room.

George I. was however, ſeperated from his wife; and there was no queen in his reign. He had two miſtreſſes. One was Miſs Schulenberg, afterwards created Ducheſs of Kendal, a tall, thin gawky. The other was the Counteſs of Platen, who was created Counteſs of Darlington, and, who, for ſize, might have been compared to an elephant and caſtle. This couple of rabbits occaſioned much jocularity on their arrival.

Won

Won and Lost.

Lord Chesterfield.

The reason why Lord Chesterfield could not succeed at court was this. After he returned from the Hague, he chanced to engage in play at court one night, and won 1500l. Not choosing to carry such a sum home at so late an hour, he went to the apartment of the Countess of Suffolk, the royal mistress, and left the money with her. The queen's apartment had a window which looked into the staircase leading to those of the countess, and she was informed of the transaction. She ruled all, and positively objected to Chesterfield ever being named.

"*A Wig, Madam* !*"

Countess of Suffolk.

The countess had married Mr. Howard; and they were so poor, that they took a resolution of going to Hanover, before the death of Queen Anne, in order to pay their court to the future royal family. Such was their poverty, that, having invited some friends to dinner, and being disappointed of a small remittance, she was forced to sell her hair to furnish the entertainment. Long wigs were then in fashion; and her hair, being fine, long, and fair, produced twenty pounds.

Swee

* See TWINEALL, in Mrs. INCHBALD's "I'll Tell You What."

Sweet Words, and sharp Shooting.

Lord Mohun

Had hired assassins to pistol the unfortunate Mountfort, an actor. Just before the murderers had met with their victim, a Mr. Shorter, grand-father to the late Lord Orford (who tells the story) was walking down Norfolk-street in the Strand, when Lord Mohun, lying in wait for his prey, came up and embraced Mr. Shorter by mistake, saying, "DEAR MOUNTFORT!" It was fortunate that his lordship was instantly undeceived, for Mr. Shorter had hardly reached his house when the murder took place*.

The new Robinson Crusoe.

Sir Thomas Robinson.

Sir Thomas was a tall, uncouth man, and his stature was often rendered still more remarkable by his hunting dress, a postillion's cap, a tight green jacket, and buckskin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims; and once set off on a sudden, in his hunting suit,

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* Lord ORFORD had here a fine opportunity to indulge his taste for punning. His lordship might have remarked, that "It was well for Mr. *Shorter*, that, Lord Mohun's *hug* was not *longer*, and that Mr. *Shorter's* explanation with Lord Mohun was so *shortly* over, by which the assassins ball fell *short* of his thorax or abdomen.

ſuit, to viſit his ſiſter, who was married and ſettled at Paris.

He arrived while there was a large company at dinner. The ſervant announced *Mr. Robinson*, and he came in, to the great amazement of the gueſts. Among others, a French Abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth, and thrice laid it down, with an eager ſtare of ſurprize. Unable to reſtrain his curioſity any longer, he burſt out with, "*Excuse me, Sir, are you the famous Robinson Crusoe so remarkable in history*† ?"

I *A golden*

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† This gentleman, as it may readily be conceived, was often the ſubject of Foote's ſarcaſms. Sir Thomas was in the habit of often calling at Foote's, but although the eccentricity of his manners made him a fit ſubject for the wit of Foote, the latter ſometimes found his viſits unſeaſonable. Hence directions were given to the porter, as to Sir Thomas: At the firſt *denial*, Sir Thomas eluded the porter by ſtepping into the hall to look at the clock; from whence he found his way into Foote's apartment: the ſecond time, Sir Thomas eluded the porter's vigilance, by pretending to gabber with Jocko, Foote's monkey; and, the third time, Sir Thomas ſurmounted the determined reſiſtance of the porter to admiſſion, by ſtriding up ſtairs to converſe with the parrot. The next viſit, the porter received him, with a full front oppoſing his entrance, and the following declaration: *Sir Thomas! my master is abroad;—the monkey is dead;—the parrot is mute;—and the clock stands still.*" E.

A golden Covey.

Dominico.

Dominico, the celebrated harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. at supper, fixed his eye on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, "*Give that dish to Dominico.*"—"*And the partridges too, Sire?*" Louis penetrating his art, replied "*And the partridges too.*" The dish was gold.

Extremes approximate.

Mynheer Van Yzendoorn.

An old Dutch merchant retiring from business, with an opulent fortune, invited his city friends to dinner. They were shewn into a splendid room, and expected a corresponding banquet, when a couple of old seamen brought in the first course, consisting of herrings, fresh, pickled, and dried, served up on wooden plates, put on a blue canvas cloth. The guests stared, and did little honour to the repast; when a second came in of salt beef and greens. This being taken away, a splendid festival appeared, brought in by powdered lacquies, served on damask table-cloths, and a side-board of generous wines. The old merchant then said. "*Such, gentlemen, has been the progress of our republic. We began with strict frugality, which begot wealth; and we end with luxury and profusion, which will beget poverty. It is better to be contented with the beef, that we may net be forced to return to our herrings.*" The guests swallow-

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ed the maxim with the banqnet; but it is not ſaid that they profited by it*.

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* Notwithſtanding all this fine remonſtrance of Mynheer Yzendoorn; the elegancies of life will ſtill be deſired and enjoyed by thoſe who poſſeſs the means of obtaining them. The aſſertion, that an individual may, by neglect or extravagance, return from opulence to want, *may* be true, but a great commercial nation that by ingenuity, enterprize, activity, and perſeverance, have become the medium of ſupply to the nations around, of what are called luxuries, cannot decline, while the cauſes of its opulence and power continue to operate. Luxury is merely comparative. The Laplander, the Hottentot, and the Negro, enjoys each his bear's fleſh; his ſheep's fat, and his palm wine, equally with the luxurious products of the earth enjoyed by the merchants of Amſterdam and London, who, were all nations to return to herrings and ſalt beef and greens, would perforce take up Mynheer Yzendoorn's repaſts, as their occupation muſt then be gone. In fine, the earlier frugality of the peaſant, or young trader, is COMPARATIVELY the ſaame as the later elegant œconomy of the peaſant, or trader, who have, at length, acquired a LANDED PROPERTY, or realized a PLOMB. Why ſhould the one return to his potatoes and butter-milk, or the other to his Yzendoorn herring and blue canvaſs table-cloth? E.

Arnoul is at Dinner.

Henry, Prince of Condè.

This prince, father of the great Condè, wiſhing privately to mortgage his eſtate of Muret, went incognito to an adjacent village, where lived one Arnoul, a notary. The notary was at dinner, and his wife waited without in the hall till he had dined. The prince inquired for Arnoul, the woman anſwered in her patois†, "*Arnoul is at dinner; sit you down on the bench there: when Arnoul is at dinner, not a soul can speak with him i'faith.*" The prince patiently ſat down, waiting the event of Arnoul's dinner. When it was ended, he was introduced; the notary drew out the writing, leaving the names blank; and having read it aloud, aſked the prince whom he did not know either in perſon or as proprietor of the eſtate, his name and deſignation. "*They are short,*" anſwered the client, "*put Henry of Bourbon, Prince of Condè, First Prince of the Blood, Lord of Muret.*"—Gueſs the poor notary's amazement. Throwing himſelf on his knees, he begged pardon for his ignorance. The prince raiſed him, ſaying, "*Fear nothing, my worthy friend. Arnoul was at dinner, you know.*" The ſtory ſpread, and became a provincial proverb, when one did not chuſe to be diſturbed by an intruſion, "*Arnoul is at dinner.*"

A double

† Provincial dialect.

A double Anecdote.

Mr. Thynne.

Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat hall,
Who never would have miſcarried;
Had he married the woman he lay withall,
Or lain with the woman he married.

Two anecdotes are attached to theſe lines. Miſs Trevor, one of the maids of honour to Catharine of Portugal, wife of Charles II. having diſcovered the Duke of Monmouth in bed with a lady, the Duke excited Mr. Thynne to ſeduce Miſs Trevor. She was the woman he lay withall.

The woman he married was a great heireſs, to whom he was affianced, when killed by Count Koningſberg† in Pall-mall.

Blunders of Critics.

Scaliger.

This celebrated editor of many of the claſſics, publiſhed an edition of "CÆSAR's Commentaries on the War in Gaul." Scaliger, by one of thoſe wanton conjectures ſo frequent with critics, makes Cæſar

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† The ſame count, who was himſelf ſtrangled by order of George, Elector of Hanover, on ſuſpicion of an intrigue with his wife. See among the foregoing anecdotes.

Cæſar ſay, that "*the Druids of Gaul used Greek characters.*"—In another paſſage, Cæſar ſays, (uncorrected by the critic) that "*he wrote to one of his officers in Greek characters, that, if his letter fell into the enemy's hands, they might not be able to avail themselves of the intelligence.*"—This extraordinary contradiction aroſe from Scaliger's alteration of *literis crassis*, uſed by the Druids, (in the firſt edition) to *literis Græcis*.

New Proof of Friendship.

Sir *** ***.

This gentleman, who, for the preſent muſt be concealed under the uſual myſtery of printing, that is to ſay, by ſtars, is however, in the noble ſciences of boxing and wreſtling a ſtar of the firſt might and magnitude. A lord in his neighbourhood calling on him one day, they walked into the garden, and the baronet ſtarted his favourite topic. The peer's politeneſs leading him to ſay that he ſhould wiſh to ſee a ſpecimen of the baronet's boaſted ſkill, Sir *** ſuddenly ſeized him from behind, and threw him over his head. Up ſtarts my lord in a rage, when the baronet addreſſed him with great gravity. "*My lord, this is a proof of my great friendship for you, this master-stroke I have shewn to no other person living.*"

Singular Amour.

Duke of Orleans.

This prince, regent of France, was too familiar with both his daughters, afterwards Ducheſſes of Modena

Modena and Berry. In consenting to the marriage of the latter, he is said to have bargained for a day or two of her company every week. The late Lord Orford relates the following anecdote on this subject, certainly a most revolting one. "When I was in "Italy, in my youth, I went to a ball at Reggio, "and was placed near the Duchess of Modena. "This circumstance, and my being known as the son "of the English minister, engaged me to say some-"thing polite, as I thought, to the duchess. I asked "her the reason why she did not dance. She answer-"ed, that *her mother always said she danced ill, and "would not allow her to join in that diversion. I "suppose*, replied I, *that your mother was jealous of "you*. Her face was all scarlet in an instant, and "she seemed ready to sink into the ground. I very "hastily withdrew, and took my politeness along "with me†."

The

† It appears, from the celebrated satire of the Philippics, less delicate indeed, but more energetic, than those of Petronius, that incest was a mere sport to the regent. In fact, if his love for the Abbess de Chelles, his daughter, is not thoroughly confirmed, it is difficult to deny his having been smitten with the charms of the Duchess of Berri, whose hands, which were the most beautiful that a woman can possibly have, had particularly enchanted him. He deplored her death rather as a lover in despair than as an afflicted father. E.

The Duke of Orleans did not long ſurvive Dubois; he could not maintain his health with the exceſſive fatigues he went through. All the men who were then miniſters, were men of inferior talents, whom his R. H. was conſtantly obliged to guide and inſtruct.

On the 6th of December, 1723, after giving audience, on going to his cloſet, he met the Ducheſs de Phalaris, his miſtreſs, and ſaid to her; "*Come in, I am very glad to see you; you will divert me with your stories; I have a violent pain in my head.*" They were ſcarcely alone before he fainted away, and remained without ſenſe or motion. The lady was alarmed, and called for aſſiſtance; none was effectual; he expired in her arms, which gave occaſion to a foreign news-paper maliciouſly to ſay, "*that the Duke of Orleans died, assisted by his confessor in ordinary.*"

If malice, indeed, in the terrible portraits it has drawn of this prince in an hundred libels, had forgotten any features, the epitaph made on the mother of his R. H. deſigned leſs to bear upon that princeſs than upon her ſon, would complete them all: *Here lies Idleness**.

Worthy

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* This, as many other matters, is miſtated by the late Mr. Walpole, who tells us, "the Duke of Orleans had *four* daughters, diſtinguiſhed by the name of the *four* cardinal ſins, and that a wag wrote on their mother's tomb, "*Here lies Idleness—the mother of all the vices.*" The ſatire pointed ſolely at the Duke, and moſt forcibly too. E.

Worthy Coadjutor for the Regent.

Abbé Dubois.

Afterwards Cardinal. When the regent was young, Dubois was introduced to teach him latin; and the Abbé availed himself of this opportunity to to flatter his pupil's passions, and give him lessons of early depravity.

Soon as D'Estrees, archbishop of Cambrai, died, Dubois ran to the regent, whom he found in bed with Emily, an opera girl. The duke immediately consented to appoint this worthy ecclesiastic to the vacant bishopric; and a solemn oath by all the charms of Emily, sanctioned the claim of Dubois.

Dubois's death was occasioned by a disorder in the bladder, which was looked on as the consequence of his incontinency and excessive debaucheries. It was found necessary to have recourse to a cruel amputation, of so alarming a nature, that the preparation got the better of his intrepidity. He was at length induced to submit to it, by the persuasion of the duke, but died the next day, aged about sixty-six.

Besides the highest honours in church and state; Dubois was ambitious also of those that are to be obtained by literary talents, and became a member of the French academy†.

If

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† It was there that FONTENELLE, whose place it was as Director to answer him, laid aside the sincerity and severity of philosophy; to harangue DUBOIS in the following courtly strain of the most egregious flattery;

If we consider the means by which Dubois raised himself, he was a despicable and infamous man. If we consider the talents he discovered in that situation, he was a true statesman. The regent found no one capable of succeeding him, but himself, which puts the finishing stroke to his political character.

Dubois was the son of an apothecary, had an easy, supple, and insinuating turn, was of a lively and gay disposition. He negociated the treaty of the triple alliance, which, among other points stipulated the expulsion of the Pretender from France.

Honours

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flattery; addressing him upon his nomination to the cardinalship, "*he appeared to be a prelate of all the Catholic States, and a minister of all courts.*" And at another time: "*You remember, that my wishes called you to this place, before you were able to bring so many titles to it; no one knew* better than myself *that you would bring with you those which* WE PREFER TO ALL OTHERS."

Dubois was honoured with a magnificent funeral, and even a medal was struck to his memory. On one side was his head, on the other a tree blown down by a storm, with this motto: *visa est dum stetit minor.* The licence of the age gave him a very coarse epitaph.

Rome rougit, d'avoir rougi,
Le Maquereau qui gît ici.

Rome's cheeks with conscious blushes purpled were,
For purpling the pimp that's bury'd here. E.

Honours Geneological.

Dukes of Gesores and Villeroi.

At the reception of Marshal Luxemburgh in parliament, a dispute upon the subject of precedency arose between him and the Dukes of Gesores and Villeroi. The lawyer, who pleaded the Marshal's cause, said merely, "*'Tis very surprizing, gentlemen, that the descendants of two notaries, who have formerly signed the contract of marriage of Marshal Luxemburgh's great grand-father, should at this day dispute with him the point of precedency!*" He justified the assertion by producing the contract, with the signatures†.

Royal

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† About this time, several of the peers were very roughly handled in a memorial published by the parliament. Amongst other *domestica facta*, in this rare and curious piece. The ancestors of the Duke de Richlieu;—*Luines*, *Brantes*, and *Cadenet*, three brothers, are stated to have had but one cloak, which they wore by turns, when they went abroad:—that, the family of Montmorue still preserve a piece of tapestry, in which one of the Duke de Noailles' ancestors is seen putting dishes on the table:—that, the Duke of Rochefoucauld was descended from George Vert, a carcase-butcher:—that, one of the cousins of the Duke de St. Simon was groom to Madame Schomberg, &c. &c. &c.—all this investigation, exposure and

Royal Lessons.

Louis XV.

This prince, when dauphin, being one day at supper, in public, and seeming to be too much taken up with admiring some new golden girandoles, the duchess of Ventadour reprehended him for it, by saying, "*Sir, nothing of this kind ought to have any attraction for your majesty.* Another time, happening to let a louis d'or fall while he was at play, he stooped to pick it up; but his governess prevented him, by observing, that "*the money once slipt out of his hands ought no more to belong to him.*"

Poor Human Nature.

General Credulity.

A general, who has led more numerous hosts than Xerxes ever did: The Crusades are famed instances of his persuasive powers at least: in the year 1212, a belief prevailed in Germany that the Mediterranean Sea

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and turmoil, arose from the Duke de St. Uzes *not taking off his hat* at the time of giving his vote! How absurd and ridiculous an employment for the assembled men of the gown! who, in fact, only cast honour on men who thus laid the foundation of illustrious families. Tiberius was more liberal;—"*to me,*" said that penetrating prince, "Curtius Rufus, *seems descended from himself.*" E.

Sea was to be dried up, that believers might pass to Jerusalem on foot. Italy was crowded with thousands of German pilgrims‡.

Generosity.

Henry IV. (of France).

He was of so generous a nature, that he ordered Vitry, captain of his body-guards, to receive into his company the man who wounded him at the battle of Aumale. The Marshal d'Estrees, being one day in the king's coach, while the soldier was riding by the side of it, he pointed to him, and said, "*There is the soldier who wounded me at the battle of Aumale.*"

The winning Side is always the right Side.

Henry IV.

A nobleman, who had long hesitated in the time of the League which party to adopt, coming in as Henry was playing at Primero, he called out, "*Come along, my lord. If we win you will be on our side.*"

Literary

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‡ This General CREDULITY, has his *aid-de-camp* in all countries: A preacher of the name of Westly, has predicted the end of the world, and fixed this great event for the year 1803. E.

Literary Mæcenas.

Mr. Gibbon.

The following droll ſtory of Mr. Gibbon, is told on the authority of Mr. Walpole. One of thoſe bookſellers in Paternoſter-row, who publiſh things in numbers, went to Mr. Gibbon's lodgings in St. James's-ſtreet, ſent up his name, and was admitted. —" *Sir*," ſaid he, " *I am now publiſhing a History of England, done by ſeveral good hands. I understand you have a knack at them there things, and should be glad to give you every reasonable encouragement.*"

As ſoon as Mr. Gibbon recovered the uſe of his legs and tongue, which were petrified with ſurprize, he ran to the bell, and deſired his ſervant to ſhew this encourager of learning down ſtairs‡.

Devotion of Louis XIV.

Louis XIV.

In his old age Louis XIV. was either led by his own ſuperſtition, or by the artifices of his wife Maintenon, to an exceſs of devotion. His courtiers, as uſual,

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‡ This fine offer, however, was not wholly the reſult of profeſſional ignorance: but moſt probably, a concerted ſcheme to affront the " hiſtorian of the Roman Empire:" or, it might ariſe from one of thoſe *wagers* or *bets*, ſo common amongſt thoſe gentry of the Row.

usual, rivalled him in weakness; and some of them, it is said, would take the sacrament twice a day.

Splendid Miser.

Dichæus Dichæanus.

Dichæus Dichæanus was brought to Rome from Greece, when a boy, by his father, a silversmith. As he grew to manhood, he become remarkable for the solemnity of his demeanour, and the sordidness of his disposition; which, however, did not prevent his being chosen, or appointed, one of the municipal judges of that city.

In this public character his singularities become the more noted; and his violence of temper was no valuable characteristic of the magistrate.

One day an advocate came to him to explain the suit of a client, and to request a speedy decision. In the course of the conversation the advocate shewed such peculiar skill in the law, and such pre-eminence in argument, that Dichæus became very angry, and evinced that he at least excelled in bodily strength, by knocking down the advocate. Scarcely had Dichæus retired into another room, when one of his fellow-judges, arrayed in similar garments, entered: and the advocate, by an unfortunate mistake, avenged upon his carcase, the drubbing he received from our judge.

But his most singular oddity was an attempt to unite the opposite characters of great parsimony, and magnificent appearance, which last he thought himself obliged to maintain, as he claimed a descent from the Byzantine emperors.

From

From his father he inherited many elegant articles of furniture, and particularly an extenſive ſideboard of plate. The table was ſpread twice a day, as if for grand entertainments; and the ſervants were ſent out with ſilver diſhes and covers, which, after paſſing a few ſtreets, they brought back empty as they went out; while their maſter amidſt all this ſhew, was dining on cheap vegetables, or ſometimes a morſel of pork or mutton. His ſupper, thus ſplendidly arrayed, was an egg, or a few olives, with a jill of ſour wine.

After his miſerable meals, every particle of bread that fell was carefully gathered, and preſerved, to enrich the ſoup of a future day.

To his cook, wood was given out by meaſure, and he was charged to lend nothing to any neighbour, upon pain of forfeiting a day's wages.

In the evening, ſix grand ſilver candleſticks were brought into his apartment. If any viſitor came in, Dichæus lighted one of the candles; then walking about the room, he lighted another, and extinguiſhed the firſt; and ſo on, till the ſixth candle had its turn. Beyond this, he permitted no viſit to laſt, but diſmiſſed his company, and withdrew to his bed-room, where a little lamp alone enlightened the darkneſs.

When he went out his ſervants attended him in rich liveries; but on their return they were ordered to reſume their own clothes, that they might not wear out the ſplendour of their maſter. His coachman once doubling his cloak under him, Dichæus ſtopped his chariot in the midſt of Rome, and alarmed the city by his threats and imprecations.

Sometimes, for the greater ſtate, two fellows were hired to attend him, whom he dreſſed out in ſilken robes, and on his return ſtripped and diſmiſſed.

In

In the winter, no fire was permitted, except in the kitchen. His ſervants were ordered to walk in the ſun, or if the ſky were cloudy, to run races, or draw water from a deep well, that they might be warmed without the expence of fire. He himſelf was ſhut up in his bed-room, over a miſerable ſpark, ſuſtained by all the dirty and waſte paper which he had carefully collected during the other ſeaſons of the year.

During his laſt ſickneſs, when he was puzzled to whom he ſhould bequeath his property, a letter came from a relation, written on an inch of paper. Inſtead of being enraged at ſuch diſreſpect, his avarice got the better of his pride, and he declared the writer his heir, eſteeming him worthy of being his ſucceſſor in parſimony.

The above anecdotes are ſaid to be copied from a book, entitled *Pinacotheca*, by Roſſi. This book conſiſts of Biographical Portraits. We wiſh it tranſlated‡.

Nature

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‡ Though, in the efficient *use* of their riches; Dichæus, Dancer, and Elwes differed very little, if at all: yet the oſtentatious grandeur, and motive of maintaining the dignity of his ſuppoſed deſcent; place Dichæus far above the ſordid ſpirit of the other miſers. Dichæus was an aſs richly capariſoned, and which, as Shakeſpeare ſays —

" An aſs whoſe back with ingots bow'd;
" Bearing his heavy burthen a ſhort journey,
" Till death unloaded him:—

The others' moles, groveling in darkneſs and ſecluſion; and, as the poet above quoted, ſays,

" ——————— Digging in th' earth,
" Both worthy pioneers."— E.

Nature is Nature.

M. de Vannes.

Can the natural character be effaced? This is a weighty question. The word character comes from the Greek word signifying *impression* and graving; character is what nature has engraven in us. M. de Vannes, an officer of Francis the First, came one day before him to complain of an outrage; animated as he was by the sense of a recent injury, yet the prince's aspect, the respectful behaviour of the courtiers, and the scene around him made so powerful an impression on him, that he could scarcely speak: His down cast eyes, soft voice, and humble demeanour, might have justified the supposition that he was naturally as mild and polite as any courtier present. The king, however, had his majesty been a physiognomist, might have easily discovered, by the sullen fire in his eyes, by the straining of the muscles in his face, and the compression of his lips, that his mildness was but apparent: M. Vannes was soon after taken prisoner, with Francis I. at the battle of Pavia, and was confined in the same prison with the king, at Madrid: One day, drawing on the king's boots, he pulled one of them awry, and the king, perhaps soured by his misfortune, expressed himself somewhat pettishly, on this, M. de Vannes, totally forgetful of respect to his majesty, threw the boots out of the window!

Nature is nature, Lælius, let the wise,
Say what they will. THOMSON.

Sixtus

Sixtus V.

Pope Sixtus V. was a memorable proof that the force of the natural temper is never eradicated: Young Sixtus was taken by a priest, who discerned something extraordinary in him, from the humble station of a swine-herd. Sixtus was naturally petulant, obstinate, haughty, violent, revengeful, and arrogant; this character, however, seemed quite mollified while a servant in the monastery, and during his noviciate; but he had scarcely attained some consideration in his order, when he one day fell into a passion with his superior, and belaboured him with his fists, till he laid him sprawling. On being appointed inquisitor at Venice, his insolence became so intolerable, that his removal was deemed necessary. On his advancement to the rank of cardinal, when the goal of his ambition appeared in view, he so far concealed his natural character, that he affected obscurity, mortification, humility, and a state of health, so irreparably declined, that his life would not be held worth a week's purchase: This craft procured him to be chosen Pope, amidst a cabal of active, ambitious, politic, powerful, and intrigueing competitors; his election was the result of a kind of compromise, for a few weeks, till they could arrange parties more to their wish. But the moment Sixtus was chosen Pope, he flung away his crutches, and the spring recovered all its elasticity; so long under restraint, nothing could equal the astonishment and chagrin of the conclave on perceiving the revolution in Sixtus V. some cried out that "*there was a mistake in the scrutiny!*" but it was too late; Sixtus appalled them by his vigour and menaces, and never did a more haughty and despotic pontiff bear sway at Rome; Sixtus greatly admired the

the character of Queen Elizabeth, he frequently said, jocosely, that "*were Elizabeth and himself to pass a night together, they would beget another Alexander.*"—His penetrating judgment pronounced the success of Henry IV. at the time that prince's affairs seemed quite desperate, he said, "*The Bearnois* (Henry IV.) *will be uppermost, since he passes less time in his bed, than his rival* (the Duke of Mayenne) *does at his table.*" The event verified his prediction; though at the time he delivered it, Henry was without money, soldiers, or resources, was scarcely able to provide the expences of his table, and as SULLY tells us, in his Memoirs, "*appeared in an old white coat through the holes of which his shirt was seen.*"

Receipt to write well

J. J. Rousseau.

Two jesuits of the college of Port Royal called one day on Rousseau, for the purpose of requesting him to disclose the secret he seemed to possess, which enabled him to write upon all subjects with such warmth and eloquence. "*I have indeed one secret,*" answered Rousseau, "*and I am sorry it is not generally adopted by mankind, it is, never to speak that which I do not think*†."

Contestation

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† By this, Rousseau certainly meant, always to side with TRUTH; and, doubtless such a principle inspirits and invigorates the style of a writer: this was Mirabeau's opinion and practice; and no writing can be energetic without this ingredient. E.

Contestation of Texts.

John, Duke of Anjou.

When the Duke of Anjou advanced towards Naples at the head of an army, to invade that city, he placed upon his colours these words, "*A man was sent whose name was John.*"—Alphonso, of Arragon, who defended the city, answered him by this other passage, from the same place, and which he caused to be inscribed on his colours, "*He came, and they received him not.*"

A Jest, next to no Jest.

Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq.

This venerable and respectable character, who still* enjoys the *otium cum dignitate* with literature and literary men, wrote some papers in the *world*, a periodical work well known. Being one Sunday after church, during the progress of the above publication, Mrs. Cambridge observed him to be remarkably silent and thoughtful, and, being apprehensive he had something on his mind rather disagreeable, asked him, "*what he was thinking of?*" "*Upon a very important subject indeed, my dear,*" said he, "*I am thinking of the next* WORLD."

Fellow

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* Since the Editor sent this anecdote to the press; the amiable and ingenious subject has been called to that WORLD for which his LIFE and his WRITINGS so well prepared HIMSELF and OTHERS: He died at Twickenham (formerly the residence of POPE) on the 20th Sept. 1802, aged 98. E.

Fellow Feeling.

Rousseau.

It is most certain, that were every person who commits a hard, a cruel, or an unjust act, to reflect at the moment, what *his own sense* of the actual comission would be, that hard, cruel, or unjust acts would be very uncommon: Rousseau never said a better thing than this, "*You ask if the ant underneath your feet, has a right to complain? Yes, or thou hast not a right to complain, when thou art crushed by the elephant*† *!*"

Vanity of Human Hopes !!!

Mr. Richard Burke.

Was regarded by his father, the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, as his own superior. With great delight he committed him to the patronage of Earl Fitzwilliam, who, nominated Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,

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† How just! when Dionysius compelled Perillus to enter the Brazen Bull, contrived to torment others, Dionysius expiated all his preceding crimes!—There is something consonant to eternal justice in thus *turning the tables* on the aggressor: We believe, in one shape or other, that, in themselves, or in their posterity, few escape the retribution of "*even-handed justice.*" It is a law of nature. E.

Ireland, appointed him his secretary. His son and he arrived at his town house, from Yorkshire, on the 25th July. The next day a party of intimate friends dined with them, and found Mr. Burke exulting in the appointment of his son to situations, which he conceived him so admirably fitted to fill. His guests never saw him so animated, or such delightful company. Mr. Burke, the younger, was really in the last stage of a lingering illness, which his father, misled by his own sanguine hopes, had unfortunately not thought alarming. On the 2d of August, a gentleman, who had been one of the guests on the preceding Saturday, was informed that Mr. Richard Burke was just breathing his last. Proceeding to his lodgings, he soon saw an old domestic, whose looks announced that all was over. On enquiry, he heard the father had arrived, had thrown himself on the corpse of his beloved son, and was, in the paroxysms of grief, calling on the stay of his age, the darling of his heart, and the glory of his name. The wisdom and religion of Mr. Burke, in time, so far moderated his grief, as to prevent its ebullitions from appearing; he *bore his sorrows like a man, but felt them like a man.* Mr. Richard Burke, died at 36, and was buried in Beaconsfield church. His father could never after bear to see the place of his interment; and when going from his villa to town, instead of coming through Beaconsfield, he took a cross road behind an eminence which intercepted the sight of the church. His grief was "strong and deep."—The following passage on the loss of his son is peculiarly pathetic:—"Had it pleased God to have continued to me the "hopes of succession, I should have been, according "to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I

"live

"live in, a sort of founder of a family‡; I should "have left a son, who, in all the points in which "personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudi-"tion, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, "in humanity, in every liberal accomplishment, "would not have shewn himself inferior to any.

"But a Disposer, whose power we are little able to "resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to "dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and "(whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a "far better. The storm has gone over me; and I "lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurri-"cane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all "my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie "prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, "I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and "in some degree submit to it."

A great Man in his convivial Hours.

Edmund Burke.

A very eminent literary gentleman has been so kind as to communicate to us some particulars of the conversation and deportment of Mr. Burke, on a visit to the latter.

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‡ It is believed that a peerage had been intended for Mr. Burke; but that, on the death of his son, the intention was abandoned, as an unavailing honour. E.

The visitant went prepossessed with the very highest idea of merit which he could analyse, comprehend, and appreciate. The first address of the host was extremely striking, and suggested to the guest the idea of chivalrous hospitality. His powers of conversation were wonderful: in extent and minuteness of detail, as well as the most profound and expanded philosophy; in playfulness, in humour, wit; serious imagery, beautiful, grand, and diversified. Mr. Burke talked in very high terms of Dr. Adam Smith, who told Mr. Burke, after they had conversed on subjects of political œconomy, that he was the only man, who, without communication, thought on these topics exactly as he did. Speaking of "Godwin's Political Justice," Mr. Burke imputed his extravagant and absurd theories to vanity. He censured Hume on similar grounds, for degrading his abilities by affecting paradoxes when so well able to bring forward the profoundest wisdom without any affectation at all. In talking of reasoning, he said; "*the* majors *make a pompous figure in the battle, but the victory of truth depends on the little* minor *of circumstance.*"

He painted the atrocities of Robespierre with wonderful force and brightness. After serious energy, he betook himself to irony, and concluded with saying: "*Robespierre, the meek lamb, groaned under the ferocious Louis XVI.*"

The discourse turning on Dr. Johnson, he said "*he was greater in conversation, than even in writing.*" He said of Boswell's Life of Johnson, that "*it was the first experiment of complete transmission of conversation; delivering the wisdom without hiding the weakness.*" In speaking of Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke softened into tenderness when mentioning their former friendship. "*I confess,*" said he, "*I did love Fox, as who that knew him intimately, could not? but, as a*

 lover

lover I was jealous, especially during the last years of our intercourse, that he was more attached to another than to me.*"

The gentlemen who narrates the above particulars, ſays, that ſome of his fellow-gueſts were children, whom the hoſt entertained as much to their mind as he did others to their mind. He rolled with them on the carpet, played at te-totum and puſh-pin. "*He,*" ſays his gueſt, "*under infirmity, and the expectation of* "*death, though far advanced in years, had all the* "*vigour of manhood, and playfulness of childhood.*"

At the awful Hour of Death.

Mr. Burke's health, from the beginning of June 1797, rapidly declined; but his body only, not his mind, was affected. His underſtanding, operated with undiminiſhed force and uncontracted range: his diſpoſitions retained their ſweetneſs and amiableneſs. He continued regularly and ſtrenuouſly to perform the duties of religion and benevolence: his concern for the happineſs of his friends, and the welfare of mankind was equally vivid. His goodneſs even extended to uneaſineſs—on account of the fatigue and trouble of attending his ſick-bed, occaſioned to the inmates of the houſe. When his favourite domeſtics, confidential friends, and neareſt connections, were eager to beſtow the nightly attendance of nurſes, he ſolicitouſly importuned them not to deprive themſelves of reſt. Although his body was in a ſtate of conſtant to

* It has been ſaid, that Mr. Burke by no means liked Mr. Sheridan ſo much as he eſteemed his genius. He thought, during the laſt years of his connection with Mr. Fox, that Mr. Sheridan had too much influence over his admired friend.

and perceptible decay, yet was it without pain. The lamp of life was consuming fast, but was not violently extinguished. The week in which he died he conversed with literary and political friends, on various subjects of knowledge, and especially on the awful posture of affairs. He repeatedly requested their forgiveness, if ever he had offended them, and conjured them to make the same request in his name to those of his friends that were absent. Friday, July 7th, he spent the morning in a recapitulation of the most important acts of his life, the circumstances in which he acted, and the motives by which he was prompted; shewed that his comprehensive mind retained the whole series of public affairs, and discussed his own conduct in the arduous situations he had to encounter. The evening he spent in less agitating conversation, and in listening to the Essays of ADDISON, his favourite author. The next morning, after some time spent in devotion, and after bearing a most pathetic and impressive testimony to the excellent conduct of his wife in situations of difficulty and distress, as well as through the whole course of their relation, he fell into a slumber; and when he awoke, being very placid and composed, again desired to hear some of the elegant essays of the christian moralist*. The last subjects of his literary attention, were the INCULCATIONS OF PRACTICAL WISDOM, GUIDING TO TEMPORAL AND ETERNAL HAPPINESS. He frequently had, during his last illness, declared, what his intimates knew well before, his thorough belief of the christian religion, his veneration for true christians of all persuasions;

* ADDISON, a few moments before he expired, called to his bed-side, one of his young friends, and forcibly grasping his hand, said, "SEE IN WHAT PEACE A CHRISTIAN CAN DIE!" E.

ſions* ; but his preference of the articles of the church of England. In that mode of faith he was educated, and that he preſerved through life. His end was ſuited to the ſimple greatneſs of mind he had diſplayed through life, every way unaffected, without levity, without oſtentation, full of natural grace and dignity. He appeared neither to wiſh nor to dread, but patiently and placidly to await the appointed hour of his diſſolution. He had converſed for ſome time, with his uſual force of thought and expreſſion, on the ſtate of his country, for the welfare of which his heart was intereſted to the laſt beat. His young friend, Mr. Nagle, coming to his bed-ſide, after much intereſting and tender converſation, he expreſſed a deſire to be carried to another apartment. Mr. Nagle, with the aſſiſtance of ſervants, was complying with his requeſt, when Mr. Burke, faintly uttering, "God bleſs you!" fell back, and breathed his laſt, Saturday, July 8th, 1797, in the ſixty-eighth year of his age.

Mr. Burke was about five feet, ten inches, high, well made, and muſcular; of that firm and compact frame that denotes more ſtrength than bulk. His countenance had, in his youth, been handſome. The expreſſion of his face was leſs ſtriking than one, who had not ſeen him, would have anticipated.

Ingenuousness.

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* Thus may ALL our fellow-ſubjects THINK, SPEAK, and ACT! May one claſs of them, emulating HIS liberality of thought, and HIS interpretation of the divine word, approve themſelves worthy of that INTEREST which, to the lateſt period of his life, he felt for their INTERESTS! E.

Ingenuousness.

General Sloper.

The general was diſtinguiſhed in the annals of gallantry. The affair with the celebrated Mrs. Cibber, which became the ground of a proſecution on the part of the lady's huſband, Theophilus, is well known. Two young officers of the general's regiment, having, after a meſs dinner, diſcuſſed rather freely, the conduct and character of their commander, and ſeaſoned, as is uſual, their remarks, with a good deal of the ridiculous; the general ſent for them, and aſked them, if what was reported of them, was true. "*General,*" ſaid one of them, "*it is, and we ſhould have said much more, if our wine had not failed.*"

Triumph of Temper.

Madame de Mailley.

Favourite of Louis XV. one day coming to hear Father Renaud at the church of St. Genevieve, after that preacher had got into the pulpit, and began his diſcourſe, it occaſioned ſome little diſturbance to lead the lady to her pew; upon which, an ill-tempered man cried out, "*Here's a great deal of fuss for a whore!*"—"Since you know her," anſwered Madame de Mailly, "pray to God for her."

Wart

Ware Hawk!

Sir Richard Steele, Philips, and Savage.

Amongst many anecdotes of the Augustan age in England, Dr. Johnson has contributed the following; he had it from Savage. These three wits, spending the night together at a tavern in Gerard-street, they sallied out in the morning—they were accosted by a tradesman, going to his work, who after begging their pardon for the liberty of addressing them on the subject, told them that " at the bottom of the street, he saw " two or three suspicious looking fellows, who ap- " peared to be bailiffs, so that if any of them were " apprehensive of danger, he had better take a diffe- " rent route."—Not one of them waited to thank the man, but flew off, different ways, each conscious, from the embarrassments of his own affairs, that such a circumstance was likely to happen to himself.

Practice.

Mademoiselle de Charolois.

With other ladies of the court of Louis XV. being at one of their majesty's suppers at St. Cloud, the Countess of Thoulouse was suddenly seized with previous pains, announcing an approaching labour. The company was alarmed, as the lady could not be conveyed to Paris. The king was under the greatest anxiety, " In short," said his majesty, " if the operation presses, who will take it upon him?" M. de la Peronie, the first surgeon, answered, " *I will, Sir*; " *I have delivered women before*," " Very well," said

ſaid Mademoiſelle Charolois, "*but this business requires practice, and you have perhaps forgotten.*"—"*Don't be in the least uneasy, Mademoiselle,*" anſwered he, rather piqued at a doubt which hurt his vanity, "*one forgets no more how to take them out, than to put them in.*"—Her Highneſs, highly incenſed, coloured, and left the room. The ſurgeon was ſenſible of the indecency, or rather the imprudence of his reply, and notwithſtanding all his wit, was much embarraſſed, till turning to the king, he ſaw him ſmile, which removed his apprehenſions.

Congratulation.

Louis XV, and Voltaire.

Voltaire, being in the king's box behind his majeſty, at the performance of an opera on the celebration of a victory. The poet, towards the end of the piece, (which himſelf had compoſed) could not contain his rapture, and taking the monarch in his arms, cried out with tranſport: "*Well, Trajan, do you know yourself again?*" Some of the guards immediately came up to puniſh this want of reſpect, and carried him off. But in the main, the extacy was too flattering to the king, who forgave Voltaire this act of enthuſiaſm.

Pleasantry.

Sir William Browne.

A phyſician, and ſometime preſident of the college. This gentleman was introduced by Foote, in his "Devil upon two Sticks," The good natured pleaſantry

fantry of Dr. Browne led him, upon Foote's exact representation of him, with his identical wig and coat, tall figure, and glass stiffly applied to his eye; to send Foote a card, complimenting him on having so happily represented him; but "as he had forgot his snuff-box, he (Sir William) had sent him his own." This facetious physician is distinguished by many ingenious and lively essays.

Hit or Miss.

John Bunyan.

Well known as the author of the admired Allegory of the Pilgrim's Progress; entered into the parliament army, in 1645. He was drawn out to stand centinel at the siege of Leicester; but, another soldier desiring to take his place, and Bunyan to stand his two hours in turn, he complied with the request, and by this piece of complaisance, preserved his life. His comrade being shot a few minutes after with a musket ball.

Etiquette.

Battle of Fontenoy.

The action at Fontenoy, so dreadfully sanguinary began with a great deal of civility and coolness. The officers were seen to salute each other, pulling off their their hats. Lord Charles Hay, of the English guards, advanced before the ranks, and Count d'Autoroche, a lieutenant of grenadiers in the French guards, stepped forward to meet him: "*Gentlemen of the French guards,*" said the English captain, "*fire.*" "*No,*

"*No, my lord,*" replied the other, "*We never fire first.*"

A Caution.

The Duke of Grammont,

Was killed at the battle of Fontenoy, "*Take care of yourself,*" said Count Lavendal to him, "*your horse is killed.*" "*And so am I,*" answered the Duke.

Heroism.

The Marquis of Rupelmonde,

Was killed at the battle of Pfaffenhoven. He was an enlightened philosopher, and an amiable man. He had only his aid-de-camp near him when he fell. "*Leave me to die,*" said he, "*and make haste to give "notice to M. Segur that he may take care of the rear-"guard.*"

Calculation.

Jedidiah Buxton.

This most extraordinary calculator could neither write nor read. And, what is very extraordinary, his father was a school-master*. Yet, such were his natural

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* Jedidiah was born at Elmeton, in Derbyshire, in 1705.

natural talents for calculation, that he could by the force of memory, quickly solve the most complicated question respecting the multiplication, division, reduction, &c. of figures. The largest company, and the most confused noise could not distract or discompose him when engaged in the solution of a problem. The following question was once proposed to him: "in a body, the three sides of which are 23,145,789 "yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how "many cubic eighths of an inch?" Jedidiah solved this intricate problem, with great accuracy, in about five hours, though in the midst of business, and surrounded by upwards of an hundred labourers. By walking over a piece of land, he would measure as exactly as another would do with a chain. In 1754, this singular character walked to London on purpose to see the Royal Family. While he continued in town he was introduced to the Royal Society, and visited the theatre in Drury-lane, where he seemed perfectly indifferent about the play, and employed himself in counting the words uttered by Mr. Garrick. It is very remarkable, that, beyond calculation, this man's ideas were hardly above those of infancy. He had several children, and died about 1775, aged 70.

God save the King!

Harry Carey,

An English dramatist, is now principally remarkable for the loyal song of "God save great George our King." Merely as a poetical composition, however, it would not have continued a favourite song in 1802. The music, and the loyalty of his majesty's subjects, have preserved it from oblivion; and it may be

be declared to be one of the moſt popular ſongs that has ever been ompoſed. Mr. Carey, as a writer, was facetious and pleaſant. Some of his after-pieces have conſiderable merit. Among theſe are, the Contrivances, the Honeſt Yorkſhire Man, and an excellsnt burleſque tragdy entitled Chrononhotontologos. It is painful to ſtate, that his ſtrength of mind was not equal to its other admirable endowments, and, that a man of ſenſe and genius did not form that juſt eſtimate he ſhould, of the good and evil of life; Mr. Carey, under ſome circumſtances of perſonal diſtreſs, put a period to his own exiſtence in 1744. Certainly, there are ſome inſtances of men of cultivated and highly endowed minds, who, by a ſtrange perverſion of reaſon have juſtified this act. Mr. Euſtace Budgell, one of the authors of the Spectator, and the tranſlator of the Characters of Theophraſtus; having previouſly filled his pockets with ſtones, caſt himſelf into the Thames; on his table he left a paper, on which was written:

What Cato did, and Addiſon approv'd,
Cannot be wrong.

Yawning Applauſe.

M. Cervetto.

This gentleman, a native of Italy, poſſeſſed great muſical talents. He was engaged to play the baſs, at the theatre in Drury-lane. One evening, when Mr. Garrick appeared in the character of Sir John Brute, while the whole houſe were in profound ſilence, during one of that admirable performers ſolemn pauſes, poor Cervetto being half aſleep, uttered a very loud

and

and immoderate yawn. This unexpected incident threw the whole audience into a roar of laughter, which greatly mortified our Roscius, who at the conclusion of the performance, severely reprimanded the musician for his ill-timed groan. But the following flattering reply immediately disarmed the manager of his rage. "Oh, Mr. Garrick, (cried the humble scraper, with a shrug) I beg ten *tousand pardons*—but it is *always mine way ven* I be *ver* much please." Cervetto died in 1783, aged 103. He was distinguished among his friends of the galleries by the ludicrous name of *Nosey*, from his having a very prominent nasal feature.

Bomb Proof.

Charles XII.

King of Sweden, while he was one day dictating letters to his Secretary, a bomb fell through the roof of the house into the adjoining room, when the Secretary dropped his pen in a fright: "*What is the matter?*" said Charles: "*Oh, the bomb!*" replied he: —"*The bomb!*" (says the king): "*what have we to do with the bomb?—go on.*"

Memorable and affecting Circumstances attending the Dissolution of

King William III.

A short time before his dissolution he went to Holland, to concert with foreign generals the plans of future campaigns; for, though his body was wasted, his legs swelled, his voice like that of a grasshopper, weakened

weakened by an asthma; the most discouraging of all diseases, because, at every draught of breath, it reminds the sufferer that it may be his last. Yet, surrounded by statesmen and warriors, the eye of the eagle, (that feature of his face which struck the Duke of Berwick at the battle of Landen) and the spirit of the eagle, still remained with him. He concealed from the public, though not from his friends, the consciousness of the little time he had to live, and, on that very account, exerted himself the more to make use of that little:

* * * * * *

He kept his senses to the last moment, took his farewell of several of the great who surrounded him, and, calling for Lord Portland, endeavoured to speak to him, but, being unable, drew Portland's hand to his heart, pressed it there, and expired an hour after, on the 8th of March, 1701, in the fifty-second year of his age.

On his left arm was found a ribbon, which had tied to it a gold ring, with some hair of the late Queen Mary. The

Last Words of

King Charles II.

Were the expressions of a man who regretted to part with his life for the sake of its pleasures. "*Faites ouvrier les rideaux, à fin que je voy encore le jour:*"—"Open the curtains, that I may once more see the light of the sun." But the

Last Words of

King William III.

Near his end, with the indifference of a firm mind to what he could not help, were, "*Je tire vers ma fin.*" "I draw to my end†."

King James II.

About the ſame time that King WILLIAM's diſſolution approached; his unfortunate rival was on his death-bed at St. Germains: LOUIS XIV. whoſe reſolutions were always directed by a ſtrange mixture of policy and ſentiment, paid him a viſit when in this ſituation. When he entered the chamber, JAMES was lying on his back, with his eyes ſhut; the poſture in which he commonly kept himſelf, that his mind, wrapped up in religious meditations, might be leſs diſturbed by external objects: His ſervants were performing ſervices on their knees around him. So that LOUIS thought he was dead, and was retiring. But one of the attendants informing JAMES, that the King of France was come to ſee him, he looked round the room, but was ſo inſenſible as not to perceive him,

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† He had no public funeral, though to HIM (under GOD!) theſe UNITED REALMS and MANKIND in GENERAL) owe the OBLIGATION, that there is STILL THREE COUNTRIES LEFT, IN WHICH it is worth the while of a man to LIVE. E.

him, and said, "*Where is he?*" LOUIS approached the bed. JAMES was not able to speak, but taking the king's hand into his two hands, grasped it, kissed it, and a tear or two trickled upon it. LOUIS struck with the contrast between his own grandeur, and the humbled state of the other, burst into tears, and assured him that he would protect his son. All in the chamber, threw themselves on the ground, sharing in the passion of the two sovereigns. From thence, the contagion of sympathy ran to the guards of the palace at the gate, and from them to the multitude without. LOUIS took his coach, perhaps *more happy in that tender moment of passion*, than he had ever been in his most *active hours* of exultation and glory. A few days after, JAMES died, 17th September, 1701.

Empress Catharine II.

Catharine was neither fond of poetry nor of music, and she often confessed it†. She could not endure the

† An additional proof of SHAKSPEARE's deep knowledge of the human character, expressed in those often-quoted lines;—

"The man that hath not music in himself,
"And is not pleas'd with concord of sweet sounds;
"Is fit for slaughter, stratagem, and broils;
"The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
"And his affections dark as Erebus.

Of the tyger, it is observed by naturalists, that it is soonest intimidated and put to flight, by music. E.

noise of an orchestra between the acts of a play, and she commonly silenced it. This defect of taste and feeling in a woman, who appeared in other respects so happily constituted, is astonishing, yet it may serve to explain how, with so extraordinary a capacity and genius, she could become so obstinate and sanguinary. At her palace of Tauris, she constantly dined with the two pictures of the sacking of Otchakof and Ismail before her eyes, in which Cazanova has represented, with a most hideous accuracy, the blood flowing in streams, the limbs torn from the bodies, and still palpitating, the demoniac fury of the murderers, and the convulsive agonies of the murdered. It was upon these scenes of horror that her attention and imagination were fixed, while Gasparini and Mandini displayed their vocal powers, or Sarti conducted a concert in her presence.

Romance of real Life.

Catharine II. Gustavus IV.

The visit of the King of Sweden to Petersburgh, and the mortifying circumstances in which it terminated, hastened the death of Catharine. The day on which the King of Sweden and the Princess Alexandra were to be publicly betrothed, was fixed to the 21st of September, a day which exposed the happy and imperious Catharine to the greatest chagrin and humiliation she had ever experienced. The whole court received orders to attend in full dress in the apartment of the throne. The young princess habited as a bride, and attended by her sisters, the grand-dukes and their wives, and all the ladies and gentlemen, with the grand-duke, father to the princess, and the grand-

duchess,

duchess, were assembled by seven o'clock in the evening. The empress herself arrived in all imaginable pomp. No one was wanting but the young bridegroom, whose tardiness at first excited astonishment. The repeated going out and coming in of Prince Zubof, and the impatience which the empress exhibited, soon excited the curiosity and whisperings of the ladies.—"*What is the matter? Is the king taken ill? He is not very galant, however.—How could he dare thus to make the sovereign wait? in the apartment of her very throne, and with all her court assembled!!*" The king, however, expected like the spouse af the eleven thousand virgins, did not appear. The cause was this. The contract and articles of alliance, contained articles on which the King of Sweden had not agreed with the empress. One of the articles was, that the princess should have her private chapel and clergy (the Greek communion) in the royal palace; whereas the king required, that, in all outward ceremonies, she should profess the religion of the country. Catharine and the court waited till ten o'clock, whilst the king, vexed at the pertinacity with which the Russian ministers importuned and beset him, retired to his chamber, and fastened the door; leaving the prime ministers stupified at the audacity of a boy, who dared to resist their sovereign, and what was, to them, at least as embarrassing, the difficult task of breaking the catastrophe to her.

When the empress was informed, that the affair was broken off, she rose, attempted to speak, but her tongue faultered; was like to faint; and even had a slight fit, the precursor of that which carried her off a few weeks after. The audacity of a petty King of Sweden; the imprudence of the wise Catharine; and the presumption of her ministers, who had pretended to impose on the Swedes by their cunning, and who had

had thought of procuring a matrimonial contract to be signed, without being read, were successively the topics of discussion.

The most interesting victim was the amiable Alexandra. She had scarcely strength to enter her apartment; and there, no longer able to restrain her tears, she gave herself up, before her governesses, and maids of honour, to a grief that affected all about her, and rendered her truly ill.

Paul,

Emperor of all the Russias.

That eccentricity and fickleness which characterized many of his actions, was, doubtless the effect of the state in which he was held during the reign of Catharine II. Sentiments of distrust and danger were the habitual inmates of his bosom: At first, as his nature prompted, he opened himself with unbounded confidence and entire familiarity; then, repenting of his frankness, he regarded the friend and confidant as a dangerous character, perhaps the creature of his mother or of the favourite, who had flattered him only to betray him. The fate of his father Peter III, was ever present to his mind; and formed a combination, of all others, the most excitive of perturbation;—regret and apprehension.

One of the greatest crimes of which Catharine was guilty, was her conduct to that son in whose right she had governed Russia 35 years. Paul had sense, activity, a disposition for the sciences, and sentiments of order and justice. But all these were stifled by ill-treatment, or perished for want of cultivation. Catharine kept him at a distance; surrounded him with spies;

ſpies; held him in reſtraint; expoſed him to every humiliation; whilſt her favourites wallowed in wealth. Paul lived retired, inſignificant, and in want of neceſſaries. Thus ſhe ſoured his temper, and rendered him capricious and ſuſpicious. Catharine certainly, had not death taken her by ſurpriſe, would have diſinherited him. Her private conferences with the grand-duke Alexander, had began to be very frequent and myſterious. Had he been willing, or had Catharine been able to ſpeak a few words before ſhe died, Paul probably would never have reigned.

We ſhall ſubjoin a few *traits*, which will ſerve to deſcribe PAUL by his own actions.

Near his caſtle of Pavloſky, he had a terrace, from which he could ſee all the centinels, whom he delighted to ſtation about him wherever there was room for a centry-box. On this covered terrace, he ſpent a part of each day, and obſerved with a ſpying glaſs, all that was paſſing about him. Often he ſent a ſervant to a centinel, to order him to button or unbutton a little more of his coat, to keep his muſket higher or lower, to walk at a greater or leſs diſtance from his centry-box. Sometimes he would go himſelf nearly half a mile to give theſe important orders, and would cane the ſoldier, or put a ruble in his pocket, according as he was angry or pleaſed with him.

The

The name of Peter III. which no one had dared to pronounce for five-and-thirty years, appeared on a ſudden at the head of the ceremonial of mourning and interment. The funeral honours paid to Peter and Catharine, were preſcribed at the ſame time. Paul repaired to the convent where the body of his father had been depoſited. The private grave was ſhewn him, and the coffin opened in his preſence. He paid the ſad remains, a tribute of affection and reſpectful tears. He ſent for Baron Ungern, an old officer, who had ſtood high in his father's eſteem; Paul ſaid, "*Have you heard what I am doing for my father?*"—"*Yes, Sire,*" anſwered the old general,—"*I have heard it with aſtoniſhment.*"—"*With aſtoniſhment! why? is it not a duty I had to fulfil?*" "*See*, continued he, turning to a picture of Peter III. which was already placed in the cloſet, "*I will have him to witneſs my gratitude towards his faithful friend.*"—Saying theſe words, he embraced General Ungern, and inveſted him with the riband of St. Alexander. The worthy old man, although he was a little dazzled with this vanity, could not reſiſt ſo affecting a ſcene, and retired with his eyes ſwimming in tears. Paul then directed him to do duty by his father's body, enjoining him to provide for the ceremony the ſame uniform as he had worn when aid-de-camp to Peter III. Ungern was lucky enough to find ſuch a one. Paul would ſee this relic; he kept it himſelf, and it made the fortune of him who had ſo well preſerved it. Happy, at this period, he who could find a portrait of Peter III. they had been univerſally proſcribed.

One

One day, travelling from Tzarsko-selo to Gatshina, of which the road was in the middle of a marshy forest, he suddenly recollected something, and ordered the coachman to return*. "*Presently, your highness,*" said the coachman; "*the road is here too narrow.*"— "*How, rascal,*" cried Paul, "*wont you turn immediately.*"— The coachman, instead of answering, hastened to a spot where it was possible to comply: Paul, however, called to his equerry, and ordered him to arrest and punish the rebellious coachman. The equerry assured him, that he would turn in a moment. Paul flew into a passion with the equerry also: "*You are a pitiful scoundrel like himself,*" said he, "*let him overturn the carriage, let him break my neck, but let him obey me, and turn the instant I command him.*"— During the dispute, the coachman succeeded in turning, but PAUL had him chastised on the spot.

One of his horses stumbled with him in one of the streets of Petersburg: he alighted immediately, held a sort of council with his attendants, and the horse was condemned to receive fifty lashes with a whip. Paul caused

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* In this, and other anecdotes, Paul appears constantly actuated by ideas connected with the remembrance of his father;—and an apprehension of conspiracy or plot. His suspicious mind gave his conduct this capricious and hasty turn. E.

caufed them to be given on the fpot, before the populace, and counted himfelf the ftrokes, faying, "*There, Sir, that is for having stumbled with the emperor.*"

One day, when only grand-duke, he met in the gardens, a man with a round hat, who wifhed to avoid him. Paul caufed the man to be brought before him, and found that he was a clock-maker, who came to repair his time-keeper. After having at great length remonftrated with him on the indecency of round hats, he afked his wife for fome pins, and raifing the flaps of the hat, cocked it himfelf, and then replaced it upon the head of its owner.

Exercifing one day his regiment of Curiaffiers, the horfe of an officer threw him. Paul ran furiouffy towards him, crying, "*Get up, rascal.*"—"*Your highness, I cannot, I have broke my leg.*" Paul fpat upon him, and retired fwearing.

One day he put all the officers of his battalion under arreft, becaufe they had faluted him awkwardly, in filing off after their drill, and he ordered them to be called out for eight days fucceffively to file off and falute before him, fending them regularly back to the guard-houfe till they were able to perform according to his fancy.

Paul

Paul treated the envoy of the King of Sardinia with very little ceremony; Besberoko had said of him that "*he advised his court to remain an ally of France.*" Paul exclaimed, in a fury, "*What! a jacobin at my court! let him depart instantly.*" The Bavarian minister, Reglin, was likewise treated as a jacobin, put into a covered sledge, and conveyed to the frontiers as a criminal.

The empress was put under arrest upon the following occasion: Going his usual round of his palace of Paylofsky, he caught a sentry asleep, near his wife's pavillion. The unfortunate soldier was ordered the bastinado on the spot. At his cries, the empress went to her window, and interceded for his pardon. "*What!*" exclaimed Paul, "*Dare you interrupt me in an act of military duty? Do you forget, madam, that I am your emperor also? I will make you remember it, however.*" At these words, he ordered his *aid-de-camp* to put the empress under arrest. The *aid-de-camp* hesitating, Paul threatened to reduce him to the ranks: accordingly the officer went to inform the empress that she was under arrest, and placed a guard at her door. This was the second time of her being thus served.

In appreciating Paul's setting Kosciusko at liberty, an act which unquestionably did him honour, a celebrated

brated writer ſays, " To Paul's affectation of acting contrary to his mother in every reſpect may be aſcribed the deliverance of Koſciuſko*."

Alexander Kourakin had often been in diſgrace with Paul, on account of the attention he paid to the grand-ducheſs; but the ill-humour of Paul on this ſcore, muſt not be aſcribed to jealouſy, which his character, and that of his wife did not allow. Paul's ill-humour aroſe from political ſuſpicions, not from love. One day, obſerving his wife ſpeak low by the fire-ſide to Prince Kourakin, he fell into a paſſion, and ſaid to her, " *Madam, you want to make yourſelf friends, and prepare to act the part of Catharine, but be assured you shall not find in me a Peter III.*" Theſe inconſiderate expreſſions which eſcaped from him in his rage, alarmed every one, and Kourakin withdrew from court. From that period the grand-ducheſs was more unhappy, and under ſtill greater reſtraint. The leaſt meſſage could not be ſent to her without permiſſion of her huſband. He named thoſe who were to offer her their arm for a walk, to make her evening party, or even to converſe with her in the courſe of the evening. At length he found it more commodious to give her a Ciciſbeo, who was never to quit her. Prince Hetwiſky

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* We doubt this. Paul went himſelf to deliver Koſciuſko from confinement. The emperor was actuated by a ſympathy ſpringing from the painful recollection of his father, who met his fate in a ſituation ſimilar to that of Koſciuſko. We have obſerved in another place, that the feelings of the heart of Paul accorded in a ſincere and afflictive uniſon with whatever, even remotely, correſponded to the circumſtances of his father's deplorable fate. E.

wisky was the man whom he deemed insignificant enough for this office.

It is said, that the people of Paris, crowding to see Paul, then a youth, cried, "*My God, how ugly he is!*" and that he had the good sense to laugh at it. He is greatly changed; or rather, he now dares show himself what perhaps he was already. A poor soldier, in the agony of his sufferings under the cane by Paul's orders for a trifling fault in his exercise, cried out in despair, "*Cursed baldhead! cursed baldhead!*" The enraged Autocrate gave orders that he should expire under the knout†; and issued a proclamation, by which it was prohibited, under pain of the same punishment, for any one to make use of the term bald, in speaking of the heady or snubbed, in speaking of the nose. Certainly he was not improved, when grown old, bald, and wrinkled. The singularity which he affected in his dress, and the severity of his manners, added greatly to his deformity. Without excepting even the Calmucs, Paul was the ugliest man in his extensive dominions, and he himself considered his countenance so shocking, that he dare not impress it upon his coin.

Suwarrow.

Sometimes he visits the hospitals of the sick, calling himself a physician. Those whom he finds extremely ill he obliges to take rhubarb or salts, and on those who

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† A punishment peculiarly and barbarously characteristic of Russia: NINE strokes, (the sufferer suspended from an height) separates, with horrible exactness, the skin and flesh from the nose to the hips! E.

who are but slightly indisposed, he bestows blows. Often he drives all the sick from the hospital, saying, "*It is not permitted to the soldiers of Suwarrow to be sick.*"

Frequently he rides through his camp, naked to his shirt, on the bare back of a Cossac horse; and at day-break, instead of causing the drums to beat the *reveille* he comes out of his tent, and crows like a cock, which is the signal for the army to rise, sometimes to march, or even to go to battle.

He has shewn, occasionally, an uncommon disinterestedness, and even generosity, as well in refusing the gifts of Catharine as in distributing them about. He will slaughter the wretch who asks life, but he will give money to him who asks charity. Almost at the same moment he gnashes his teeth in rage like a madman, laughs and grins like an ape, or weeps piteously like an old woman.

A Hint remunerated.

Mr. Fordyce, (the Banker).

His bankruptcy made a great noise some years since. With the foibles generally attendant on aspiring men, Mr. Fordyce had generous qualities. A young intelligent merchant, who kept cash at his banking-house, and one day made a small lodgment, happened to say in the office, "*that if he could command some thousands at present, there was a certain speculation to be*

be pursued, which in all probability, would turn out fortunate."—This was said loosely, without Fordyce's making any answer, or seeming to attend to it, and no more passed at that time. A few months afterwards, when the same merchant was what they call, *settling his book* with the house, he was very much surprised to see the sum of five hundred pounds placed to his credit side, more than he knew he possessed. Thinking it a mistake, he pointed it out to the clerk, who seeing the entry in Mr. Fordyce's hand-writing, said he must have paid it to him. The merchant, however, knowing he had not, begged to see Mr. Fordyce, who appeared, and told him, "*It was all right enough, for that as the hint he had a few months before thrown out in the office, gained him above five thousand pounds, he thought him fairly entitled to the* tithe *of that sum.*"

Malleability of Money.

David Garrick.

Was fond of fame, and equally fond of money; and few men had it more in their power to gratify both these passions. Foote sometimes threw out pleasantries on Garrick's avaricious propensity. Being once in company with Mr. Garrick, in his garden at Hampton, Roscius, having a guinea in his hand, said, "*I think I could throw this guinea to the other side of the Thames.*" The English Aristophanes expressed his doubts;—"*though I believe,*" added he, "*that you can make a guinea go as far as any man.*"

The Dead brought to Life.

William Frederick Glover, Esq.

At the period this festive, convivial gentleman was pursuing the study of surgery under the late Dr. Cleghorne, of Dublin, he, on account of a wager, recovered to life a convict of the name of Patrick Maddan, after hanging for the space of *twenty-seven* minutes: from this circumstance, Mr. Glover deduced many pleasant stories, which no man's fancy and manner were more capable of improving. One particular, respecting this resurrection, the Editor of this work has heard him relate with great pleasantry. After the resuscitation of Patrick Maddan, Mr. Glover collected a sum of money for him, which he from time to time transmitted to him, and even contributed some further aid to him from his own pocket. One morning, however, he called upon his restorer for more money, who informed him, that he had already been very liberal to him, and that he should not bestow any thing more upon him. Poor Patrick, highly incensed at this refusal, said with great vehemence, "*You are a very bad man, Doctor* Gloveyer, *to bring a poor* craiture *back again into this wicked world, and not provide for him*" We are to look for Doctor Glover's celebrity as a COMPANIONABLE MAN; and none understood that art better, from "the feast of reason," to the "setting the table in a roar." Mixing much with the world from his earliest days, and endowed with a happy memory and a good taste; he had collected an uncommon share of ANECDOTE. Most *bon* companions have their peculiar days and hours of good-humour; but Glover was a perennial fountain of delight.

light. In him all was wit, pleasantry, and good-nature†.

Sublime and Beautiful.

Mr. Burke's

Work on this subject unites Longinus and Aristotle. Burke is a philosophian anatomist of the human mind. Mr. Addison, in his Spectator, describes grandeur and beauty, but does not analyze either. Mr. Burke's system, in many respects, concurs with that of Hutchinson, who placed beauty in UNIFORMITY, mingled with VARIETY, altho' he dwells more on the latter, than the former. It coincides with Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty. Johnson said of it, "*We have an example of true criticism in Burke's Essay. There is no great merit in shewing how many plays have ghosts in them, or how this ghost is better than that, you must shew how terror is impressed on the human heart.*" On perusing Burke's book, his father was so enraptured, as to send him a remittance of one hundred pounds, from him a considerable sum. This publication is a GRAND EPOCH in the literary history of Burke. In consequence of this manifestation of his intellectual powers, men of distinguished merit courted his acquaintance.

Physic and Wine.

Dr. John Ratcliffe.

Dr. Ratcliffe was often sent for to attend King William, but at last forfeited his favour, by his ingenuous, but blunt behaviour. When the king shewed him

† He was an intimate friend of GOLDSMITH's; and wrote the "Memoirs" prefixed to the "POEMS of the latter.

him his ſwelled ancles, and aſked him "*what he thought of them?*" Ratcliffe anſwered, "*why, truly, I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms.*"

Dr. Ratcliffe was not a more rigid obſerver of the aphoriſms of *Hippocrates*, than of the precepts of *Bacchus*; he was almoſt equally devoted to the god of phyſic, and the god of wine. One evening as he was ſacrificing at the ſhrine of the purple god, in a tavern, a gentleman entered in great haſte, and almoſt breathleſs—"*Doctor, my wife's at the point of death; make haste, come with me.*"—"*Not till I have finished my bottle, however,*" replied the doctor. The gentleman, who happened to be a fine athletic fellow, finding intreaty uſeleſs, ſnatched up the doctor, hoiſted him on his back, and carried him out of the tavern. The moment he ſet the doctor upon his legs, he received from him, in a very emphatic manner, the following threat;—"*Now, you rascal, I'll cure your wife in revenge.*"—And the doctor, it is ſaid, kept his word.

In 1713, Dr. Ratcliffe was choſen member of parliament for Buckingham; and on the death of Queen Anne, he ſuffered much obloquy for refuſing to attend her. On this account, he is ſaid to have received ſeveral letters threatening his life. He died Nov. 1, 1714, juſt three days after the death of the queen.

To

To him the university of Oxford is indebted for the library and infirmary which bear his name, and for an annual income of 600l. for two travelling fellowships.

Potatoes.

Harry Prentice.

The first who introduced the culture of potatoes into England. In the year 1784, he sunk 140l. with the managers of the Cannon-gate poor-house, for a weekly subsistence of seven shillings, and has since made several small donations to that charity.

This man's coffin, for which he paid two guineas, with the year of his birth (1703) on it, had hung *nine years* in his house, and he had the undertaker's written obligation to *screw him down* with his own hands, gratis.

Extacy.

Quin, (Comedian.)

Quin had been patronized by Frederick Prince of Wales, father of his present majesty, and was employed to instruct the royal children in a correct pronunciation. On hearing with what propriety his majesty delivered his first speech from the throne, Quin, exclaimed, in a kind of extacy, "*Ay—I taught the boy!*"

Quin died at Bath in 1766.

Pray'rs

" ——————— *Pray'rs in the running brooks,*
" *Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.*

SHAKSPEARE.

Plato.

Plato pretends, that a course of morals could be completed, by travelling through Attica, and collecting all the elegiac verses inscribed on those square stones called Hermiæ. They were placed along the great roads, or in the centre of villages, and contained, in his opinion, the elements of philosophy, and of wisdom.

Judging from the fragments cited by Plato, these maxims were only of a common tendency, but wonderfully adapted for the instruction of the country inhabitants; and an Athenian was often dissuaded from an improper action† by some sentences he had observed on his way, under the shade of an olive tree, or a cypress.

Nothing would be easier than to renew this method, from which some good might be expected, without any danger of bad consequences; for lessons are often more agreeably conveyed by stone, than by those pretended moralists, who combine so much absurdity with prolixity and harshness, that they make even virtue itself appear hateful.

Nicknames.

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† There is, in the SPECTATOR, a prodigiously fine paper (or rather apologue) on this subject:—Such an accidental inscription might have prevented the crimes of a CRAWLEY;—where CONSCIENCE is awake, the *slightest incident* has the force of the HAND WRITING ON THE WALL. E.

Nicknames. Court of Good Sayings.

Actions without number were the consequence of the Athenian rage for inventing and applying satyrical epithets: in these cases there remained an appeal to the court of good-sayings, established at Diomeia, and denouncing the aggressor as a composer of wicked jests.

How to live long.

Philosophers of Greece.

Often lived during an entire century; and the torch of genius which lighted them to the tomb, was more brilliant than that of ordinary men, even in the vigour of youth. Theophrastus at the age of ninety-nine years, composed his *characters*. Were it not for such a confession from himself, they might be taken for the production of a young man full of gaiety and fancy; for they exhibit a tone of humour which baffles every attempt to imitate them in the different languages of Europe.

The ancients fancied that the great age of the philosophers who inhabited the vicinity of Athens, was a consequence of some particular regimen: perhaps each individual by studying his own frame, became acquainted with the different aliments it seemed most to require. They were besides inaccessible to those mental perturbations, which are no less mortal than diseases: and seated in the shade of their gardens, they smiled at the pursuits of fanatical or ambitious men, who are shaken like reeds by every breath of passion. Never did peace abandon their minds; each

day

day produced a new festival; and the solution of a problem was with them a subject for rejoicing.

Hieroglyphics.

Edward Shuter, (Comedian.)

Shuter had much innate humour, and displayed, when marker at a billiard-table, in his manner so great a turn for the stage, that it was noticed by several who attended the board of green-cloth, and he was recommended to a birth in Covent-garden theatre.

Whilst Shuter was tapster at a public-house near Covent-garden, a gentleman one day ordered him to call a hackney-coach, which he accordingly did, and attended the gentleman at his getting in. It so happened, that the gentleman left his gold-headed cane in the coach, and missing it the next morning, went immediately to the public-house, to enquire of the boy (Ned) whether he could tell the number. Shuter, who was then no great adept in figures, except in his own way of scoring up a reckoning, immediately replied—"*It was two pots of porter, a shilling's worth of punch, and a paper of tobacco.*" The gentleman was now as much at a loss as ever, till Ned whipped out his chalk, and thus scored the reckoning—4 4 for two pots of porter, 0 for a shilling's worth of punch, and a line across the two pots of porter for a paper of tobacco, which formed the number 440. In consequence of this, the gentleman recovered his cane; and thinking it a pity such acuteness of genius should be buried in an ale-house, took him away and put him to school.

Pope

Metamorphosis.

Pope Sixtus V.

His father was a vine-dresser; and, at the age of nine years, Sixtus was a keeper of swine; from this humble empoyment he was removed by a Franciscan friar, who casually observed, and admired his countenance and demeanour. From his earliest youth he seems to have had an unaccountable prepossession or impulse of his future greatness. He was received among the Franciscans as a lay-brother; placed under the sacristan, to assist in sweeping the church, lighting the candles, &c. At length he was appointed Inquisitor-General at Venice, but quarrelling with the Senate, precipitately fled. Being rallied upon this, he replied, that "*having made a vow to be Pope at Rome, he did not think it right to stay to be hanged at Venice.*" In 1570, he obtained a cardinal's hat. On the death of Gregory XIII. the conclave was divided into factions; in order to give a short suspension to these cabals, they elected Sixtus, Pope; supposing that, from the bodily ailments he appeared to labour under, that he could not live long; but as soon as he obtained what he wanted, his entire behaviour assumed a change; *the weak and drooping old man became hale and vigorous, and he threw away his crutch with an athletic vigour, and air of triumph and defiance, that at once attested the transformation of the humble, devout, and dying cardinal into the stern, and politic pontiff.* His conduct is altogether an almost unparralleled piece of dissimulation, and most admirable in having imposed on a conclave of cardinals all aspiring to the same exaltation, all dextrous practitioners in the arts of dissimulation, and each of them possessed of more interest

interest than Sixtus; on whom they conferred the dignity.

Revolutionary Gratitude.

Sir Charles Sedley.

King Charles II. said of Sir Charles Sedley, that "*Nature had given him a patent to be Apollo's vice-roy.*" Sir Charles sat in several parliaments, and James II. conferred on him many favours.

He took a part in the revolution, out of resentment at the king's having an amour with his daughter, whom he created Countess of Dorchester. When Sir Charles was asked, "*why he appeared so warm in the revolution?*" he answered, "*from a principle of gratitude; for since his Majesty has made my daughter a countess, it is fit I should do all I can to make his daughter a queen.*"

Not Vicar of Bray.

Dr. Thomas Sheridan,

The friend of Dean Swift; his intimacy with the Dean procured him a living in the South of Ireland, worth about 150l. a year: He was also one of the chaplains to the Lord Lieutenant: All his expectations of rising in the church were destroyed by an act of inadvertence. Being at Cork, on the 1st of August, the *Anniversary of King George's birth-day*, he preached a sermon which had for its text, *sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.* On this being known, he was struck out of the list of chaplains to the Lord Lieutenant, and forbid the castle. This gentleman

was

was father of Thomas Sheridan, the great actor, whose son, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, has displayed, on the first theatre in the world, talents rarely equalled, never surpassed.

Engraving.

John Keyse Sherwin.

The matchless engravings of "Christ and Mary in the Garden,"—"Christ bearing the Cross," and "The Finding of Moses"—are generally known; but not so, the singular introduction of Mr. Sherwin to that fine art in which he so excelled:

The following Anecdote may be relied on: Mr. S. was, till the age of 19, employed in the laborious occupation of cutting wood, on the estate of Mr. Mitford, in Sussex. Being one day in the house of that gentleman, and being also admitted into the room where some of the family were amusing themselves with drawing, Mr. Mitford thought he saw the young man view the process in a very attentive manner, and asked young Sherwin if *he could do any thing in that way?*" The youth answered, "*that he could not tell, but should like to try.*" Mr. Mitford gave him the port-crayon, when, although his hands were callous with hard labour, he produced a drawing, which astonished not only all who were present, but the Society of Arts, to whom it was presented by Mr. Mitford; and the Society's silver medal was voted to him on that occasion.

Musical Phenomenon.

Mozart.

This celebrated muſician when but three years of age, would ſit and liſten to his ſiſter, as ſhe practiſed on the harpſichord, with great attention, for a length of time. When ſhe left it, he would endeavour to find out the chords, and would expreſs the greateſt joy at his ſucceſs.

Before he had reached his ſixth year he had compoſed ſeveral ſonatas for the harpſichord. All his ſoul ſeemed abſorbed in this ſtudy.

In 1762, when ſix years old, he performed a concerto before the Elector at Munich, which aſtoniſhed the whole court. He played, ſoon after, at Vienna, before the Emperor, who willing to try the child's abilities further, hinted that "*he could not play so well if he did not constantly look at his fingers.*" The little fellow, fired at the inſinuation, requeſted the keys might be concealed from his ſight, and exerted himſelf with increaſed effect. The emperor called him the LITTLE SORCERER.

When at London, in 1763, his preſent MAJESTY is ſaid to have been his auditor, when a *bass* was given him as a *ground*, upon which he immediately raiſed the moſt exquiſite melody.

At Rome, he wiſhed to have taken a copy of the *Miserere* from the Pope's chapel, but this being refuſed, he examined it with a quick eye, and afterwards

wards in his chamber wrote out the whole of the numerous parts from memory only!

Bologna complimented him with the title of *Member and Master of the Philharmonic Academy*. The probationary exercise for which honour, a fugue for four voices, he wrote in half an hour.

During the composition of his *L'Enlevement du Serrail*, he married Mademoiselle Weber, and to this circumstance is attributed that peculiar tone of tender passion for which this piece is so remarkable.

His health began rapidly to decline before he had attained his 34th year.

In the few last months of his life he composed those three great works, *The Enchanted Flute*, *The Clemency of Titus*, and *The Requiem*.

The history of the last of these, *The Requiem*, is singular:—a stranger called on him, and requested he would compose, as speedily as possible, a Requiem for a Catholic Prince, in order to sooth his mind, and to prepare it for his approaching dissolution. Mozart demanded 200 ducats, and the stranger, in order to promote dispatch, deposited 400. The composer began the work, in the progress of which he found his mind unusually raised and agitated. He employed not only the day, but the greater part of the night, in the composition of it. He told his wife he was composing it for himself, and she prevailed upon him to give her the score, and endeavour to cheer his spirits. Upon his appearing more tranquil, she returned it, but he soon relapsed into despondency; and having finished it on the day of his death, he again reminded

reminded her that he had previouſly informed her it would be compoſed for himſelf†.

Conversation.

Dr. Jonathan Swift.

It was a rule with Swift, "never to ſpeak more than a minute at a time, and to wait for others to take up the converſation."

Music.

Dr. John Stanley

Was blind from his infancy. He was a very eminent performer and compoſer of muſic.

Of his ſcientific knowledge the following anecdote is a proof. It is related by Dr. Alcock his pupil. "Moſt of the muſicians contrived all methods to get acquainted with him, as they found their advantage in it: it was common, juſt as the ſervice of St. Andrew's church was ended to ſee forty or nfty organiſts at the altar, waiting to hear his laſt voluntary, even Mr. Handel himſelf."

The

† It do not appear that the *stranger* ever applied for *his* Requiem. Could profeſſional *envy* have ſuggeſted this ſcheme ſo *mortally musical* to Mozart, in the opinion, that *his exquisite sensibility*; *the ardor with which he entered on his subject*; *the subject itself*; *and his weak state*, might prove fatal? E.

The following anecdotes are aſtoniſhing :—" I was (it is Dr. Alcock who relates) his apprentice : I remember his occaſionally playing at billiards, ſhuffle-board, and ſkittles, and, at theſe games, conſtantly beating his competitors : The firſt year I went to him he ſhewed me the way through the private ſtreets of Weſtminſter, the intricate paſſages of the city, and the adjacent villages, &c."

Mr. Stanley had ſo correct an ear and memory, that he never forgot the voice of any perſon he had once heard. In April 1779, as he was going, with Dr. Alcock, to Pall-Mall, to the late Dr. Boyce's auction, a gentleman met them who had been in Jamaica twenty years, and in a feigned voice, ſaid, " *How do ye do, Mr. Stanley?*"—when he, after pauſing a little while, replied, " *God bleſs me, Mr. Smith, how long have you been in England*, &c.

Companion to the foregoing Anecdotes.

Joſeph Strong,

Was a native of Carliſle, and was blind from his infancy. His ſkill in mechanics was amazing. When a youth, he conſtructed an organ for himſelf, being a good performer on that inſtrument. At twenty years of age he could make himſelf almoſt every article of wearing apparel. The firſt pair of ſhoes that he manufactured was for the purpoſe of walking from Carliſle to London, on a viſit to Mr. Stanley, the blind organiſt. He alſo conſtructed a great number of mechanical figures and machines, and was expert at

at making any article of houſhold furniture. He died at Carliſle, in 1798.

Accumulation.

M. de Vandille.

The moſt remarkable man at Paris on account of his extreme wealth and avarice. He had been a magiſtrate at Boulogne: He literally adopted the old maxim, that "the ſemina of wealth, the half-pence, and pence, may be compared to ſeconds of time, which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itſelf." In 1735, M. de Vandille poſſeſſed upwards of 700,000l. which he had got or multiplied upon the body of a ſingle ſhilling from the age of 16 to the age of 72. When, having overheated himſelf one ſummer's day in carrying home a load of fuel, a fever enſued; he, for the firſt time in his life, ſent for a ſurgeon to bleed him*; but, thinking his terms exorbitant, he propoſed terms to a common barber-ſurgeon, who undertook a vein for three-pence a time, "*But,*" ſays M. Vandille, "*how often will it be requiſite to bleed?*" "*Three times*" ſaid he, "*And what quantity of blood do you propoſe to take?*"—"*About eight ounces each time,*" replied the operator. "*That will be nine-pence!—too much!—too much!*" exclaimed old

* Mr. Elwes, ſeverely reprimanded his ſon, for extravagantly giving a ſurgeon three ſhillings, on a like occaſion. "*Never,*" ſaid the old man, "*never part with your blood.*" E.

old Vandille, "*I have determined to go a cheaper way to work—take the whole quantity at once, that you propose to take at three times, and that will save me six-pence.*" This being insisted on, he lost 24 ounces of blood, and also, by this unprecedented stretch of parsimony, his life. He left his vast treasures to the king, whom he appointed his sole heir.

"*Shall feel the ruling passion strong in death.*"

POPE.

Watteau.

A celebrated Dutch painter, is said, in his last moments, to have given a strong testimony of his affection to his art. A priest who attended him, offering him a crucifix to kiss, which was extremely ill-painted.—"*For God's sake, father,* (said the dying man) *remove it from me—the sight of it shocks me!*"

Compliment worthy of an Emperor.

Titian.

The Emperor Charles V. frequently supplied this inimitable painter with considerable sums of money, signifying upon these occasions, "*that he did not mean to pay him the value of his pictures, because they were above all price.*

The

The Stranger.

Rev. Dr. Howard,

Of pleasant memory, was chaplain to the last Princess Dowager of Wales, and rector of Saint George, Southwark. Delighting much in the good things of this world, he so far indulged his hunger and thirst after delicacies, that he found himself much in arrear to many of his trading parishioners. The doctor was a man of humour, and frequently hit upon expedients to keep them in good temper. He once preached a sermon to them, from the following text—"Have patience and I will pay you all." He expatiated at great length on the virtue and advantage of *patience*. "And now, my brethren," said he, "I am come to the second part of my discourse, which is,—and I will pay you all—but, *that I shall defer to a future opportunity*."

The doctor, when collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George, called, among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer, with whom he had a running account. To prevent being first asked for a settlement, he enquired if he was not some trifle in his debt. On referring to the ledger, there appeared a balance of seventeen shillings in favour of the tradesman: The doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulling out some half-pence, a little silver, and a guinea, the grocer, eyeing the latter with a degree of surprize, exclaimed, "*Good God, Sir, you have got a stranger there!*" "*Indeed I have, Mr. Brown,*" replied the wit, returning it very deliberately into his pocket, "*and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*"

Royal

Royal Conversation.

Dr. Samuel Johnson

Had the honour of a conversation with his present Majesty in the library of Buckingham-house in February 1765, when his majesty asked him if he intended to publish any more works? The doctor answered, that he thought he had written enough. "*I should think so too*," said the king, "*if you had not written so well**."

Learning and Parts rewarded.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

The remuneration for his DICTIONARY was inadequate to his performance; So far from relieving him from his embarrassments; he was shortly after its completion, arrested for five guineas, which sum was discharged by his FRIEND Samuel Richardson, the quaker, and author of Clarissa, Grandison, &c.— His present majesty, in 1762, settled 300l. per *annum* on Johnson without any stipulation as to future literary exertions.

Double Escape.

Muret.

Muret, was accused, when at Thoulouse, of a high offence against the state; a friend called at his house

* "*This*," said Johnson afterwards, "*was a compliment worthy of a king!*" but the FINEST part of it was 300l. per annum. SOLID PUDDING and ROYAL PRAISE.

house to apprize him of his danger, Muret not being at home, his friend wrote this line:

Hew fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum!

"Few words to the wise*,"—accordingly Muret, aware of the risque he ran, left the kingdom, and took the road to Italy, where he fell sick at an inn: As he was ill-dressed, and was a mean-looking man, the physicians, who attended him, taking him for a very different person from what he was, said to themselves, speaking latin, that they must try the experiment upon this poor man, of a remedy, the virtue of which was not established: *Taciamus experimentum in corpore vili*†. Muret, alarmed at the danger which awaited him, got up as soon as the physicians left his chamber; and having proceeded on his journey, found himself *cured of his disorder*, by the mere *fear of the remedy* that was designed for him.

Private

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* History records some interesting incidents of this kind;—Demetrius, son of Philip, King of Macedon, being at Rome on a mission to the Senate, received private intimation of a meditated conspiracy: He went to Polybius, (the historian) then at Rome as an hostage; Polybius could not, at the time, without exciting suspicion, give him an interview; but intimated, by a line from Euripides, that he must quit Rome that very night, which counsel the prince followed, and saved his life. E.

† "Make the experiment upon this vile carcase."—It was formerly the custom to give up criminals to medical or surgical professors. Galen frequently dissected criminals alive.

Satisfactory Answer.

Louis XIV. Duke de Nemours.

The duke taking leave, on his departure for the Spanish embassy, "*The principal instruction I have to give you,*" said the king, "*is that you observe a conduct exactly opposite to that of your predecessor.*"—"*Sire,*" answered the new ambassador, "*I will act so that your majesty need not give such an instruction to my successor.*"

Strength of Opinion.

Galileo.

"I knew," said Galileo, "a man so devoted to to the philosophy of Aristotle, that being at the house of a physician at Venice, where several had assembled to witness a dissection made by a very skilful anatomist, the latter exhibited a number of nerves, which proceeding from the brain, pass along the neck, into the spine, and thence are dispersed all over the body, in such a manner, as to touch the heart by a very small fibre: "*Do you now think,*" said the physician to Galileo's friend, "*that the nerves draw their origin from the brain?*" "*I confess,*" answered the peripatetic, "*that you have shewn me the thing very clearly, and if Aristotle did not contend that the nerves draw their origin from the heart, I should be of your opinion.*"

Private Staircase.

Counsellor Harward.

Many anecdotes are related of this distinguished barrister: A lady born in the bosom of coquetry, went to him for the purpose of recommending a case of law to his management, she was ascending a *private staircase* which led to his library. The servant wished to prevent her going up that staircase, upon which she complained to the counsellor, who said to her; "*Excuse him, Madam; for if he forbid you to go up my private staircase he certainly did not know you.*"

Noble Sense of Duty.

Rotrou.

This gentleman was invested with the magistracy of the town of Dreux, at a time when it was afflicted with an epidemic disease. Urged by his Paris friends, to save his own life, by quitting so dangerous a situation, he answered, that "*neither honour, conscience, or humanity, would allow him to follow this advice, because, under such circumstances, none but himself could preserve the good order of the place.* He finished his letter in these words: "*It is not that the peril in which I find myself is not very great, since, at the moment I am writing this, the bell tolls for the twenty-second person who has been buried to-day; my turn will come when it pleases God.*"

Hot and Cold.

Duke de Montpensier.

This nobleman, when ambassador at Venice, complained that the republic, at the same time that it had *congratulated* the king his master upon an *advantage* he had gained over Spain, had also expressed *condolence* to the King of Spain in the *loss* he had suffered :—The Doge observed to M. Montpensier, that "*such a* "*circumstance should not surprize or offend, since the* "*most serene republic had only thereby practised the* "*lesson of the Apostle*, to rejoice with them that re-" joice, and weep with them that weep."

Labour in vain.

Santeuil.

Although Santeuil was often persuaded to be ordained a priest, he was never more than an under deacon. This did not preclude him from preaching at a village church, one day, in the absence of the curate. He had not been long in the pulpit, when, being at a loss for the continuation of the subject he had begun, he thus ended his discourse : "*I have many other remarks to make to you, but it is useless preaching to you any longer ; I am convinced that you will never grow better.*"

Feast or Famine.

Palaprat

Was a poet and a wit of the Auguſtan age in France (Louis XIV.) He lived in the temple with the grand prior, (the Duke of Vendome) where ſometimes he had the moſt ſumptuous repaſts, and, at other times, had no dinner at all. Palaprat obſerved, on this, that "*in that houſe, he ſhould die either of indigeſtion or inanition.*"

One too many!

M. de Vendome

Found Palaprat, one day, beating his ſervant, for which he reproached him warmly. "*How, Sir, you blame me,*" ſaid the poet, "*but know, that, although I have but one ſervant, I am as ill attended as you are, who have thirty.*"

Veracity.

Duke of Vendome. Palaprat.

Palaprat was Secretary to the Duke, with whom he lived on the moſt free terms. M. Catinat, who had the greateſt eſteem for him, ſaid to him one day, in embracing him, "*The freedom with which you let the "grand prior know your opinion upon all occaſions, "makes me tremble for you.*"—"*Be aſſured, my "friend,*" replied Palaprat, pleaſantly, "*it is my "wages, his great mind loves* TRUTH."

Something

Something to remember by.

Cardinal Richlieu. Vaugelas.

The Cardinal intimated to the French academy his desire that a DICTIONARY of the French language should be composed. It was submitted to his eminence that M. Vaugelas was every way equal to the principal charge and concern in its compilation; but that, as an encouragement, it would be expedient to obtain for him, from the king the repayment of his pension of 2000 livres, which had been discontinued. The pension was restored, and Vaugelas went immediately to thank the Cardinal; that minister, seeing Vaugelas enter his chamber, advanced towards him, and said, "*Well, Sir, you will at least not forget the word* pension *in your* DICTIONARY."—"*No, my lord,*" replied M. Vaugelas, "*and still less the word* gratitude."

Spungers.

Words, as well as men and things, seem to fall from their more dignified and valued state, into "abatement and low price*."—The name of Spunger, which at present carries with it such an odious meaning, was among the ancients an honourable title. Diodorus relates that "the Celtic bards, who were "the poets of the ancient Gauls, followed them to "war, to witness and record their heroic actions, and "that they were called, as a mark of honour, "SPUNGERS."

* SHAKSPEARE'S "Twelfth Night."

Likeness.

The Abbot of Hainault

Who was subject, for want of memory, to stop short in the pulpit, had just had his portrait painted. The picture was a capital likeness, and some one said, "*It only wants speech.*"—"*Do not you see,*" replied a wit, "*that the Abbot is preaching.*"

Requisite for a Painter.

Poussin.

A nobleman, who was an excellent judge of painting, on shewing one of his performances to Poussin, that great artist said to him, "*My lord, you want nothing but poverty, to become a very excellent painter.*"

Good Wine needs no Bush.

Van der Kabel.

Some of the friends of this famous Dutch painter, observed to him, that they never heard him bestow any praises but on his worst paintings. "*True,*" answered he; "*for the best will always praise themselves.*"

Medical

Medical Eccentricity.

Dr. Hugh Smith.

This gentleman was a very eminent and eccentric* physician, who, like many other young men, started with a very moderate patrimony. It has long been observed, that, "the physician who walks on foot, may walk at his leisure." The truth of this axiom was found by Dr. Smith, who continued to lose one, two, or three hundred pounds a year†, till he was resolved to make one bold push, and get into a *carriage* at once. The experiment answered, for he prospered ever after. His practice was equal to that of any physician in London.

He

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* It is no great compliment to mankind in general, to give this appellation to *philanthropy* and *benevolence*; but, that which is *uncommon*, must, in the *opinion* of the world, be deemed *eccentric*. E.

† Query how? Was it suppositious,—or grounded on the notion that those who gave *half-a-guinea* for a foot visit, would have given double that sum for a *carriage* visit? We have heard the late Surgeon DEASE give an opinion quite contrary; this eminent professor "walked on foot:" He never gave his opinion in any case without a fee; he assigned this reason, "*your opinion is disregarded, even undervalued, unless* "*it is paid for, mankind are prone to despise that which* "*costs them nothing, however estimable it may be in* "*fact.*" Mr. DEASE was right: ourselves, or our sentiments are only *valued*, as we appear to *value* them. E.

He benevolently set apart *two days for the poor in each week*; and for those who were of the middle rank in life, he never would take above *half-a-guinea*. Among numerous other instances of kindness, he made it a rule never to take a fee from any *inferior clergyman*, any *subaltern officer*, or any *public performer*. He went even beyond this gratuitous bestowal of his assistance, and frequently gave *pecuniary aid*, as well as advice.

Those who best knew him will best remember some little *whimsicalities* that frequently attended his conduct. Though hurried and fatigued by the increasing number of his patients, and the incessant demands for his advice, that patient was sure to engage his attention, who was *a sick sportsman*. Better than the fee was it to be the master of *a good pointer*; to have invented some new device about *a fowling-piece*, was the best chance of obtaining a prescription; and a *good shot*, with a tale of *shooting*, would undoubtedly have kept the doctor from a duchess *who was dying*. This small foible was at last so well known, that numbers affected to be sportsmen, who were so weak that they could not have walked over a stubble, and who held forth on the *pleasures of the field*, when they had unfortunately been confined to their beds.

One other trait of his eccentricity we shall be pardoned for mentioning. Whilst he was in the heighth of his practice, and consequently had not a moment to spare, he solicited and obtained the arduous and troublesome office of an alderman of London, which he afterwards thought proper to resign.

After many years passed in unceasing attention to his profession; he retired to Stratford in Essex, where nearly to the last moment, he wished to see and receive his friends.

With

With a ſufficient fortune, he left behind him a large collection, that may ſupply the phyſician and equip the ſportſman. Added to treatiſes on phyſic, will be found the greateſt number of *fowling-pieces* and *pointers* in the poſſeſſion of any doctor in medicine now alive. He k pt them as memorials of the field, when the days of ſporting were gone by; and to the lateſt hour, when he could walk out into his garden, he would enumerate the ſets which Ponto, now chained up, had made, how he ranged the fleeteſt of the fields, and never blinked his game.

Literary Advantages.

Oliver Goldſmith.

The advantages ariſing to Goldſmith from his literary productions, were very conſiderable. He is ſaid to have acquired for many years before his death, 1800l. *per annum.* But from an improvident liberality, and an attachment to gaming, he was generally embarraſſed.

The following anecdote evinces his generoſity and goodneſs of heart, though it demonſtrates his want of diſcrimination. Paſſing along Fleet-ſtreet, a female beggar accoſted him; the doctor, without heſitation, gave her a ſhilling: His friend alledging that he knew the woman, and ſhe would, in conſequence of his miſapplied bounty, inſtantly get intoxicated, "*If it makes her happy in any way,* (replied the doctor) *my end is anſwered.*"

Goldſmith was Burke's fellow-ſtudent at Trinity-college, Dublin; from whence he went to Edinburgh, and ſtudied phyſic. Afterwards he ſet out for the continent, and purſued his travels on foot, ſomewhat in

in the manner of George, in his novel of the Vicar of Wakefield, partly by demanding at Universities to enter the lists as disputant, by which, according to the custom of many, if he acquitted himself well, he was entitled to a dinner, a bed, and a crown in money. He returned to England, where he assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged by the contemplation of that great man.

Goldsmith was a member of the Turk's-head club, which at its institution, consisted of the following members: Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Mr. Topham Beauclerc, Dr. Nugent, Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Chamier, Mr. Bennet Langton. The members of the Turk's-head, like those of the Scribblerus club, very frequently unbent themselves by light amusements and frolicks.

Goldsmith contributed no less to the amusement of the club by his foibles, than to their entertainment, by his abilities. Perhaps, indeed, there never was a man, the various traits of whose character were more inconsistent than those of Goldsmith. Though capable of exhibiting human character naturally and humorously, either in a single essay, or through a volume, he could not tell a story without murdering it. Although in continuous writings his views were clear, just, and comprehensive; in occasional conversation he was perpetually falling into gross blunders. In his literary efforts, he pourtrayed nature, without deviating from truth: embellishing whatever he represented, he produced whatever effect he desired. In company, he always said or did something different from what he intended. The opponents of a nobleman of consider-

able

able talents* affixed to him the name of Malagrida. This nobleman, it is well known, has been accuſed of inſincerity and duplicity. Goldſmith being in company with him, and probably meaning to ſay to him, that he wondered how people could apply to his lordſhip the name of a man of fair character as a term of reproach, ſaid, "*I am ſurprized how they can call your lordship Malagrida; Malagrida was an honest man.*"

Goldſmith valued himſelf very much on his *bon mots*; and, were we to judge from his publications, we might conceive not without reaſon, but in converſation the point was loſt. As he was extremely vain in general, he was peculiarly ſo in what concerned his colloquial powers, not only trying new jeſts, but repeating thoſe he made in other companies; and was much mortified if they did not produce the intended laugh. A common preface of Goldſmith to a ſtory was, "*I'll tell you a story of myself, which some people laugh at and some do not,*"

He affected the manner of Dr. Johnſon; and the club, to vex him, called him Dr. Minor, giving to Johnſon, as all muſt acknowledge he deſerved among any doctors, the appellation of Dr. Major.

His vanity extended even to his dreſs. He one day came to the club in a very glaring bloom-coloured coat, and ſtrutted about, looking at his cloaths, and ſeemingly wiſhing to attract the attention of the company. Some of them ridiculed his dreſs. He, to prove how wrong they were, ſaid, "*let me tell you, "gentlemen, when my tailor brought home this coat, "he begged of me to tell all my friends who made it.*"

 "*Why,*"

* Earl of Shelburne.

"*Why*," said Johnson, "*that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a colour.*"

By such frivolities did the author of the *Deserted Village*, of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and the *Travellers*, often expose himself to men greatly his inferiors in intellectual powers.

When the production of any author pleased him, the highest encomium he could pass upon it, was thus expressed :—"*In truth, it is very excellent, I should not have been ashamed of having been the author of this myself.*"

His friend, Dr. Johnson has graced Goldsmith's monument in Westminster-Abbey, by a Latin epitaph; that by Mr. Woty, is perhaps not inferior : Here it is :

Adieu ! sweet bard ! to each fine feeling true ;
Thy virtues many, but thy foibles few :
Those form'd to charm ev'n vicious minds, and *these*,
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
At others woes thy heart could always melt,
None gave more free, for none more deeply felt :
Sweet bard ! adieu ! thine own harmonious lays,
Have sculptur'd forth thy monument of praise ;
Yes ! these survive to time's remotest day,
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay :—
Reader ! if number'd in the muses train,
Go, tune the lyre, and emulate his strain ;—
But, if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man* !

Remuneration !

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* Maurice, the only surviving brother of Dr. G. was nominated by the Duke of Rutland, to a very lucrative employment. His tribute to departed genius, is alike honorable to the memory of the Duke, and to the KINDRED GENIUS of Dr. Percy, who obtained it. E.

Remuneration!

Corregio.

This great man had furpaſſed even his ordinary excellence in the paintings in the dome of the Cathedral of Parma, theſe were not, however, admired by the canons who had ordered the performance. The price, though moderate, appeared to them to exceed the merit of the artiſt, and, after having abated as much as they choſe, they fixed it at length at the ſum of two hundred livres, and which they had even the meanneſs to pay in copper money. Corregio, bending under the weight of what he had received, ſet off on his return to his own houſe, three leagues diſtance. The load; the heat of the day; chagrin and indignation; eagerneſs to bring relief to his family; the coldneſs of the water from a ſpring, of which he had drank copiouſly, whilſt in a ſtate of perſpiration, all united in cauſing a pleuriſy, which terminated his life and misfortunes.

Fine Writing.

Voiture. Balzac.

Balrac ſent to Voiture to borrow four hundred crowns of him. Voiture very readily complied with the requeſt; and taking from the ſervant the promiſſory note that Balzac had ſent, he wrote the following lines under it, and returned it: " *I, the undersigned, acknowledge that I owe to M. Balzac, the sum of eight hundred crowns, for the pleasure he has given me, by borrowing*

borrowing four hundred." It has been justly said, that "these few lines do Voiture more honour than all his letters."

Mortification.

Dupuy,

Bishop of Arras, invited, one day, to dinner, two clergymen, and three ladies; he remarked, that, during the whole of the repast, the youngest of the two clergymen had his eyes stedfastly fixed on one of the ladies, who was very handsome. The bishop, after dinner, when the ladies retired, asked him what he thought of the beauty he had been looking at? The clergyman answered, "my lord, in looking at that lady, I was reflecting that her beautiful forehead will, one day, be covered with wrinkles; that the coral on her lips will pass to her eyes, the vivacity of which will be extinguished; that the ivory of her teeth will be changed to ebony; that, to the roses and and lilies of her complexion, the withered appearance of care will succeed; that her fine soft skin will become a dry parchment; that her agreeable smiles will be converted into grimaces; and, that, at length, she will become the antidote of love."—"I never should have supposed," said the bishop, *that the sight of a fine woman could have inspired a young man with such a profound meditation.*

Ambassador.

Ambassador.

Philip II.

That prince had sent a young nobleman to Rome, to congratulate Sixtus V. on his exaltation. The pope, not satisfied at so young an ambassador being sent, could not refrain saying to him: "*What! does your master want men that he sends me a beardless ambassador?*"—"Had my sovereign thought," replied the haughty Spaniard, "*that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a goat.*"

Truly "Great."

Louis XIV.

Styled the "GREAT," was walking in the gardens, at Versailles, between MAUSARD and LE NAUTRE, and, remarking, alternately, the structure of the castle, and the disposition of the grounds, "*It must be acknowledged,*" said he to them, "*that it is impossible to have succeeded better than each of you have done. The whole of it is admirable.*" MAUSARD, naturally deep, and dazzled with the favour, enjoyed all the softness of such an approbation, when LE NAUTRE answered, with as much good sense as modesty, "*There is, Sire, something still more rare than all this.*"—"*Something more rare?*" said the king, surprized;—"*Yes, Sire, and this is to see the greatest monarch in the world, converse with so much condescension, with his* mason *and his* gardener."

A good

A good Reason for a bad Cause.

Langlois.

An eminent counſellor aſked M. Langlois, why he ſo often undertook bad cauſes? "*Sir*," anſwered the lawyer, "*I have lost so many good ones, that I am quite at a loss which to take.*"

The Beatitudes.

A preacher diſcourſing on the eight Beatitudes, made a very long and tedious ſermon. A lady pretended that he had forgotten one ſtate of bliſs, the preacher contended that he had not omitted one, when the lady ſaid to him, you did not ſay, "*Happy are those who do not hear my sermons.*"

Declaration of Love.

Rabelais.

This facetious divine laid a wager, that he would made a declaration of love in the pulpit, accordingly, he took theſe words for his text, from the Canticles, "*It is for you, woman, that I die.*"

Gallantry and Ingenuity.

Of all the declarations of love, the moſt admirable was that which a gentleman made to a young lady, who aſked him "*to shew her his mistress,*" when he immediately preſented her with a MIRROR.

The right Hand.

Marshal Cassion.

The marshal rose very early after the battle of Rocroi, "*Because,*" said he to the Prince of Conde, "*we have a great day's work to perform.*" The prince, who esteemed him, without loving him, called him, "*his right hand,*"—"Yes," answered the marshal, "*It is the hand farthest from the heart.*"

Theatrical Custom.

La Fontaine, Moliere, and Despreaux.

La Fontaine, being in company with these geniuses, was condemning the custom of the conversations *aside* in dramatic pieces. Nothing, said he, is more contrary to good sense. "What! the pit is to hear what the actor does not hear, though he stands close to the speaker:" La Fontaine grew warm in declaiming against this usage. In the mean time, Despreaux said loud; "*La Fontaine must be a great rascal.*" The poet continued his subject of complaint; they began to laugh; he asked them why they laughed. Despreaux answered him; "*the reason is this—* "*I have been abusing you, quite loud, and you have* "*not heard me, yet are so close to me, that you touch* "*me, and you are surprized that an actor on the stage* "*does not hear an* aside *which another performer says* "*by his side.*"

Wool-gathering.

J. P. Curran, Esq.

This eminent lawyer, the effusions of whose inexhausted fund of wit and pleasantry, would compose a little Encyclopædia, being one day examining a witness, who shuffled a little, in his evidence, and among other particulars, stated, his "having been on such a day employed at the *wool-crane*," "that might be, my friend," said the counsellor, "but you must not be *wool-gathering* here."

On another occasion, in which it was essential to establish the complete inebriety of an evidence, on a capital charge; Mr. C. drew from the principal evidence, that, on the evening preceding the commission of a robbery (same night) on his person; he had drank after dinner two bottles of port, a quart of porter, and two glasses of brandy; that, adjourning from thence, to the *Horse-shoe**, he drank *share* of six pots

* A very snug tavern, formerly kept on Temple-bar. It was much frequented by the wits of the metropolis, and by actors, and by old staunch soakers: A young fellow, who had often resorted thither, and had noticed an elderly man who each evening occupied a particular seat, which he held, till 12 o'clock, went to the East Indies, from whence after 25 years absence, having returned, and calling at the Horse-shoe, he seen his identical old friend, in the same seat, at the same hour, and smoaking as contemplatively, as he did 25 years before! E.

pots of porter; drank exclusively six tumblers of rum mixed, ate 16 eggs, and drank in *fine* a quart of porter." On this Mr. Curran asked him, "*If, after drinking so immoderately, eating 16 eggs, &c. &c. he did not find his understanding a little under the yeak?*"

Loyalty.

Philip V.

The loyal character of the Spanish nation has been observable in all ages. The Castilians are supposed to have less of any foreign intermixture, than the other inhabitants of that country. Their fidelity has ever been inviolable. The crown of Philip V. twice wavering, was twice supported by the victories of Almanza, and Villaviciosa. It is to the Castilians the Marquis de Montelion alludes, in his speech to Queen Anne on the peace she had procured for Europe.—"*There is not a Spaniard who does not owe his life to* "*you; you have preserved it to every one by that* "*peace; for they had all resolved to die in the attempt* "*of maintaining their king upon his throne.*"

Preparation for Death.

M. la Vallette.

Was ordinary of Newgate (London) for many years; there was "an unction (as Henry Fielding says) in his discourses which the unfortunate convicts could not resist." One day, in the fatal conjuncture, M. la Vallette gave an extraordinary flight to his zeal: A by-stander, witness of this pious eloquence, cried out,

out, "*Ah! what a pleasure it must be to come to the gallows, and be in the hands of such a man!*"

A very common Case in

Letter writing.

In a collection of posthumous letters, lately published is the following very natural, very just, and very generally appropriate reflection. "It is now *six months* since I have written you, but do not place all that time to the account of my negligence. This is the calculation I propose; impute to my idleness the *first month* only, *the other months lay to the account of the shame I had in omitting to write to you during the first.*"

Modest Reply.

Prince Maurice, of Nassau.

A lady asked this celebrated statesman and warrior, who was the greatest general of his age? The modesty of this prince would not permit him to name himself; his ambition forbid him to yield the rank to any of his rivals; he answered: "*Madam, the Marquis of Spinola is the* second†."

Ignorance.

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† The Marquis of Spinola was the *greatest* general of his age; to allow him to be *second* to Maurice, would be to exalt the apprentice above the master. It is to Spinola the following fine observation is ascribed; being told that "*Count Biron died of having nothing to do,*" Spinola replied, "*That was enough to kill a general!*" E.

Ignorance.

A certain gentleman, in ſpeaking of a book, ſaid, "*he found it so bad he did not give himself the trouble* "*to read it.*"

The good of Learning.

Rabelais.

It is well known that thoſe who are admitted doctors in the Univerſity of Montpelier, wear the gown of Rabelais, which is put on with much ceremonious veneration. The cauſe of this cuſtom is not ſo well known; it is, that Rabelais by his wit, procured the revocation of a decree which aboliſhed its privileges. The Chancellor Duprat, being on this occaſion, inacceſſible to any mediator. Rabelais hit on the following ſingular contrivance to obtain an audience. He addreſſed himſelf to the porter of M. Duprat, to whom he ſpoke in Latin, the porter immediately ſent for a man who ſpoke that language, Rabelais ſpoke Greek to him; another, who underſtood Greek, having appeared, he ſpoke Hebrew to him, and, it is added, ſeveral other languages†. The capacity of Rabelais ſo aſtoniſhed the aſſembly that they went, in a body, to inform the Chancellor, who, charmed with the ſpeech he made, and of the ſcience he diſplayed, re-eſtabliſhed, on his account, all the privileges of the Univerſity.

Bravery.

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† The Limouſin ſcholar, whom Rabelais meets at one of the gates of Paris, is made to ſpeak thirteen different languages. Rab. Works, vol. 2. b. iv. E.

Bravery.

M. Sorbiere.

This gentleman was diſtinguiſhed in his time, as a ſkilful army phyſician. He relates, that a party of one hundred Italian cavalry met, in Piedmont, a party of French, not exceeding forty. The two nations were then at war; the uſual ſignal of *rencontre* was given, "*Who are you?*" the French replied, with firmneſs "*enemies.*" This reſolute anſwer ſo aſtoniſhed the Italians, that they took to flight, ſaying "*Servitore Signori inimici**." The French, however, purſued them, and made ſeveral of them priſoners.

The Refusal.

M. du Freſnoy.

This eminent writer, notwithſtanding the bounties he was ſuppoſed to have received from Louis XIV. appeared never to be in eaſy circumſtances. After the death of that prince, the Duke of Orleans, regent, expreſſed his intention of granting him favours. Du Freſnoy preſented this ſingular petition to him: "My lord, Du Freſnoy ſupplicates your Royal Highneſs to let him remain in poverty, that he may ſerve as a monument of the ſtate of France before your regency. The regent put at the bottom of the petition, "*Abſolutely refuſed.*"

Roman

* "*Your ſervant, Mr. Enemy.*"—The Italian *wars* of that period, were as innocent of blood as the conteſts at Aſtley's amphitheatre. See in Guiccardini (Hiſt. of Italy) ſome curious *military* details of this ſort. E.

Roman Bon Mot.

Marcus Tullius Cicero.

Metellus, whose mother had been a Roman of great gallantry, meaning to reproach Cicero with the meanness of his birth, "*Learn,*" said Metellus, "*who was your father.*"—"*It would be much more difficult for you,*" answered Cicero, "*to learn who your father was.*"

Delicate Reproof.

M. T. Cicero. Piso. Tullia.

Cicero, seeing Tullia, his daughter, walking with too much precipitation, and her husband too slow for a man, reprehended them both, by saying to Tullia, in the presence of Piso, "*Look at your husband, it is* "*thus a woman should walk.*"

The two Wallets.

Æsop*.

"All men," said Æsop, "carry two wallets, one "upon their back, and the other before them: their "own

* This great and enlightened mind, whose wisdom, in the form of instructive and amusing fables, has for ages afforded to the youthful mind, the elements of whatever is virtuous or estimable in life, is rather dis-

regarded

" own faults are in the former, and those of others
" in the latter. It is thus men are so blind to their
" own defects, and so extremely clear-sighted in dis-
" covering those of their neighbours."

Art of Self-defence.

Tasso.

When malignity assails by raillery, and ridicule, its ordinary weapons; the most severe rebuke, as well as the most effectual defence, is silence: A person having very pointedly ridiculed Tasso, in his presence, the author of " Jerusalem delivered," remained silent, to the astonishment, and discomposure of the railer. One of the company loudly declared, that " *he must* " *be a fool not to speak in his own defence:*" " *You are mistaken,*" answered Tasso, " *a fool does not know how to hold his tongue.*"

Friendship.

Tasso.

Of a real friend, the criterion is neither exterior grimace, or empty protestations; though these fine appearances

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regarded in our riper years. We prize the acquisitions we received from Æsop, but ungratefully contemn or slight their valuable source. In fine, we are too apt to connect Æsop and childhood. But maturer age may read and read again the Fables of Æsop, and derive, even to the end of life, great advantages therefrom as to conduct. E.

appearances are frequently the coverings of deceit: Taſſo gives us a curious proof of this. A perſon who was extremely jealous of him, and had often traverſed his intereſts with his patron Alphonſo, Duke of Ferrara, paſſing a river with Taſſo, and ſeveral others, obſequiouſly waited to aſſiſt Taſſo in deſcending, the poet ſeen into his motive, ſaid, "*it is not to* DESCEND, *Sir, that I want assistance, but to* ASCEND."

How to find your Man.

Æsop.

A perſon, having unprovokedly, ſtruck Æſop, the latter ſaid, "*I am greatly obliged to you,*" and giving him a piece of gold, "*Though I cannot afford, at present, to give you more, I'll shew you a person presently who can:—give this man coming up to us, such a blow, and you will be well rewarded.*" The aggreſſor, being pot-valiant, and moreover fool enough to follow Æſop's counſel, ſtruck the gentleman. He happened to be a magiſtrate. Æſop's *friend* was ſeized, impriſoned, and held himſelf very fortunate to eſcape with a ſevere flagellation.

Benedict XIV.

Farinelli, the celebrated ſinger was highly favoured at the court of Madrid. On his return to Rome, he detailed to the pontiff, the riches, the places, and the honours, with which he had been loaded by Philip V.

"*That*

"*That is to say,*" said the pope, "*you found there what you had lost here**."

Philosophy.

Epictetus.

The Enchiridion of Epictetus, that unrivalled compendium of pure morality, was written in a small cottage, without even a door, and no other furniture than an earthen lamp, which sold after his death, for a sum equal to one hundred pounds sterling†.

Grecian

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* Yet it was in the British dominions, that a fondness, bordering on idolatry, was shewn him: It seemed infatuation; the bounty of the nobility and gentry was prodigality, and their applause, admiration. The exclamation of a lady of distinction, uttered aloud from the boxes of Smock-alley theatre, will be long remembered, "One GOD, one Farinelli." E.

† Lucian ridicules the purchaser of this curious utensil, as hoping to acquire the wisdom of the former owner, by studying over it. But Lucian's wit, if such was its drift, outran *his* wisdom: The purchaser of Epictetus's lamp, in discovering so great a veneration for the philosopher, demonstrated also his love of wisdom, in whose "right hand" is, "length of days," and in "her left, riches and honor." Lucian's idea resembles that of the school-master, who having got an old wig of Sir Isaac Newton, fancied that by wearing it, he would arrive at the same eminence. E.

Grecian Tragic Poet.

Euripides.

When it is considered that Euripides wrote eighty-four tragedies, it will appear incredible that he was extremely slow in composition: He one day complained to the poet Alcestis, that "*for the last three days he had not been able to write above three lines, though he had been extremely diligent and attentive**." Alcestis

O replied

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* However odd the opinion may seem, there are certainly times and seasons more propitious to genius, than others: Milton tells us, that the vernal equinox was most genial to his muse. Does the flower of the field collapse and droop as the sun goes down; does the heliotrope invariably turn, and unfold itself to the sun; and must not man in a like way, sympathize with that world of which he forms a part? The late Dr. Goldsmith (we had the anecdote from his friend Glover) being told by Bickerstaff, the utility he derived from an amanuensis; Goldsmith immediately engaged a young and quick-going penman at two guineas per week to take down his conceptions as they flowed rapidly on him. The morning appointed arrived, a desk, &c. had been placed for the amanuensis; Goldsmith walked backwards and forwards about his chamber, for upwards of four hours, but not a single idea, or even a dim ray of an idea, was emitted from the mind of Goldsmith, who was then on his Deserted Village: At length, he dismissed the amanuensis, with

replied with an oſtentatious air, "*I have written an hundred lines within that time, and with the greatest ease imaginable.*"—"*That may be very true,*" ſaid Euripides, "*but you do not conſider the difference; your verſes may probably live no longer than thoſe three days, whereas mine are to continue for ever.*" Euripides, from his writings, derived a ſpecies of reward the moſt gratifying to genius, the gratitude of the obliged: After the defeat of the Athenians in Sicily, the victors condemned their priſoners to the mines, excepting thoſe only who could repeat paſſages from the works of Euripides; to all ſuch they gave their liberty and life. The laſt edition of the tragedies of Euripides, (only 19, and part of another being extant) was printed at Oxford, in 1778.

The "Shipwreck," of, and by

William Falconer.

Perhaps the incidents connected with the fortunes of this amiable, accompliſhed, and ingenious writer are unexampled. It is to the honour of Scotland, ſo prolific in great literary talents, that William Falconer was

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with five guineas, and theſe words "*It won't do! it won't do!*"—We have been told by the late Doctor Folds, curate of St. Bride's, that he knew Goldſmith when at our univerſity obtain the premium uſually aſſigned to capacity, on one occaſion, and, on another, to be ſtigmatized for errant ſtupidity! Such are the inequalities of genius. The like is told of Swift. E

was a native of that country. He publiſhed in 1762, a charming pathetic poem, called, "The Shipwreck," formed on a diſaſter which happened to himſelf ſome years before. Had he not experienced the perils which he ſo feelingly deſcribes in that poem, he could not poſſibly have related them with ſo much pathos. It is very remarkable, that, in a ſecond calamity of the ſame kind, he probably loſt his life, for he went out in 1769, in the Aurora frigate, which was never heard of after ſailing from the Cape of Good Hope for the Eaſt Indies. Mr. F. was Secretary to the Superviſors who were on board†.

*Apology**.

A lady was complaining loudly in company, of an accuſation raiſed againſt her, of having had ſix children by a nobleman, whom ſhe named. "*Never mind, madam,*" ſaid a gentleman in company, who knew her well, "*all well-bred perſons know, that they must only believe half what they hear, in ſuch caſes.*

* An acute obſerver will not only aſſign, from its ſtyle, a production to its real author; but productions will often ideas carry with them, to the diſcerning, a kind of characteriſtic evidence of their age, or nation. The turn of the above handſome ſaying announces a French origin, and it actually appeared in a French Ana, now before us, 50 years before Lord Cheſterfield, (whoſe celebrity as a wit was grounded on this joke,

Order restored.

Boardaloue.

One of the canons of the cathedral at Rheims, said, "When Bourdaloue preached here, mechanics quitted "their shops, to go and hear him, merchants their "trade, lawyers the courts of justice, physicians their "patients; for my part, when I preached there, the "year following, I put every thing in order, for no-"body abandoned their employ to hear me."

Woman of gallantry.

A lady, who had long filled the chief professorship in the college of illicit pleasure; being, like Othello, (after a life dilated in feats of battle) "declined into the vale of years," and sick, sent for her confessor, who thus addressed her, "*You must forget your past life; and think now of loving God only.*" "*Alas!*" answered she, "*how is it possible to think of new amours at my age?*"

Virtue

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joke, and a few others) was born. We are chiefly led to these remarks from a desire to maintain and assert the character of originality on which we set out. It may be remembered, that in Lord C's. joke, the lady was rumoured to have had "*twins*," his lordship expressed a disinclination to believe more than "*half what the world said*"—his lordship has qualified the *numerical grossness* of the original, but still he is a copy. E.

Virtue of a Widow.

A Roman lady was asked, who remained a widow in the prime of life, "*Why she did not marry again?*" she answered, "*Because my husband is always present to me.*"

Against the Grain.

Racine and Cavoye.

RACINE was desirous of becoming a courtier, but had not the talents peculiar for it. The king seeing him one day walking with Cavoye, "*There are,*" said he, "*two men I often see together; I guess the reason of it:* Cavoye, *with* Racine, *thinks himself a wit, and* Racine *with* Cavoye, *thinks himself a courtier*†."

Ambassadors.

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† This observation of Louis XIV. would alone be sufficient to attest his accurate knowledge of men. Most intimacies in every degree of society, are founded on a similar motive with that of Racine and Cavoye. It is very probable that the above anecdote of the age of Louis XIV. was the origin of Dr. Johnson's severe sarcasm on the Earl of Chesterfield. "His lordship may be a *wit* among *lords*, but he is only a *lord* among *wits*."—The Earl had not only slighted his proposal for a Dictionary; but *defined* the doctor, as, "a respectable Hottentot." E.

Ambassadors.

Cosmo de Medicis.

The Duke of Tuſcany complained to an ambaſſador from the republic of Venice, that his predeceſſor had behaved very ill during his reſidence at Florence. "*Your Highness must not be surprized,*" ſaid the ambaſſador, "*for I can assure you we have many fools at Venice.*" "*We have also fools at Florence,*" replied the duke, "*but we take care never to send them out of the country on public business.*"

Redemption.

The Count de Melas.

A Spaniſh officer debarred himſelf and his ſoldiers not only of every comfort, but even of neceſſaries; and the effect of his extreme ſeverity was the ruin of the health of many. He died at Milan, where ſome of his officers put upon his tomb theſe words of the creed: *qui propter nos et propter nostram salutem, descendit ad infernos.* "Who for us," &c.

Pious Scruples of a Man of Letters.

Santeuil.

This eminent writer one day ſaid, that "although "those who did not attend church could not expect "ſalvation, yet he ſhould be excepted from this rule; "because he was obliged to keep away from church "for

" for his ſalvation, to avoid hearing his HYMNS ſung " with too much *self-love*."

Public Addresses.

King William III.

The ſimplicity of King William's character, who, loving real grandeur, deſpiſed, on that account, the ſhew of it, had given him a natural diſlike to public addreſſes. On a public court-day, when a mayor of a borough, preſenting an addreſs which mixed compliments for the ſucceſs of Namur, with condolence for the death of the queen, and introducing himſelf by ſaying, " *he came with joy in one hand, and grief in the other**," the king interrupted him with theſe words, " *Pray put them both into one hand, good Mr. Mayor.*"

All

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* The complimentary ſtyle of the country mayor, may have been *sincere*, but certainly *coarse*: The Mayor of Coventry's addreſs to Queen Elizabeth, has been detailed in every collection from 1588, to 1800: perhaps, the Coventry mayor in his expreſſion of " *taking the wrong sow by the ear*," might have borrowed from the proverb, " *making a silk purse of a sow's ear*," and King William might have recollected a certain proverb, of Dutch origin: " *Wish in one hand, and —— in the other, and see which will be full first.*" Should this *idea* be deemed *strong*—recur to the Letters of Charles II. in Dalrymple's State Papers, in which certain paſſages might well cauſe the reader involuntary to ſtop his noſe. E.

All, or none.

Duke of Marlborough.

At the ſiege of Charleroi, the Duke ordered an officer to take twelve volunteers out of his regiment for an exploit of peculiar hazard. The officer ſignified the order to his regiment; all remained ſilent and motionleſs: three times the queſtion was received in ſilence: "*How is this!*" exclaimed the officer, "*do you not hear me?*"—"*You are heard, Sir,*" cried one in the ranks, "*but why do you call for twelve volunteers? We are all so; you have only to chuse.*"

Generous Sentiment.

M. Turenne.

M. Flechier ſpeaking of Marſhal Turenne, ſays, "*He reckoned his own misfortunes as faults, but more indulgent to others, he reckoned their faults as misfortunes*†."

Honour.

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† Zeno, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, or Seneca, nor all the proud philoſophy of the Stoic ſchool, can produce a finer ſentiment than this of M. Flechier. E.

Honour.

M. des Fabin.

Being ordered, by the Duke of Vendome on a very perilous service, in which personal animosity was supposed to dictate; some of his brother officers were supplying pretences for evading the service. "*I can very easily save my life,*" answered M. de Fabin, "*but who will save my honour?*"

Dancing to some Tune.

Barberini,

This celebrated dancer was for some time engaged at the king's theatre at Berlin. He was a little in love with her because she had legs like a man, but the thing most of all incomprehensible, was, he gave her a salary of upwards of 1300l. His Italian poet, who put the operas into verse, had little more than a thirtieth part of the sum, but it ought to be remembered, he was very ugly, and could not dance. In a word, Barberini touched for her share more than all of his ministers of state put together†.

State Sickness.

Cardinal de Tencin.

Archbishop of Lyons, entered on a negociation, the object of which was, to reconcile Louis XV. to the King

† Related by Voltaire. It has been supposed that his Prussian majesty's *taste* in matters of love had a little smack of the Greek. E.

King of Pruſſia; his eminence wrote to the King of France on the ſubject, and that prince's anſwer was, an entire refuſal to negociate. The cardinal actually died of chagrin in about a fortnight afterwards! On this event, Voltaire makes the following ſhrewd remark: "I never could thoroughly underſtand this "kind of death, or how miniſters of ſtate, or old "cardinals, with hardened ſouls, ſhould have a ſuffi-"cient degree of ſenſibility to die through ſome trifling "diſguſt."

Predestination.

Madame Poisson.

One of the miſtreſſes of Louis XV. often declared ſhe had a ſecret forethought that the king would fall in love with her. The incident had been predicted ſome years before. After ſhe was certain of her royal lover, ſhe declared her firm perſuaſion of the doctrine of predeſtination, and ſhe had reaſon to do ſo. This lady is remarkable for having been the cauſe of VOLTAIRE's riſe at court, in ſome meaſure, at leaſt. He confeſſes, that by her means he obtained rewards which had never been granted to his works or ſervices, and adds, "*From all this I concluded it* "*was better, in order to make the most trifling fortune,* "*to speak four words to a king's mistress, than to write* "*four hundred volumes.*"

Flattery

Flattery by the Ton.

Boileau.

Louis XIV. having asked Boileau in what year he was born, that poet answered him: "*I came into the world one year before your majesty, to announce the wonders of your reign.*"

Royal Gravitation.

Henry IV. Marshal Bassompierre.

When all the court were sliding on the Seine, which was frozen over, Henry IV. wished also to join them: the Marshal Bassompierre prevented him. "*The others are sliding,*" said Henry IV. "*Ah! Sire,*" answered Bassompierre, "*but you are of greater weight than the others.*"

A fine Reply of a Soldier.

M. Turenne.

A soldier, in the army of Marshal Turenne, took the name of that general, who reprimanded him for it. "*How am I to blame, general?*" said the soldier, "*I have my choice of names; if I had known one more illustrious than yours, I should have taken it.*" This ingenious answer procured him a reward.

Disguise.

Disguise.

Mrs. Baddely.

This lady, celebrated for her intrigues, expressed to a milliner in Tavistock-street, her wish for a dress which would disguise her at a masquerade. Mrs. L—, who is very remarkable for frankness, instantly answered, "*I would have you, Mrs. Baddely, to dress as a woman of virtue, for then nobody will know you.*"

Professional Skill.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Made the portrait of a gentleman who was ill, and represented him so truly, that Sir John Pringle, who had not seen the original, betted that he had a fever. It became the subject of a wager which was most skilful in his profession, the painter or the physician†.

Human Life.

Æsop.

One of those persons, who being unfortunate, do not find complete consolation in the maxim that "whatever is, is right." was one day complaining

† The physician, surely, the *tacto* being essential in this case. E.

to Æsop. The philosophic hump-back invented the following tale to console him.—" A vessel being tossed " in a storm, and the passengers, as is usual in such " cases, delivered over to certain very disagreeable " apprehensions; the wind suddenly abated, and the " billows subsided into a fine calm. Exultation suc- " ceeded to depression, and all indulged unbounded " joy. But the pilot, more experienced in the dangers " of the deep, preserving his usual even mind, ad- " dressed them thus: 'My friends, let us rejoice 'with moderation, as we should complain without 'excess; it is the most useful habit we can attain, 'our whole life being but a mixture, and a continual 'vicissitude of joy and grief.'

Test of convivial Qualifications.

Æsop.

The philosopher's master having prepared a splendid feast, and invited several who were reputed men of wit, ordered Æsop to do the honours of the house, especially authorizing him to admit only guests of ability and merit. At the appointed hour, Æsop placed himself within-side the gate, and as the visitors knocked, put this question to each, " *What does the dog move?*" The first that came, supposing that he was called a dog, went away in a passion, and several others departed equally displeased. At length one answered to Æsop's question, " *What does the dog move?*" " *His tail and ears.*" Æsop admitted him, and conducted him to his master, as a man of wit, and as the only one of all the guests that had assembled, that should be exclusively admitted. When the

reſt, however, heard Æſop's explanation, they laughed, and confeſſed that he had acted right.

Instinct.

The Elephant.

Gay has a very good fable of the Elephant and the bookſeller, and Pope calls this animal "half-reaſoning," Seutonius, in his Life of Domitian, relates that that Emperor had a troop of elephants trained up to dance. One of theſe animals, (ſays the hiſtorian), having been beaten for not retaining his leſſon, was obſerved, ſome time after, in a retired place, practicing the ſteps and figures. Mr. Ives, in his Voyage to India, relates the following droll ſtory: Some elephants paſſing by a ſhop in which tailors were at work, thruſt his probiſcis in at the window, one of the tailors, in ſport, pricked the probiſcis with his needle; the elephants were then leading to the river; on their return, the elephant that had been the ſubject of the tailor's pleaſantry ſtopped, and diſcharged on the aſtoniſhed workmen, a deluge of water, which the animal had collected for that purpoſe. Another ſtory is related by M. Bourdonnois. Elephants are very fond of arrack. A ſoldier of the garriſon of Pondicherry frequently gave one of theſe animals a *dram*. Having himſelf made too free with arrack, he got intoxicated, and to elude the guard who were ſent to confine him, he took refuge under the elephant, and fell aſleep. In vain the guards attempted to take him, the elephant defended him with his trunk. When the ſoldier awakened, he trembled at his ſituation, but the grateful ſharer of his arrack careſſed him with his

his trunk, and ſignificantly let him know that he might make his eſcape.

The same Subject continued.

Horses.

M. de Bouſſanelle mentions, in his *Obſervations Militaire*, that in 1757, a horſe of great ſpirit and beauty, belonging to his company, having from great age, his teeth ſo impaired, as to be unable to chew his food, was ſupported for two months, and would have been longer, had he been kept, by the two horſes who eat with him, on his right and left, who alternately took hay and corn from the rack, chewed it, and laid it before the aged beaſt. This fact, ſays M. Bouſſanelle, is fully atteſted by a whole regiment of cavalry.

Genius elicited.*

La Fontaine.

La Fontaine's early days were paſſed in the boſom of his pariſh, in a ſtate of apathy and languor; from

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* The inſtance of La Fontaine is far from ſingular; the talents of many of the greateſt geniuſes have been brought into action by accidental circumſtances. It was thus with Rouſſeau, who, at the age of 50, found out that he poſſeſſed a treaſure, before untouched, and even unknown: Chance threw into his hand, a propoſal for a prize queſtion, by the academy of Dijon. He wrote, and the prize was aſſigned to him. E.

this ſtate he was ſnatched by one of thoſe fortunate events, which, loſt on vulgar minds, always awaken the genius of thoſe whom nature has intended to be great. "*An officer*," ſays the Abbé Olivet, "read before him, with good emphaſis, Malherbe's Ode, beginning, '*Que direz-vous, races futures?*' &c. He liſtened to the whole of this ode with mingled tranſports of joy, admiration, and aſtoniſhment. The harmony and enthuſiaſm, with which it abounds, ſtruck him. He felt himſelf affected in the moſt agreeable manner, and, from that moment, did the ſeeds of his genius ſhoot forth.

Extinction of Nobility.

M. Marphoy.

This phyſician, who ſet himſelf up as a man of great importance, ſaid, that he ranked none but people of quality among his patients; and, as two of noble birth had lately died under his hands, ſome one ſaid "*If we leave him alone, he'll render this country like Switzerland; he will exterminate all the nobility.*"

Singular Taste.

Bayle.

One particularity of Bayle is very ſingular: This great genius could not reſiſt the deſire he felt to ſee *rope-dancing*. Whenever any was to be ſeen at the Hague, or at Rotterdam, he muffled himſelf up in his cloak, ran to ſee it like a child, and never quitted the ſpectacle till the laſt.

Delicac

Delicacy.

Fontenelle.

In a company where Fontenelle was present, a piece of mechanism, composed of ivory, and most curiously constructed, was produced for the inspection of the company: It was of such delicate workmanship, that they were afraid of breaking it, if they touched it. It was generally admired.—" *For my part,*" said Fontenelle, " *I don't like any thing of such very delicate structure.*" Just at this moment the Marchioness of Flamaren entered the room. She had heard Fontenelle's observation, which, he perceiving, added, " *I don't say so, however, of your ladyship.*"

A great Name.

Fontenelle.

The Count d'Evreux, came sometimes to see Fontenelle: one day that this prince, after a long visit, was preparing to go out, Fontenelle said to his servants, " *open the folding doors.*"—" *Oh! no,*" said the count, " *I can pass very well with one open.*"—" *You will pass through,*" said Fontenelle, " *but your name will not.*"

Conditional

Conditional Agreement.

A youth who was very ill, was applied to by the person in whose house he boarded to pass his agreement to his bill. The youth, observing that all the charges were very high, wrote, at the bottom of the account, "*If I die, I pass this account, if I live I'll re-examine it.*"

Antiquities.

M. de Aubigne.

Some old ladies asked M. de Aubigne, whom they met in one of the chambers of the ancient Louvre, what he did there? "*You see, ladies,*" said he, looking at them, "*that I admire antiquities.*"

Valour.

Maurice of Nassau.

There is some truth in the remark of Dr. Whytt, who said, that, "*with a six weeks diet he could make a hero a coward.*" Prince Maurice was so convinced of this principle, that he said he used always to employ his troops *before their dinner had digested.*"

Deafness.

Deafness.

Le Sage.

Author of Gil Blas, and ſeveral dramatic pieces, became quite deaf in his advanced age; however, he never diſcontinued his viſits to the theatre, and often declared he had never felt ſo much pleaſure in being preſent at theatrical repreſentations as ſince he became deaf.

Philosophy.

Dionysius. Aristippus.

Dionyſius aſked Ariſtippus, why philoſophers were often ſeen paying their court to princes, and that princes were never ſeen paying their court to philoſophers: He replied, "*It is because philosophers know their wants, and princes do not know theirs.*"

Kin Souls.

Æsop; Phædrus; La Fontaine.

If the characters of theſe three fabuliſts are compared, it will be found that Æſop preſents the truth unadorned, that Phædrus attires it gracefully, and that La Fontaine enlivens it with all the acceſſories that can embelliſh or increaſe its beauties. The firſt is an auſtere philoſopher, the ſecond an ingenious and delicate courtier, and the third a man of ſenſe with an expanſive

expanſive ſoul. Reaſon preſents herſelf alone in the Greek; ſhe is lightly ſeaſoned in the Latin; and, in the French, is cloathed with all the charms of imagination. Æſop's ſtyle is ſimple; that of Phædrus painted, joining eloquence and correctneſs to ſimplicity; the ſtyle of Fontaine has every charm that can pleaſe: it is rich and varied, like nature.

Principle.

Pelisson.

Peliſſon was on the point of abjuring Calviniſm, when the Duke de Montauſier told Madame de Scudèry, on the part of the king, that, if Peliſſon became catholic, he would be appointed preceptor to the dauphin, and preſident á mortier. This converſation was ſoon reported to Peliſſon, who, for that reaſon, determined not to return to the eſtabliſhed church.

To the most honest.

Pelisson.

The miniſter, Morus, who had made a Latin poem to the honour of the Venetian republic, had received for it a munificent gold chain. At his death, he left it, by his will, to Peliſſon, as the moſt honeſt man he knew.

The

The Friar is good, but the Abbot is better.

Francis I.

Francis I. playing at tennis with a friar, who ſtruck the ball well, the king ſaid, "*That's a good ſtroke for a friar.*"—"*I'll give it the ſtroke of an abbot if your majesty pleases.*"

Painting's, plus ultra.

Nanteuil.

That great artiſt ſaid, "he could paint the portrait of a perſon abſent, upon the report of an intelligent man, who would ſatisfactorily anſwer him all the queſtions he might aſk†."

† We think this proud boaſt of Nanteuil very practicable: the lineaments of nature, as to the expreſſion of the paſſions, &c. on the human face are invariable, though in different degrees of operation: Hiſtory and Memoirs preſent characteriſtic traits of diſtinguiſhed perſonages, perhaps, more unerring *traits* for the canvas, than the living ſubject. "*Equally,*" ſaid Horace Walpole, "*with painted portraits of memorable persons, I admire written portraits, in which the character is traced with those minute touches that resemble life itself.*" E.

Painting.

Mr. Hayley.

Viewing a painting of a celebrated artiſt, repreſenting a man playing on the lute, paid this handſome and merited compliment to it:—"*When I look on that painting I think myſelf deaf.*"

Death Traverſtied.*

Scarron.

Scarron, expiring, ſaid to his numerous friends, who then, *for the firſt time*, exhibited unaffected ſorrow:—"*Ah! my friend,*" ſaid the dying wit, "*I ſhall never make you cry ſo much, as I have made you laugh.*"

Teſtamentary Compliment.

Mr. Hickey.

Nothing is more common than ſwaggering defiance of death; but theſe fine philoſophic ſentences, repeated by rote, are commonly what is termed in Ireland "*Tallagh hill talk!*" that is to ſay, hurling menaces at an enemy when out of ſight or ear-ſhot.

Mr.

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* Scarron's *Travestie* of the Æneid is the prototype of Cotton's Virgil *Travestie*, and of Hooper's Burleſque Tranſlation of Homer. E.

Mr. Hickey maintained* the character of a wit and bon vivant to the laſt minute: When on his death-bed, calling to him the two attornies who had been drawing up his will, he deſired one of them to be ſeated on his right, and the other at his left hand. On a friend aſking the cauſe of this curious requeſt; "*It is,*" anſwered Hickey, "*that I may die like our Lord.*"

Balances.

John, Duke of Bourbon.

One of the Duke's officers preſented him with a lengthy report of cabals entered into, and injuries committed againſt him, by ſome of his vaſſals: "*Have you,*" ſaid the duke, "*accompanied your report with a register of the ſervices they have rendered me?*"—Upon which, the officer having anſwered in the negative,

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* His character is delineated in the Poem of RETALIATION, by his friend GOLDSMITH:—

"Here Hickey reclines, a blunt, pleaſant creature;
"And ſlander herſelf muſt allow him good-nature:
"He cheriſh'd his friend, and he reliſh'd a bumper,
"Yet one fault he had, but that one was a thumper,
"But what was that fault?—Nay! tell it, and burn ye!
"He was, ſince you muſt know,—a ſpecial attorney!"

tive, he said; "*Then throw that account into the fire, as, without the other, I can make no use of it.*"

Exaggeration out-exaggerated.

Mr. Boursault.

Nothing is more common, than to make extravagant and improbable assertions, as if a rational conversation could not be supported but by the marvellous. The best answer that can be made to such, is, if possible to exceed the absurdity. A gentleman was boasting, in company with Boursault, of his very strong sight, and just at the moment, looking through the window, said, "*I can discern from hence a mouse on the top of that high tower.*"—"*I do not see it,*" answered Boursault, "*but I hear it running.*"

Imitating Hannibal.

Henry IV. (France.)

The magistrates of Marseilles, having on some great public anniversary, waited on Henry IV. and prepared for the purpose, a long and learned harangue, which, for the greater satisfaction of the king, (who loved brevity and dispatch) was to be delivered by the chief magistrate, who had a very ungraceful, and drawling delivery; he began thus:—

"SIRE,

Hannibal, on quitting Carthage"—

At

At these words, the king interrupted him, by saying, "*Hannibal, when he quitted Carthage, had dined, and I will go and do the same.*"

One Reason as good as eighteen.

Henry IV.

Being to pass through a small town in Burgundy; on the day appointed, the mayor and corporation in their robes, and with their regalia, were ready to receive him; on this occasion the following address was presented:

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,"

"*Of all the towns that have the honour of being* "*governed by your serenity, none have a greater zeal* "*than this. We know, that the most certain method* "*of pleasing the greatest warrior of the age, would be* "*to receive him amidst the din of a powerful artillery;* "*but it would have been impossible for us to have fired,* "*upon this occasion, for eighteen reasons: The first,* "*may it please your majesty, is, that we have not, nor* "*ever had, any cannons in the town.*" "I am so perfectly satisfied with your first reason," added the king, "that I'll excuse the seventeen others."

The three Offerings.

Louis XIV.

This prince, passing through Rheims, in 1666, was harangued by the mayor, who produced to him a bottle of wine, and some pears, for which that place was famous; saying to him,"

"SIRE,

"SIRE,

"*We bring to your majesty our wine, our pears, and* "*our hearts, being the three best things we have.*"— The king striking him on the shoulders, said, "*This is a speech to the purpose, and such as I like.*"

Hypocrisy of Shame.

Is the most common of any. Moliere, in his *Tartuffe**, has admirably depicted the *hypocrite* of *devotion* and *virtue*, but no dramatic author characterized the *hypocrite* of *honour*†. An anecdote, related by Dufresne, in his *Amusements sérieux et comiques*, may serve to display the *hypocrisy* of *shame*. Two sisters being in company, a person was relating an affair of gallantry; but he told it in such obscure terms, that an inexperienced girl could not comprehend the meaning of it. The more obscure the recital became, the more attentive and curious was the youngest girl. The eldest girl wanting to shew that she possessed more shame and modesty than her sister, cried

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* The English drama has some good *copies* of this inimitable original. There is CONGREVE's Double Dealer, CIBBER's Nonjurer; and KELLY's Hypocrite; with many others. E.

† What neither MENANDER, or PLAUTUS, or MOLIERE attempted; or, rather felt their powers unable to delineate, the transcendant and universal genius of a Sheridan has accomplished, in the character of *Joseph Surface*. (School for Scandal.) E.

cried out, "*Oh! sister, how can you listen to such conversation without blushing?*"—"*Alas!*" replied the innocent young girl, "I DID NOT EVEN KNOW "THAT I OUGHT TO BLUSH."

Ignorance.

There is nothing that ignorance will not maintain. One of this ſtamp aſſerted in company, that, "*the sun did not go round the world.*" "*But, how then?*" it was objected to him," *comes it, that, having arrived at the West, where it declines, it is seen to rise in the East, if it does not pass under the globe?*"—"*That is very easily accounted for,*" replied he; "*it returns the "same way, but we don't see it, because it is night "when it comes back.*"

Jealousy.

A jealous wife often contributes to make her huſband inconſtant. "*Whoever is suspicious,*" ſaid the poet, "*invites treason.*" Thus a ſenſible woman, who was told that her huſband was all day very attentive to ſome pretty women, anſwered, with great delicacy, "*It is of little importance to me, that my husband exercises his heart all day, provided he brings it home every night untainted.*"

Marriage.

A widower, having taken another wife, was, nevertheleſs, always paying ſome panegyric to the memory of his late ſpouſe, in the preſence of his preſent one, who, one day added, with great feeling, "*Believe*

"*Believe me, my dear, nobody regrets her loss more than I do.*"

Wife.

A lady was aſked to reveal the ſecret, by which ſhe had always preſerved the attention and affection of her huſband. "*It is,*" anſwered ſhe, "*in doing every thing that pleases him; and by bearing patiently every thing that does not please me.*"

Generosity.

Duke de Soissons.

A gentleman who owed a conſiderable ſum to the Duke of Soiſſons, waited on him, to requeſt he would cancel half the debt. "*That half is no longer mine,*" ſaid the duke to him, "*after you have taken the trouble to ask for it; but, as you have left the other half at my disposal, will you allow me to give it to you?*"

Injustice.

General St. Clair.

A reward, greatly beneath the merit, is injuſtice. A brave fellow, who had both his arms ſhot off in battle, was offered by his colonel half-a-crown. "*You surely think, colonel,*" anſwered the ſoldier with great readineſs, "*that I have only lost a pair of gloves.*" The name of the *generous* and *just* colonel is not recorded: General St. Clair, being told the ſtory, procured the ſoldier, Chelſea proviſion, and gave him half-a-crown a week for life.

The

The Surprize.

Samuel Bernard.

Whether Samuel Bernard was the prototype of Cumberland's "*Benevolent Jew*," we shall not pretend to determine, but the following anecdote is certainly much to his honour: A nobleman, who had the character of continually borrowing money, and of never returning it, was acquainted with Samuel Bernard only by sight. Upon his first visit to him, and after the first civilities, he said to him: "*I am going* "*to surprize you, Sir; I am the Marquis of F———,* "*I do not know you, yet come to borrow five hundred* "*louis of you.*"—"*I shall astonish you still more,*" answered Samuel Bernard, "*I know you, and will* "*lend them you.*"

His death happened three days before that of Cardinal Fleuri, and the event struck his eminence in a singular manner, they were nearly of the same age.

Bernard had been for many years, banker to the court. Thus, *this Jew descended from a nation proscribed in France, and excluded from her corporations, had risen to the highest consideration.* He did not, however, abandon the God of his fathers, to acquire capability of honours, and he often employed his riches in doing good, and assisting misfortune.

A spirit of moderation and order, similar to that of the cardinal, had conciliated his eminence to him, and like that minister he had reaped the fruits of it, in a long life, and sound health.

He had several singularities; from the time he rose, to the hour of his going to bed, he obliged one of his coachmen to keep his horses always ready harnessed

to

to his carriage ;—his porter was to be inceſſantly on the watch, and to attend to the leaſt noiſe, that he might open the gates before his maſter came to them, and that his coach might drive in quickly, without knocking ;—at his return from buſineſs, the ſoup was to be brought upon the table to a minute : he then ſat down, and his gueſts took their places about him.

Samuel Bernard was very fond of playing at Brelan* ; he always played at ſweep-ſtakes, and was ſurprized that any body ſhould take him up. One night, when a perſon had won a conſiderable ſum of him, he was ſo exaſperated, that he would neither defer paying him to the morning, nor give his adverſary leiſure to ſettle the mode of carrying away ſo much property : he ordered the ſacks, containing the amount of his debt, to be carried down to him at the gate, and left him there alone, very much embarraſſed, aad expoſed to have his throat cut by the firſt paſſenger whoſe cupidity might be excited by the view of ſuch riches.

He was ſuperſtitious, as the people of his nation generally are, and had a black hen, to whom he thought his deſtiny was attached : he had the greateſt care taken of her, and the loſs of this fowl was in fact the period of his own exiſtence, in January 1739.

The greateſt part of the 33 millions† he left behind him, were already conſumed ten years after his death ; and

* A particular game of cards.

† One million, there hundred and ſeventy-five thouſand pounds.

and of his two grand-ſons, who bore his name, one deſerved the gallows for an atrocious and puniſhable act of cruelty, and the other diſgraced himſelf by being accuſed of a baſe and fraudulent commerce.

Paris News Courier.

At the time of the diſputes between the Jeſuits and Janſeniſts; a paper entitled *Eccleſiaſtical News*, was particularly diſtinguiſhed, for wit and delicacy, as much as bitterneſs, irony, and ſatire: For the ſpace of two years, all the vigilance of the Paris police was in vain exerted to come at its authors, and diſtributors: A wager was laid with M. Herault, lieutenant of the police, *that this should get into Paris, at such a turnpike, on such a day, and at such an hour, and yet that it should escape the vigilance of the police clerks.* In fact, agreeably to theſe conditions, and eſpecially at the appointed place, a man makes his appearance, who is ſtopped, and ſearched with the greateſt ſtrictneſs, but in vain. No notice was taken of a ſhagged dog he had along with him, and who was trained to this buſineſs. It was a common dog, who under his coat, thick ſet with hair, carried a number of theſe light papers. The magiſtrate laughed at the trick, and owned himſelf outwitted. At length he was more fortunate: One of the printers was diſcovered: This incident did not put a ſtop to the publication: The concurrence of the parliament of Paris, and the archbiſhop, to deſtroy it; *made the publication revive.*

Sir

Sir-Reverence!

Piron.

The following anecdote is a real and absolute *unique* in its way, for in no age or nation, at least that we have heard of; does a similar *felicitation* occur:—Those who are in the least acquainted with modern history, know the unbounded joy expressed for the recovery of Louis XV. Paris, in fact, was nothing more than an immense inclosure full of madmen. Poets and orators, and artists, united their efforts. But it is actually inconceivable to what a pitch of extravagance this delirium was carried among the men of letters. One of them (PIRON) trusting to his genius, and the interesting nature of the subject, was so bold and so licentious as to lay before the readers eyes, the salutary crisis (*evacuation*) that had saved the king; to describe all the natural effects of it, and even to address in an apostrophe the excrementitious matter first thrown off! It is scarce credible, that this filthy production was eagerly sought after by every one!

Nautical

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* To those who trace the principles of human nature in the chart of history, what reflections must a comparative view of the French nation in 1744 and 1793!! and again retrograding in 1801, to a much greater distance than that from whence they started in 1789! E.

Nautical Skill; and Wit, united.

The Count de St. Maure.

This gentleman was Vice-Admiral. He was ſcarcely known but by a fault he had committed, and by a *bon mot*.. Being commander of the ſhip called the *Fougueux*, of 74 guns, and conducting her from the port of Rochefort into the road, he ſplit her upon a rock where ſhe ſtill remains. Upon ſeeing this, he ſaid coolly, that "*the ship would serve for a sea-mark.*"

The dying Courtier.

Cardinal Fleury.

Louis XV. paid him two viſits, during his illneſs, and was a witneſs of his end; he brought the dauphin into his room, and, while the young prince was kept at a diſtance from the dying man, the cardinal deſired he ſhould brought near: "*It is good for him,*" ſaid he, "*to be used to such sights*; a philoſophical expreſſion, but *too inconsistent with the language of a courtier, to have escaped him at an earlier period:* it was a ſure indication that he was no longer attached to this world. Theſe were the laſt words he ſpoke.

The *moderation* of FLEURY attended him in all the periods of his life, at every age, and in all circumſtances; it directed even his paſſions, and, by an extraordinary ſingularity, became the cauſe of his greatneſs.

greatness. Louis XIV. had long refused him a bishopric, and he waited for it with resignation. This modesty pleased the king: who gave him the bishopric of Frejus, when he had given over all thoughts of obtaining one, his majesty told him: "*I have made you wait rather long, because you had too many friends who solicited for you, and I chose to have the satisfaction that you should be obliged to no one but myself.*"

The cardinal, however persuaded he might be, that "the sight" *en passant*, of human dissolution, might be "good" for the dauphin; yet, appeared himself to be not at all anxious for an *eclaircissement* with the grim monarch: his valet-de-chambre knew his master's weakness in this, and some months before his death, actually managed, by a singular piece of compliment, to collect from the most distant parts of France 24 persons, all older than the cardinal who was then 93; in order to assist at a ball and concert given to his eminence.

Simplicity.

Saint Firmin.

A monastery in Paris, where almost all the priests who were confined were massacred. Henriot (afterwards executed with Robespierre) did not leave the house until there were no more murders to be committed. When he went out of the gate he was half naked, covered with blood, and his sabre in his hand. One of the unfortunate priests, who, being in the privy, kept himself concealed, and when called to come down, owed his life to these words, "*I am going down to you, citizens, I am making haste.*" The simplicity of this resignation caused him to be forgotten.

Spirit of Contradiction.

Duchess of Mazarine.

Every one knows that this beautiful and accomplished woman was one of the mistresses of King Charles II. who, when exiled, paid his addresses in an honorable way, but Cardinal Mazarine, deeming his restoration an unlikely event, refused his consent; a refusal which his eminence lived to be sorry for. At the revolution, the House of Commons addressed William III. for her removal from the kingdom: Although not fond of women, and still less of gay women, William answered coldly, "*He would consider of it.*" Madame Mazarine, who intended to have left the kingdom, now resolved to continue in it; "*In order,*" as she said; "*to shew that women could have their humours as well as the House of Commons.*"

Credibility of Physiognomy.

A Disciple of Lavater.

Had read one evening in one of those voluminous works which amuse and deceive, that "those who had great beards were usually giddy:" he chose to look at his own in the glass with a candle, and going too near, burnt the half of it, and immediately wrote on the margin of the book, "*As for that rule, it is certain.*"

Primitive

Primitive Physiognomy.

The Hand and the Foot.

The following reflections and illustrative ANECDOTE, possess the very highest degree of novelty and interest; a profound discernment into the character of man, and a spirit of humanity and sensibility mark the whole.

" Man is not entirely in the face, in the head, or even in the bust; he is discovered in his gait*, in his accent, in his demeanour, in his attitude, in his repose, in his sleep. . . . . Heavens! I have told the half of my secret, in his sleep‡! . . . .

I do not assert that we must not consult the eyes, the forehead, the mouth; yet the mouth composes itself, the eye is hypocritical, the forehead is dissimulating, the HAND has an unalterable character, and the tread of the FOOT cannot be counterfeited. I have said that the last and true stamp of the character of man is on the HAND and the FOOT. He who would give you a perfidious kiss does not extend his hand to you; the most eunuch is a frozen hand. If you could see the hand of Brinvilliers, which mixed poison seven times in the food of her father, you would know it again, for you would secretly shudder at the sight.

When VESTRIS springs, falls, bounds again, regains his feet, detaches himself from the ground at his

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* Sallust, describing Cataline, says " his pace was alternately quick and desultory, or slow." E.

‡ Shakspeare's comment (Lady Macbeth) occurs to the reader of this passage. E.

his will, skims along like a bird, flies with rapid grace, and always in perfect equipoise, it is on the point of his foot that he acts the arch-angel. The admiring spectators consider him as a great dancer: I discern in him quite another image. I see him loosen himself from the earth, break the laws of gravitation, become an inhabitant of air, for some minutes assimilate himself to his future destiny, and form the PRELUDE TO THOSE DAYS OF HAPPINESS and GLORY when THOUGHT and MOTION shall be the same.

Examine the naked foot, examine next how man places his foot, and forms, in a more or less exact manner, the fine perpendicular line!

It was an ancient custom to kiss, in a respectful manner, the foot of the dead; and even to judge, by the repose of the foot, of their state of blessedness. The child, with its foot, disengages itself from its maternal prison; the foot, in short, is the basis of this wonderful edifice, and this foot, divinely fashioned, belongs only to a mortal being. Painters and sculptors affirm, that the expression of the foot is the last effort of their art: that of Milo of Crotona cries, and I have no need of seeing the suffering head.

"The day after the MASSACRES of SEPTEMBER, I walked (says M. MERCIER) with slow step down the Rue St. Jaques, petrified with astonishment and horror, and surprized to see the sky, the elements, the city, and its inhabitants, all equally dumb. Two carts full of dead bodies had already passed me; a carter quietly drove them at mid-day, half buried under their black and bloody garments, to the deepest pits of the plain Mont Rouge, where I then lived. A third cart came up—a foot stuck out from amidst the heaps of corses, at this sight I was struck with awe; that foot beamed with immortality! He to whom it had belonged was already an inhabi-

tant of heaven! And those remains wore an air o majesty which the eye of the murderer could not per ceive. I saw that foot, and I shall know it again a the last great day of judgment, when the ETERNAL seated upon thunder, shall judge Septembrizers.

Let LAVATER, the reader, and myself, seek, exa mine, and discover, where is the PARTICULAR SEA which he has impressed below on his favovrite creatures

Heroism of Paternal Affection.

Loiserrolles.

A name that will never be forgotten! amongst th victims of democratic rage. Loiserrolles received the Conceirgerie an act of accusation which was in tended for his son. He said not a word, but obeye the intimation of the clerk, who ordered him to go t the office. He hies away, concealing his joy that i sacrificing his own life, he should preserve that of h son. The mistake was not discovered, because he ha done every thing to render it complete. He tremble lest his son, who was ignorant of this act of devote nes, should come in and claim his place. The ven rable old man, tied to the plank, exclaimed, "*I hav succeeded*," and he received, no doubt, without regre the stroke of death. But as if Heaven had waited f this last and generous victim to manifest all its wrat avenging justice at length displayed itself; that ve day it thundered on guilt; that very day the tyran were hurled headlong, and all these decemvirs, drun with blood, mounted the scaffold the next day.

Sincerit

This, and the five foregoing articles, are from t "NEW PICTURE OF PARIS" of the incompara MERCIER; a work highly interesting; and repl with instruction, information, and entertainment. E

Sincerity.

King William III. Lord Arran.

On the discovery of the conspiracy against him, William treated the framers of it with great generosity. Several of the Scotch nobility had been seized, but orders were given to set them at liberty, if they would give their words of honour not to disturb the government. Lord Arran, with that undaunted spirit which sprang from the blood of the great families of Douglas and Hamilton united in his person, refused to give his word, "*because*," he said, "*he was sure he could not keep it.*"

Heroism.

Lord Dundee.

Of that exalted heroism exemplified in the following anecdote; the long round of 3000 years affords not more than five or six examples! Epaminondas, Muley Moluck, General Wolfe, and General Abercrombie; the like strength of mind appears on the eve of dissolution to have actuated them alike*. When Lord

* Perhaps Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, should be classed with these illustrious; the prince, though exhausted, and, in a manner, in the arms of death, continued in an open carriage directing his army in its retreat from before Paris, which he had besieged: He led it safe to the Netherlands in the face of an army headed by Henry IV. and died a few hours after. E.

Lord Dundee, who commanded in Scotland, for James II. and defeated Mackay at Killikranky, his lordſhip who had been foremoſt on foot in the attack, was the foremoſt on horſebaek in the purſuit: Preſſing on for the mouth of the paſs, to cut off their retreat; he, in a little time perceived he had outran his men; he ſtopped; he waved his arm in the air to make them haſten their ſpeed, and pointed his hand to the paſs, as if he already graſped it. Being conſpicuous in perſon and in action, he was obſerved, and a muſket-ball aimed at him, found entrance in an opening of his armour, beneath his arm-pit, occaſioned by the elevation of his arm. He rode off the field, deſiring his miſchance to be concealed, and fainting, dropped from his horſe: As ſoon as he recovered, he deſired to be raiſed, looked to the field, and aſked, "How THINGS WENT?"—Being told, "ALL WAS WELL." "THEN," ſaid he, "I AM WELL," and expired. In this battle, 2000 of General Mackay's army were killed, and 500 made priſoners. Mackay, retreating ſtopped upon the firſt height, and ſeeing no purſuit, ſaid that "*he was ſure the enemy had loſt their general.*" The Highlanders, as cuſtomary, raiſed a great ſtone upon the ſpot, on which Dundee fell; where it remains to this day. William paid a high compliment to the memory of Dundee, being adviſed to ſend a great body of troops into Scotland, he ſaid, "*It was needleſs, the war ended with Dundee's life,*" The obſervation was juſt. We ſhall juſt obſerve that no character of ancient or modern times, affords ſo cloſe a parallel to BUONAPARTE, as that of LORD DUNDEE.

Barter.

Barter.

D'Avila.

This celebrated writer and ſoldier relates, that "at the time of the League, when Paris was beſieged, the inhabitants trucked over the walls, a girl for a ſirloin of beef."—The late Lord Orford, very juſtly obſerves; "the French civil wars often diſplay *wit*." His lordſhip might have added "*gallantry*,"—as his favourite SULLY atteſts in many places.

Singular Cause of emotion.

Louis XVI.

Amongſt other circumſtances related of this prince during his ſtay in the Temple; Clery, his valet-de-chambre, mentions that "He ſaw, with great calmneſs, all his decorations, even his knife, taken from him; but he was very much affected when they carried off his *fire-shovel*, and did not conceal his anger*."

Elegant

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* Great minds are oftener affected by incidents, comparatively frivolous, but which, by a kind of aſſociation excite the keeneſt and moſt poignant ſenſations. This is a ſecret well known to the malevolent, an enigma practically expounded by envy and malignity. E.

Elegant Compliment.

Late Duke of Cumberland—and Mr. Gibbon.

Soon after Mr. Gibbon publiſhed the concluding volumes of his "Roman Hiſtory," he attended at the Duke's levee, who ſaluted him with this delectable flattery, "*What! Mr. Gibbon, still scribble, scribble?*"

Matter and Spirit.

M. Mercier*.

This gentleman, plunged into a priſon by Robeſpierre, thus deſcribes his feelings, and the reſult of his obſervations.—Such communications are rare, becauſe to have eſcaped Robeſpierre's fangs was equivalent to a return from the grave. "In the midſt of "revolutionary horrors, the Pariſian did not loſe a "ſtroke of his tooth: All exceſſes touch each other, "never was there ſeen a greater propenſity to gluttony, "than in thoſe days of calamity and horror. For "my own part, I declared to all the companions of "my misfortunes, that I conſtituted myſelf a man-"plant, and that I wiſhed to be nothing else! I "made a capital affair of my four meals a day, or "rather

* Author of "Memoirs of the year 2500"—"Tableau de Paris."—Paris as *it was*, "The Night-Cap."—And the "NEW PICTURE OF PARIS.' (Paris as *it is.*)

" rather one ſingle meal, which laſted from morning " till evening, eating, like the children only when " I was hungry. *He who wishes to act the angel,* " ſays Paſcal, *acts the beast.* I did well not to act " the angel. In preſerving my health I kept my " mind in tune, and though the walls of the priſons " were walls of darkneſs, I recall ideas which I " ſhould not have found elſewhere."—M. Mercier was one of the 73 impriſoned deputies; they were all to have been murdered the night preceding the 9th Thermidor; they ſaw all the apparatus of their death; arms, flambeaux, every thing ready! the holes were dug to caſt their bodies in, and the ſignal was expected!

Spectacles.

Mr. Serjeant Davy.

This eminent barriſter, being on circuit, was one morning waited on by a countryman, who preſenting his brief, like Hudibras—

" To him the knight with comely grace;
" Put off his hat, and put his caſe."

Serjeant Davy, however, apprehending it a caſe *in forma pauperis*, looked ſolemn, pored at the brief, rubbed his eyes, and, in fine, declared " *the cause was so bad and intricate, that he could neither perceive beginning or end to it.*"—The countryman immediately pulled out a leather bag, from which he took two guineas, and giving them to the Serjeant, ſaid, " *Here are a pair of spectacles for you.*"

Salvation.

Salvation.

Marſhal Bassompierre.

The Marſhal was a favourite of Henry IV. and wielded the ſword and pen equally well. His memoirs, are (as moſt of the French memoirs) very entertaining. He was confined in the baſtile, under Louis XIII. Being found one day, reading the Bible, he ſaid to the keeper, "*Don't be alarmed at my employment; I am searching for a passage to save myself.*"

Brevity.

Frederick the Great.

An officer demanding, with much importunity, an audience of the king; it was granted, on condition that he ſhould ſay only two words. He accordingly preſented himſelf with a petition in his hand, in which he requeſted a penſion—"SIRE," ſaid he, "SIGN."

Prodigality.

Madame Sevignè.

Two young gentlemen who were emulous of extravagant expence, and one day on ſome expenſive freak in Madame Sevignè's preſence, that lady ſaid, "*it seems to me as if I saw them saluting each other at the door of an alms-house, and each inviting the other to go in first.*"

Parfait

Parfait Amour.

Duke of Harcourt.

This nobleman suspecting Caylus was endeavouring to supplant him in the affections of a lady, sent the Count a challenge, which the latter, with a view to some testamentary arrangements wished to defer till next day, this the Duke flatly refused, "*I will fight,*" said he, "*immediately, I only fight because I love the young lady now; how do I know if I shall love her to morrow?*"

Dreams.

Mrs. Piozzi.

A gentleman of considerable talents, but extremely attentive to the *augury* of dreams, relating a very tedious dream which he had the preceding night; "*let us awaken him,*" said Mrs. Piozzi, "*for his dream has almost put us to sleep.*"

Painters.

Dominochino.

A friend undertook to dissuade him from bestowing so much time upon his works: "*You do not know, then,*" said he, "*that I have a master very difficult to please.*"—"*Who?*"—"*Myself.*"

Sculptor.

Sculptor.

Donatella.

Donatella, the famous Sculptor, giving the last touch of his chissel to a statue, cried out, "*Speak!*"

Dr. Johnson. Mr. Burke.

Dr. Robertson observed that Johnson's jokes were not the stabs of malevolence, but "the rebukes of "the righteous, which are like excellent oil, and "break not the head."—"*Oil,*" replied Burke, "*Oil of Vitriol.*"

In conversation, Burke excelled as much as in public speaking. He could accommodate his discourse to the capacities, and habits, and knowledge of the person addressed. He could convey information either to the simple or the refined. Johnson testifies that he himself never was in Burke's company without departing the wiser. That Sage, who considered conversation as a competition of intellect, said he was never stimulated to such exertion as when contending with Burke. Once, when he was ill, and unable to exert himself as usual, without fatigue, Burke being mentioned, he said, "*Edmund calls forth all my powers; were I to see him now it would kill me.*" It is to be observed, that the effects of Burke's conversation arose entirely from its *intrinsic excellence.* There was no extrinsic aid, *no pomposity of manner*, to add apparent to real force. There was no *bow-wow* way to make

make ordinary obſervers fancy that it contained more ſtrength than it did.

Emigration.

Abbe Maury.

Of all the emigrants, this perſonage appears to have had, excluſively, underſtanding or good fortune: It was he, however, who put into the heads of the nobles the ſyſtem of emigration, the moſt extravagant, the moſt impolitic, the moſt cowardly. It was in conſequence of the Abbè Maury's documents that the Royal Family ſet off in diſguiſe, for the frontier. It is ſaid, that the eventual detention of the Royal Fugitives was owing to the king's ſtopping on the road to dine! that he was famiſhed on cutlets, and ate like a carman! In vain did the queen beſeech him to adjourn his appetite; he arrived too late for the rendezvous of the Marquis de Bouillé, and his regiment. Six men ſtopt the carriage, and he was the firſt to cry out, "Stop!" It is curious enough, that the old aunts of the king, as if inſpired with the ſpirit of divination, inſiſted ſo much on leaving France, that at length they accompliſhed their purpoſe. *They too*, were *arrested*, but they found the means of getting forward.

Converſion.

Despremenil.

This man was counſellor in the parliament of Paris, in the eventful criſis of 1788. It was he who determined

mined the first shock of the revolution. But, men born to be republicans are extremely liable to the lot of humanity; namely, that of an aptitude to go retrogade when the RULING PASSION takes up its sway: Despremenil's stubborn virtue, yielded to ambition temptingly tendered by Madame de Polignac, who, at a dinner of ceremony, said, "Put the *sceaux*† before M. Despremenil." She spoke of the *water glasses*, but Despremenil perceived in this *pun*, his nomination to be minister of justice.

Anecdote.

Maria Antoinette.

History will tell what precipitated the death of this queen; as yet, it is imperfectly ascertained: A chief actor in the events of 1793, says, "*I do not know the details, but I am persuaded that the authors of the death of Louis XVI. having their own existence threatened, braved the menaces of their enemies, by making them believe that they were not afraid.*" The queen lost, neither the eve nor the day of her death, the passion and instinct of a woman. She ironed her cap with care, dressed herself with the same taste, and with a kind of simplicity. She said, in her flock-bed, to the guards, who were seperated from her by a screen, "*Do you think that the people will let me go the scaffold, without outrages?*"—the guard answered, "*You will go to the scaffold, Madam, without any harm happening to you.*"

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† The SEALS.

you." There were neither insults, nor outrage, nor tears, nor regrets. The truth is, that the fall of the Royal Family appears to have been brought about by accessary circumstances: When the intoxicated buffoonery of the Parisians paraded from Versailles with the *baker*, the *baker's wife*, and the *baker's little boy*; brawling, dancing, halloeing; entirely broke the spell, and dissipated every shadow of respect. Terrible gaiety! more dangerous than fierceness and fury! The mobbish familiarity which embraced the baker and his family, done more than all the pikes, cannons, and sabres! At the THEATRE, the FARCE comes after the TRAGEDY, but here, the Tragic Scenes were preceded by the Farce *.

Number Forty-five.

John Wilkes.

It is not possible to render mankind a greater service than by unmasking the hideous face of Political Hypocrisy. The *face* of John Wilkes, was, however in itself a very complete Index. LAVATER has given his portrait, it is in the very first classification of ab-

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* There is a remarkable passage in the EMILE; which book contains throughout much *bane*, but also, (from Rousseau's Versatility) much *antidote*, he observes, "*it is easy to foresee a momentous change, from the inobservance of that ceremonious form, and appropriate pomp and etiquette, which formerly were, to dignity and rank, a kind of preservation from vulgar violence.*" E.

horent physiognomy such as he who runs may read, and of which, it may be said with greater truth than was said of Charles Macklin, (who, by the way, was ugly enough) that, "*if God writes in legible characters that man's a villain.*" Lord Mansfield, by far the ablest of the House of Commons at that time, was averse to the prosecution of Wilkes: "*I am,*" said he, "*decidedly against the prosecution; his consequence will die away, if you let him alone; but by public notice of him, you will increase that consequence, the very thing he covets, and has in full view.*"

It was a remark of Wilkes to his intimates, that "*the public was a goose, and that a man was a great fool not to pluck a feather.*"

Tower of Babel.

Abbé Raynal.

That great and enlightened mind, at a very early period of the continental disorders, expressed himself in the following energetic manner. "*The great misfortune of our proceeding is, the having invited the* MULTITUDE *without previous preparation to mingle* themselves in POLITICAL MATTERS; and suffered POLITICAL MOUNTEBANKS to persuade them that they were wise enough to comprehend every thing: The DELUDED PEOPLE is, and always will be, the FIRST STEP on which the ambitious have, *and ever will, place their foot to raise themselves to the summit. The art of writing is the first of all arts; its influence is great, vast, and durable, and this is the reason why it ought to impose bounds on itself. The ancient emblem of the chariot, which badly driven set the world on fire, finds here its just application.*

Harpiana.

Harpiana.

La Harp.

The *Bonnet-rouge*, or Red-cap, was much venerated at the beginning of the French SUBVERSION: La Harp, one day haranguing, said, "It is asserted that the Red-cap, *consolidates* Republican *Heads*; I declare that it almost *melts mine*," and so saying, he threw it among his auditors.—This CAP, like all its similars, has had its *rage*; but it has *melted* matters much *harder* and *thicker* than even the skull of M. la Harpe, President of the Section of Pikes!

Ballad-singers.

Pitou.

Fletcher of Salton, one of the greatest men that ever his country produced, has said, "*Permit me to make the ballads of a nation, I care not who makes its laws.*" But every composer of ballads is not a Fletcher, any more than a common ballad-singer is a Diogenes: It is a fact, however, but little known, that the *ditties* of innumerable ballad-singers had nearly effected in France, the subversion of Republican government; if indeed it be not a solecism to apply the term *subversion* to that which is in itself a *subversion* of all order; it is as if we were to say, *subversion subverted.* But to our anecdote of PITOU: This man had acquired so numerous an auditory, that Robespierre's satellites did not dare interrupt him in the exercise of his warbling functions. *Every time he spoke of the* REPUBLIC, *he clapt his hand on his* BACKSIDE: He was arrested

and carried to the Criminal Tribunal; he answered the Public Accuser, that, "in the gesture with which he was reproached, he had no other intention than looking for his *snuff-box*. After having been twenty-two times imprisoned for his couplets, and his singing, he carried the matter to such a pitch, that he was at last condemned to banishment.—Any punishment of a more *serious cast* would have thrown *ridicule* on the *serene Republic*, aand likened it *(proh pudor)* unto the *Rump Parliament* of 1643.

Grand Style of taking Leave.

Louis XIV.

Who deemed it to be part of a great Monarch's character to study his compliments, and who mingled the grand and the pleasant in all his sayings of ceremony, said to James the Second, then departing for Ireland, at taking leave of him: "*The best wish I can form for your service is, that I may never see you again.*"

Alga.

Mr. Burke.

Met one day with a young gentleman from Ireland of better parts and birth, than fortune, who was describing, with no little indignation, the purse-proud arrogance of a Northern merchant, who had, he said, made a great deal of money by dealing in *kelp*, and looked down on gentlemen much his superiors in fa-

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mily and accomplishments. "*Ay*," replied Burke, "*he thinks*,"

Et genus et virtus nisi cum re vilior,
——————— *alga est.*

Patriotic Reparation.

John Wilkes.

On the appointment of the Rockingham administration: Wilkes conceived that, as the minister courted popularity, he, having been strenuous in the *popular* cause, might command his own terms. He demanded a general pardon, five thousand pounds in cash, and a pension on the Irish establishment. Edmund Burke, who had been prevailed on to second the application, refused to carry so presumptuous a requisition to the marquis, nor would any other person make so extravagant an application. Wilkes, on the change of ministry, renewed hostilities; and, in conclusion, was expelled the House, sentenced to two years imprisonment, and one thousand pounds fine; and security for seven years good behaviour. This was, compared with Wilkes's first *view*, a great *obliquity* of prospect indeed!

Creation of a great Mind.

Edmund Burke.

The amusement in which he most delighted was the Theatre. He did not, like Johnson, contemn scenical personation; he had a high admiration of theatrical excellence; his taste was gratified by the perfect imitation of human characters and passions, which a

Garrick

Garrick and a Siddons exhibited. Mr. Burke had very great pleasure in beholding, as well as in reading, the dramatic performances of his friend and countryman, Mr. Murphy: He thought very highly of his "*All in the Wrong*" which exhibits so just, natural and striking a picture of jealousy; "*The Way to keep Him*" as indicating the most prudent and effectual means of promoting happiness in the marriage state; and "*Know your own Mind*" as an exhibition of unsteadiness of character. He could repeat the "Citizen" and the "Apprentice."

Early Rising.

Charles-James Fox, Esq.

In his way to the House of Commons, Mr. Burke freqnently called on Mr. Fox, and usually found him at three o'clock beginning his breakfast. "*There's Charles,*" he would say, "*whilst I am exhausted by reading and business, he is quite fresh; it is no wonder he is so much more vigorous in the House.*"

Round Robin.

Dr. Johnson.

Shortly after the death of Goldsmith, a party of eleven gentlemen of the Turk's-head Club, dined at Sir Joshua Reynolds's; the conversation turned on the epitaph written for Goldsmith's monument, and various alterations were suggested. But the question was, who should have the courage to propose them to the author. At last it was resolved, that there could be no way so good as that of a *Round Robin.*

Dr.

DR. BARNARD, now Bishop of Limerick, drew up an address to Johnson on the occasion, which, it was feared by the rest, the doctor might think treated the subject with too much *levity*. Burke, a layman, then proposed the address as it stands in the Round Robin, and Sir William Forbes officiated as clerk.

The *Round Robin* was written within a circle, it began "We the circumscribers, &c. &c." and was formed by the names of

Edmund Burke,
Thomas Franklin,
Anthony Chamier,
George Colman,
William Vaskell,
Joshua Reynolds,
William Forbes,
T. Barnard,
R. B. Sheridan,
P. Metcalfe,
E. Gibbon,
Joseph Warton.

Sir Joshua agreed to carry it to Dr. Johnson, who received it with great good humour; and desired Sir Joshua to tell the gentlemen that he would alter the epitaph in any manner they pleased as to the sense of it; "*but he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English epitaph*;" and observing Dr. Warton's name among the circumscribers, said to Sir Joshua, "*I wonder that Joe Warton, a scholar by profession, should be such a fool.*" The epitaph, as first written by Johnson, is engraved on Goldsmith's monument without any alteration.

Strong

Strong Likeness.

Johnſon being aſked if Edmund Burke reſembled Tullius Cicero?—"*No, Sir, he resembles Edmund Barke.*" The truth is, that being both men of extraordinary wiſdom, they, upon practical ſubjects, argue AS ALL MEN OF TRUE WISDOM ARGUE. They were both firſt-rate ſpeakers, according to ſituation and country, but their compoſitions were no more alike, than thoſe of Hume and Tacitus, or Robertſon and Livy, becauſe, the two Britons reſembled the two Romans in the general circumſtances of being the firſt hiſtorians of their nation.

Emigration.

Iriſh Bulls.

In a converſation at the Turk's-head Club; Mr. Burke delivered his opinion concerning emigration. "*We hear prodigious complaints at present againſt emigration. I am convinced that emigration makes a country more populous. Exportation of men, as of any other commodities, makes more to be produced. Leave breeders, and you will have more people than if there were no emigration.*" Johnſon obſerved, "*there will be more people if there are more breeders. Thirty cows in good paſture will produce more calves than ten cows, provided they have good bulls.*" Burke anſwered, "*there are bulls enough in Ireland.*"

Disappointment of early Views.

Has been the means of advancement to ſeveral eminent men of modern times: Dr. Ferguſon was diſappmaſter

pointed in an application for an inconsiderable living in an obscure part of Scotland: Dr Johnson in being master of Staffordshire school, and Burke of the chair of logic professor at Glasgow: Had they succeeded; the literary and philosophical talents of Ferguson; the talents of Johnson, and the genius of Burke would have been lost.

Clerical Stratagem.

Rev. Francis Fawkes.

Is well known by his translations of Anacreon, Sappho, &c. published in 1760, and of the Idylliums of Theocritus, published in 1767. Mr. Fawkes has often jocosely related to the writer of this article, the stratagem he employed to acquire the two livings of Orpington, and St. Mary Cray, in Kent. Dr. Herring was then Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Fawkes having made choice of the archbishop for his patron, dedicated his "Poems on Miscellaneous Subjects" to that prelate. Pleased with the compositions of the young poetical divine, his grace honoured him with a general invitation to his table: And added, "*the oftener I see you, the more I shall be obliged to you.*" 'I took him at his word,' said Mr. Fawkes, 'engaged lodgings at Lambeth, and dined with him every day, for upwards of three quarters of a year. During that time, however, many broad hints were thrown out, that my visits were too frequent; but I never thought proper to understand them; the archbishop's general and unqualified promise being a

'sufficient warrant * for my perseverance. In a 'word, I stuck to him, and persecuted him so much 'with my company, that he gave me the livings of 'Orpington, and St. Mary Cray, merely to get rid 'of it.'—The following compliment from the first Earl of Chatham, Mr. Fawkes was not a little pleased with. Having preached one morning at Hayes church, (he had exchanged his vicarages for the rectory of Hayes), when the great Lord Chatham was present, the latter approached him as he descended from the pulpit, and thanked him for his very excellent sermon; "but, (continued his lordship), I am "sorry to say, it was defective in one particular."—"*How, my lord?*"—"*It was too short, Mr. Fawkes*; "*and I dare say, all who heard you, are of the same* "*opinion.*" Mr. F. died in 1777.

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* Mr. Fawkes possessed also a *warrant* of great sufficiency and effect in such cases; namely, assurance, or *power of face*: This kind of persistive wisdom is all in-all in the world, and, when a man is deficient in it, he must *frame* himself to that intrepidity of face so useful to Mr. F.: It most commonly happens, that persons of *refined sense*, are the most wanting in this sort of *common sense*. At any rate Mr. F.'s example is a very good practical one, though it appertains more to *earth* than *heaven*. E.

Attacking

Attacking France through Paris.

M. Feuquieres.*

Every one knows how generally this idea was discussed at several periods during the late war: Its practicability asserted, and denied. Lord Stair, however, is well known to have advised, at three different periods, his late majesty, King George the II. to this measure. His opinion is confirmed by that of the best military critic that ever wrote, M. Feuquieres: This officer states the objections, and the answers to them, in terms which apply to the project of the Earl of Stair.

What it is to be fortunate.

Lord Mark Kerr.

The following anecdote marks the manners of the age, during Lord Marlborough's wars. Lord Mark Kerr, and Lord Stair, were at play in a coffee-house, when

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* This plan is as practicable in act, as it is easily defeatible by a want of concert or co-operation: Nothing else hindered Henry VIII. and the Emperor Charles V. from shaking hands in the Louvre: Nothing but a sudden peace hindered Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough from being masters of Paris, and Lewis XIV. these were, in a manner, in their grasp. The Duke of Parma, led an army from the Netherlands, and besieged Paris in the very teeth of one of the most warlike of the French kings, Henry IV. E.

when a ſtranger overlooked their game, and diſturbed them with queſtions. Lord Mark Kerr ſaid, "*Let us throw the dice which of us shall* pink (a cant word of that time for fighting), *this impudent fellow*"—They threw, Lord Stair won. Lord Mark Kerr cried out, "Ah! *Stair! Stair! you have always been more fortunate in life than me!*" †

Early and Late.

Boſſuet.

The famous Biſhop of Meaux, was a very promiſing child, and was able to preach extremely well, when only ſeven years old; he *delivered* a ſermon at this early age, before a numerous aſſembly; it was near midnight: The celebrated Voiture was there, and he ſaid, after he had heard it, "*Indeed I never heard a preacher so early, and yet so late.*" *

Juſt

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† Duels, from every concurrent teſtimony, flouriſhed at this time in all their abſurdity, and, as Smollet obſerves, "the ſeconds often fought, while their principals were engaged."—The deadly conflict deſcribed in a paper of the GUARDIAN between a Mr. Bruce and a Mr. Sackville, took place about this time, and Mr. Richardſon, a quaker, makes a *duel* the *expiatory* of his hero's (Lovelace) career in the hiſtory of Clariſſa Harlowe. E.

* This anecdote might almoſt be verified in conſidering the tranſcendant talents of Boſſuet, the contemporary, and rival of the amiable Fenelon. Yet, it may

Just Fears.

Marshal Vauban.

The famous French engineer, passing through a village, was suddenly attacked by an illness, which required immediate bleeding, the surgeon of the place presented himself for that purpose; but the marshal who was a little tinctured with the notion that a man's countenance generally indicates his ability, discovered some diffidence as to committing himself to the surgeon's hands, who asked him, "*if he was afraid of bleeding?*" "*No*;" answered the marshal, "*but I'll frankly acknowledge that I'm afraid of the bleeder.*"

Fraternity.

T. and P. Corneille.

Peter and Thomas Corneille married two sisters, in whose ages there was the same difference as in theirs. They lived in the same house; were attended by the same

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may fairly be set down as a kind of exercise of *delivery*, and refer the *composition* to his tutor, who, must doubtless have possessed great talents. Ribadaneyra, in his life of St. Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, relates (it is thus translated in the English *Festaval*) that, "while he lay in his cradle, he fasted Wednesday and "Friday, that on those days he would souke (suck) "but ones of the day, and therewith held him "pleased." E.

ſame ſervants. In ſhort, after having been married above five and twenty years, they had not thought of dividing their wives fortunes, conſiſting of eſtates in Normandy, of which country they all were; and this divtſion was not made, until it became indiſpenſably neceſſary, by the death of P. Corneille, who was the greateſt dramatic writer, (Shakſpeare excepted) of modern times.

Sensibility of a Priest. *

Raphael (Painter).

A traveller ſought, in St. John's church, at Plaiſance, *a virgin*, by Raphael, of very high eſtimation, the copy only could be found, the original having been ſold, in 1753, to the King of Poland, for about ſeven thouſand livres. A good old prieſt, who ſaw the traveller ſtop, and look very attentive at this copy, fearing that he took it for the original, accoſted him, and ſaid to him in a very affecting manner: "*Stranger, you ſhould not be ſuffered to remain in error; the famous picture you are ſeeking is no longer in exiſtence*; and, in finiſhing theſe words, he burſt into tears.

Painting

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* It is not meant to inſinuate by this head, that ſenſibility is a *rare quality* in the order of men alluded to. E.

Painting.

William Hogarth.

"*I will admit,*" said Hogarth, "*all the world to be competent judges of my pictures, excepting those of my profession.*" *

Nobles to Nine-pence.

Albert, Elector of Cologne.

The predominant passion of Albert was the love of shew and magnificence: His extravagance and profusfusion was very great: His prodigality gave birth to a curious manufacture, that of Bantschow, it consisted of utensils for eating and drinking, made of wood, and finely gilt. The elector made use of them as his *service of plate*, which he had been obliged to pledge.

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* This remark, which is in Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty (which he asserts to consist in a *curve*, and not in a *straight* line) appears superfluous: of the works of Hogarth, the public, and professors have manifested but one opinion. Hogarth went, but on one occasion, out of his line, and failed. It was in the picture of Sigismunda. Yet, incredible as it may seem, Hogarth regarded this production with a most partial fondness. Of the charming Sigismunda of Boccace, of Chaucer, and of Dryden; Hogarth seems to have made his fat cook the representative. Churchill's satire on this extraordinary picture is said to have contributed to the death of the painter. E.

The three best told Stories.

(Joseph. Ruth. Eustace de St. Pierre.)

In the whole annals of literature, for manners and affecting and picturesque circumstances, are those of Joseph and his brethren, and of Ruth, in the scripture; and Froissart's account of the six citizens of Calais, who gave themselves up to Edward III. to be executed, in order to save the rest of their fellow-citizens.

Without doubt, the history of Joseph, considered only as an object, merely literary, is one of the most valuable monuments of antiquity,† it appears to be the model of all the Oriental writers; though there is no tale among them comparable to that of Joseph. It has every interesting part of an Epic poem; the sublime, the

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† The ancient Arabian authors have a passage relating to the transaction between Joseph, and Potiphar's wife, which is very ingenious. The author supposes, that Potiphar, hesitating, did not look on his wife having torn Joseph's robe, as a proof of criminality. There was, at that time, in the wife's chamber, a child in a cradle. Joseph said, that she had forcibly taken hold of, and torn his robe in the child's presence; Potiphar asked the child: The child said to Potiphar, "*see whether the robe be torn before* "*or behind; if before, it shews that Joseph was for* "*for laying hands on your wife, and that she stood on* "*her defence; if behind, it is plain your wife ran* "*after him.*" This is the account given in the *Koran* from an ancient author, without informing us to whom this witty child belonged.

the marvellous, the exposition, connection, discovery, and reverse of fortune.

Happiness!

The Answer of Jacob,

Joseph's hoary father, to Pharoah, ought to impress every one who can read. "*What may your age be?*" said the king to him, "*An hundred and thirty years,*" answered the old man; *and, in this short pilgrimage, I have not seen one happy day.*"

From small Beginnings!!

Luther.

This Augustinian Friar was born at Isleb. in Saxony, in 1483. Want was his first inducement to embrace a monastic life; superstition determined him in it. Shocked by a clap of thunder, which killed one of his friends by his side, he threw himself, at two and twenty years of age, into a convent of Augustinian Friars.

The Age of Chivalry not past.

At least in ONE of its primary objects which were, 1st. The protection of the ladies. 2d. The security of the public roads. Chivalry and knighthood began in the 11th century, by an association of noblemen, who engaged, and even vowed solemnly, "to maintain the security of the public roads, and to protect the ladies." This association began in France, and soon spread through Europe. It seems to have continued longer in Spain than in any other country, from local, and other causes.

To

To stop the Lion's Mouth.

Henry, Duke of Mecklenburgh.

Henry, Duke of Mecklenburgh, ſurnamed "The Lion." To anſwer ſome exigencies, impoſed a tax on the livings of ſuch incumbents as did not reſide in the country: The clergy, alarmed at this demand; which they conſidered *as an infraction of their immunities and privileges.* In conſequence of this, his dominions were laid under an interdict by the prelate, Herman, biſhop of Schwerin; but, not content with ſpiritual weapons, the good biſhop had recourſe to the arm of the fleſh. A bloody engagement enſued at Frederick-dorff.—Henry, in fine, obtained from the Ciſtercian monks, a very conſiderable ſum, though, it may be well ſuppoſed, with great reluctance; the monks conſoled themſelves by a pun, and, for Ciſtercian monks, no bad pun either;—they called the contribution, "STOPPING THE LION'S MOUTH."

Life.

The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal being;
It mocks our thought! SHIRLEY.

Edward Gibbon, Esq.

About twenty hours before his death, Mr. Gibbon fell into converſation, not unuſual with him, on the probable duration of his life. He ſaid, that he thought himſelf likely to live for ten, TWELVE, or perhaps TWENTY years. Paſſing over ſome incidents, and 16 hours;

hours; we ſhall take up the eventful criſis of 4 hours preceding this great man's diſſolution. At half paſt eight he got out of bed, and ſaid he was *plus adroit* than he had been for three months, and got into bed again without aſſiſtance, and better than uſual. About nine, he ſaid he would riſe. The ſervant, however, perſuaded him to remain in bed till Mr. F. who was expected at eleven, ſhould come. Till about that hour he ſpoke with great facility. Mr. F. came at the time appointed, and Mr. Gibbon was viſibly dying. When the valet de chambre returned, after attending Mr. F. out of the room, Mr. Gibbon ſaid, *Pourquoi est-ce que vous me quitter?* This was at half paſt eleven. At twelve he drank ſome brandy and water from a tea-pot, and deſired his favourite ſervant to continue in the room. The above were the laſt words he pronounced articulately. He preſerved his ſenſes to the laſt; and when he could no longer ſpeak, his ſervant having aſked a queſtion, he made a ſign to ſhew that he underſtood him. He was quite tranquil, and did not ſtir, but lay with his eyes half ſhut. About a quarter before one, he ceaſed to breathe. The valet-de-chambre obſerved, that Mr. Gibbon did not at any time ſhew the leaſt ſign of alarm, or apprehenſion of death; and it does not appear that he ever thought himſelf in danger, unleſs his deſire to ſpeak to a Mr. Darell be conſidered in that light.

The above circumſtances are related by Mr. G.'s noble friend, the Earl of Sheffield; independant of the high intereſt which every reader muſt feel in the detail, as relating to one of the greateſt, and moſt highly gifted of men; the whole furniſhes abundant matter for reflection and diſcuſſion. If Mr. G. actually ſuppoſed, ſo near the cloſe of life, that he might ſtill ſurvive TWENTY YEARS, when, in fact, he had but TWENTY HOURS to exiſt in this world, it is a

ſuperadded

ſuperadded proof of the immortality of the ſoul, which, for a moment imparted its ſpirit to, and invigorated the falling tenement of clay it was about to quit for ever. I ſhall conclude this article as I began it, with a quotation, taken from Dr. Johnſon's tragedy of Irene:——I know of no poetical paſſage in our language that better expreſſes the comfortable and conſolatory idea of the eternal duration of our natures:——

Reflect, that life and death, affecting ſounds,
Are only varied modes of endleſs being.

JOHNSON (Irene.)

Acting.

Thomas Betterton.

This celebrated Engliſh actor was ſo exact in imitating nature, that the look of ſurprize he aſſumed in the character of Hamlet (when he perſonated the ghoſt), aſtoniſhed Booth to ſuch a degree, that he was incapable of proceeding in his part for ſome moments. This anecdote is related by Booth, who obſerves, that Betterton was not an *actor, but nature itſelf; that he put on his part with his clothes, and was the very man or character he undertook to be and nothing more.*"

James Brindley.

Famous in planning and conducting Inland Navigation, particularly the Duke of Bridgewater's canals from Worſley to Mancheſter, and from the Trent to the Merſey. This man worked from his own ideas, without any ſcientific knowledge. It is remarkable of this

this intuitive genius that he disregarded the common diversions or amusements of life. When once prevailed on in London to see a play, he declared that nothing should induce him to be at another, because it had so disturbed and confounded his ideas, as to render him incapable of business several days. When any uncommon difficulty presented itself in the execution of his business, he usually retired to bed, where he has been known to lie, one, two, three, or four days, till he has surmounted his difficulty. He had a most extraordinary memory, and executed his plans without design or model.

Charles XII.

When at the battle of Narva, Charles XII. had several horses shot under him; and, as he was mounting on a fresh one, he said, "*These people find me exercise.*"

He was a great admirer of Alexander the Great, and from his childhood possessed the spirit and ambition of that prince. His preceptor asked him one day, "*what he thought of that hero?*" He said, "*he should chuse to be like him,*" "*but consider,*" replied the preceptor, "*that Alexander lived but thirty-two years.*"—*That is long enough,*" replied Charles, "*when a man has conquered kingdoms.*"

Hudibras.

Samuel Butler.

Was a man whose name will only perish with his language. His wit and eccentricity is most distinguishable in his inimitable Hudibras. The mode of his

his education is imperfectly known, and the events of his life variouſly related. It was when retained in the ſervice of the Counteſs of Kent, that he had the good fortune to be noticed by the great Selden, who engaged him as an amanuenſis. In the year 1663, appeared the firſt part of that work which has almoſt given him immortality. The king quoted it, the courtiers ſtudied it, and the loyaliſts applauded it. A golden ſhower was daily expected to fall on Mr. Butler, but praiſe appears to have been his only reward. It has been reported, but unſupported by evidence, that the king once gave him 300 guineas. Certain it is, this inimitable expoſer of DISLOYALTY and FANATICISM died in indigence.

Humanity.

Louis XV.

As ſoon as the field of battle† was clear, Louis XV. in order to inſpire the dauphin with the ſame horror which he himſelf had, for even a juſt war, cauſed him to go over it. The young prince, ſhuddering, ſaw in reality, what he had only ſeen in hiſtory. At this horrid ſpectacle, the dauphin melted. The king ſaid to him: "*Learn, my son, how much a victory is* "*costly and painful.*" This *trait*, whatever may have been the faults of Louis XV., moſt certainly is a moſt honourable record. A ſimilar ſentiment of Bonaparte, in his celebrated letter to the arch-duke, is as glorious to that commander as even the laurels of Lodi or Maregno.

Golden

† Fontenoy.

Golden Tide.

Duke of Bourbon.

Had dipt deep in the ſtream of Mr. Law's Syſtem, and magnificently embelliſhed his chateau of Chantilly, at which he received Louis XV., on his return from Rheims. This gave occaſion to a pleaſant remark, that, "*the river of Miſſiſipi muſt neceſſarily have* "*paſſed by Chantilly.*"

Baptiſm of an Archbiſhop.

Cardinal Dubois.

Was, at the age of ſixty, appointed by Louis XV., prime miniſter. He was created Archbiſhop of Cambray in 1720. It was upon this occaſion, as he was deſiring the perſon who conſecrated him, to make him previouſly paſs through the orders of prieſt, deacon, ſub-deacon, the four minor orders, and the tonſure, the officiating clergyman, tired out, exclaimed; "*Muſt* "*not you go through the ceremony of baptiſm likewise?*" It is ſaid at leaſt, that *this was the first time he ever received the sacrament.* The great Maſillon, ſo celebrated for his pulpit eloquence, was the perſon who was mean enough to conſecrate him. When the latter came to aſk his *licet* of the Cardinal de Noailles, his eminence expreſſed his ſurprize, that a ſacred orator, who had ſaid ſuch fine things, ſhould ſubmit to ſo infamous an act.

The moſt curious anecdote reſpecting the promotion of Cardinal Dubois, the moſt proper to furniſh reflec-

tion

tions to the philosophical reader, and to give an insight into the character of Dubois and the Duke Regent, his master, is this. The company, at a supper of the regents, were indulging themselves in jests on the new prime minister; the Count de Noce, said; "*Your royal highness may make what you please of "him, but you will never make him an honest man.*" The count was banished the next day. On Dubois's death, the regent wrote to the count to return. His note was no less singular than the rest of this business: "*With the beast, dies the venom, I expect you "to-night to supper at the Palais Royal.*"

Misissipi Scheme.

John Law.

This scheme furnishes an epoch of a very singular nature. John Law, its framer, was a Scotchman, the son of a Goldsmith at Edinburgh. Never did man possess, in so perfect a degree, the power of calculating and combining. By dint of reflecting upon the information he had acquired in every thing relating to banks, lotteries, and trading companies, &c. he formed a system which was admirable for its order, and the various operations which constituted it: A system founded at least as much upon the knowledge of the human heart, as upon the science of numbers, but from which good faith, equity, and humanity, were totally banished. The object of his plan, was neither trade nor the facility of levying taxes without diminishing them, nor the retrenchment of expences, nor the cultivation of the soil, nor the consumption of provisions, nor even the circulation of specie. He had built up his system with a view that a sovereign should pay his debts, not only without encroaching upon his profusion or his luxury, but also by attract-

his

ing to himself all the gold and silver of his subjects; and such was to be the illusion, that the subjects should give it up voluntarily; nay more, should be eager to bring it in, should insist upon its being received, should consider it as a favour to be preferred; and that when they were roused from this dream, if they should find themselves bereft of property, they should not be able to lay the blame on any thing but their own avidity.

It was in the heighth of the public delirium about this system, that the regent completed the abuse of his authority by the monstrous and unexampled violence of that decree which forbid every person, and even every community to keep by them more than 500 livres (twenty one pounds) in specie. The punishment was not death, as Law would have had it, but a heavy fine. The *Dupes*, for so they were called at the palace, where the gravest matters are treated with *bons mots*, hastened to obey; few of the captures made on this occasion, diverted the regent more, than that of the Chancellor Pontchartrani, who was then retired, the chancellor sent 57,000 louis d'ors to the bank, being near twenty-one thousand pounds sterling.

The shares in the Western Company† succeeded, as the *finale* of this fine financial and political drama, and the general phrensy of brokerage rose to its highest point. The *Memoirs of the Regency* make mention of a hump backed man who acquired in the course of a few days, 150,000 livres (about 6,250l.) for having lent his hump by way of writing-desk to the brokers. The same thing happened to a M. de Nanthia, who was not deformed, but used to lend his back for a

† Better known as *Louisiana*, so conspicuous in the late Treaty of Peace; and likely, at no distant period, to be of important conspicuity in Transatlantic affairs! E.

writing-desk. Footmen were frequently observed in their master's carriages, who had been seen behind them the day before. These same *Memoirs* speak of a person, who having had a quarrel in his carriage, and being obliged to get out of it to fight, cried out, "*Gentlemen of the livery, come to my assistance!*" and of another, who having ordered an equipage for himself, and being asked what arms he would have put on it; answered, "*the finest.*"

It was in the street, called, *Quincampoise*, that the negociation of the shares was carried on. By break of day the passage of this narrow street was choaked up with gamsters. This contagion affected people of the best understandings; as the anecdote related of M. de la Motte, and the Abbé Terrasson, proves: These two wise men were conversing upon the folly of the day, and laughing at it. Shortly after they met face to face in the Quincampoise-street, being at first ashamed, they were desirous of avoiding each other, but at length they agreed that a man ought never to swear against his doing any one thing, and that there was no sort of extravagance of which man was not capable. The end of this extraordinary and fatal revolution was, a decree which reduced the bank bills, and the shares of the company, to one-half of their value. Part of the decree was, however revoked, by restoring the discredited paper to its value; a measure which produced many sharper's tricks, among which that of the President Novion was very laughable at least, if not more honest than the rest. He had sold to Law, one of his estates, and, notwithstanding the prohibitions, stipulated the payment of it in gold, to which Law readily consented. The sum was between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. The magistrates' eldest son availed himself of the right of redemption, and repaid Law in bills,

Frederick

Frederick II.

King of Prussia.

This prince thought of nothing during his whole reign, but amassing of money; and that by the most extraordinary methods: The well-known tax of the Emperor Vespasian, which so offended the delicacy of Titus, was unexceptionable, compared to the enormous retribution which Frederick William exacted for the most slight, and even natural peccadilloes: If a poor girl was found guilty of *making* a child, the father of the mother, or some of the girls relations were obliged to pay his majesty *for the fashion.* The king had discovered that the Baroness of Kniphausen, a rich widow, had brought one of his majesty's subjects clandestinly into the world in the second year of her widowhood, he wrote her a letter with his own hand, wherein, after some suitable admonition, the baronesses *crinkum crankum* was rated at thirty thousand livres (1,250l.) which she was obliged to borrow instantly.

It was by such like means only, that he could, in a reign of twenty-eight years load the cellars of his palace at Berlin with fifteen millions sterling, well casked up in barrels hooped with iron.

This monarch used to walk from his palace cloathed in an old blue coat, with copper buttons halfway down his thigh, and when he bought a new one, these buttons were made to serve again. It was in this dress that his majesty, armed with a huge serjeant's cane, marched forth every day to review his regiment of guards. These giants were his greatest delight, and the things for which he went to the heaviest expence.

The men who ſtood in the firſt rank of this regiment were none of them leſs than ſeven feet high, and he ſent to purchaſe them from the farthest parts of Europe to the borders of Aſia. Some of them who acted as Heyduques to the late queen, and walked on each ſide the enormous ſtate-coach to ſupport it in caſe it fell, ſhook hands with each over the roof.

The world never, perhaps, beheld a father and ſon who reſembled each other leſs than Frederic-William and his ſucceſſor, Frederic the Great.

The latter, weary of his father's kind attentions, determined one fine morning, to elope, without well knowing whither; but the father receiving information of the plan, the prince and his companion were put under an arreſt, the latter beheaded oppoſite the windows of the prince's priſon, who, but for the interpoſition of the Emperor would have ſhared the ſame fate.

The king believed at firſt, that the Princeſs Wilhelmina, his daughter, was concerned in the plot; and as he was remarkable for diſpatch in the executive branch of juſtice, he proceeded to kick her out of a large window, which opened from the floor to the cieling. The queen mother, who was preſent at this exploit, with great difficulty ſaved her, by catching hold of her petticoats at the moment ſhe was making her leap. The princeſs received a contuſion, which remained with her during life, as a mark of paternal affection.

Frederic the III.

He began his reign by ſending an ambaſſador *extraordinary* to France, one Camas, who had loſt an arm, formerly a French refugee. His majeſty ſaid that, as there was a miniſter from the French court at Berlin, who

who had but *one hand*, he, that he might acquit himself of all obligation to the moſt Chriſtian King, had ſent him an ambaſſador with only *one arm*.

Some incidents of Voltaire's intercourſe with his majeſty are related by the former in a vein of wit and pleaſantry altogether incomparably fine: His majeſty, when prince, had correſponded with Voltaire. "He" ſays Voltaire, "treated me as a ſomething *divine*, "and I him as a *Solomon*. Epithets coſt us nothing. "The prince always called me his *dearest friend*, in "his letters, and ſpoke frequently of the *solid* marks "of friendſhip he would confer on me at his acceſ- "ſion."

His majeſty's acceſſion at length arrived. One of his pages was diſpatched to Voltaire, and announced with much conſequence a preſent from his majeſty. "Away I ran," ſays Voltaire, "and found my am- "baſſador, whoſe only baggage was a ſmall keg of "wine, ſent from the cellar of the late king by the "reigning monarch, with a royal command for me "to drink. I emptied myſelf in proteſtations of "aſtoniſhment and gratitude for thoſe *liquid* marks of "his majeſty's bounty."

The private Life of Frederic the Great.

He roſe at five in ſummer, and ſix in the winter. As to the royal ceremonies what they were on great and what on common occaſions; it is ſufficient to ſay, that a ſingle lacquey came to light his fire, dreſs and ſhave him, though he partly dreſſed himſelf alone. His chamber was rather beautiful; a rich baluſtrade

of

of ſilver, ornamented with little loves, ſeemed to form the alcove of the ſtate bed, the curtains of which were ſeen; but from behind theſe curtains, inſtead of a bed, there was a library; and as to the real bed, it was a kind of a folding couch of ſtraw, with a ſlight mattraſs, and hidden from the view. Marcus Aurelius, and Julian, the two greateſt men among the Romans, and apoſtles of the Stoics, lay not on a harder bed.

After coffee had been ſerved, ſtate affairs came to be conſidered, and the firſt miniſter came with a large bundle of papers under his arm. This firſt miniſter was a clerk, who lodged up two pair of ſtairs in the houſe of Fuderſdorff, and was the ſoldier, now valet-de-chambre and favourite, who had formerly ſerved the king at Çuſtrin. The king writ his anſwer in the diſpatches ſent by his ſecretaries of ſtate, in the margin in two words. The whole affairs of the kingdom were thus expedited in an hour.

When dinner was over, he retired to his cabinet, and writ verſes till five or ſix o'clock. After which M. Darget came and read to him. At ſeven he had a little concert, at which he played the flute.

They ſupped in a little hall, the moſt ſingular ornament of which was a picture, the deſign of which he himſelf gave to Pené his painter. The ſubject was totally Priapian, turtles billing, young men in the embraces of young women, &c. The ſupper was frequently ſeaſoned with the ſame kind of philoſophy; and any perſon who had heard the diſcourſe, and looked at this picture, would have ſuppoſed they had caught the ſeven ſages of Greece in a brothel.

Toleration.

Some of the provincial judges in Pruſſia having condemned a poor peaſant for ſome matter of a religious

gious controverſy, the King of Pruſſia reverſed the ſentence, and wrote at the bottom of it, that "free "liberty of opinion was allowed in his dominions.'

A miniſter near Stettin thought this indulgence exceedingly ſcandalous, and let fall ſome expreſſions in a ſermon upon Herod, which glanced at the king, he was ſummoned to appear before the conſiſtory at Potſdam, though in fact there was no more a conſiſtory at Potſdam, than there was a maſs. The poor man came. The king put on a band and ſurplice. M. d'Argens, author of the Jewiſh Letters, and one Baron de Polnitz, who had changed his religion three or four times, dreſſed themſelves up in the ſame manner. A folio volume of Bayle's Dictionary was placed upon the table by way of a Bible, and the culprit was introduced by two grenadiers, and ſet before theſe three miniſters of the goſpel.

"*My brother*," ſaid the king, "*I demand in the* "*name of the most high God, who the Herod was* "*concerning whom you preached?*" '*He who slew* '*the children*,' replied the ſimple prieſt. "*But was* "*this Herod the First?*" ſaid the king, "*for you* "*ought to know there have been several Herods.*" The prieſt was ſilent; he could not anſwer this queſtion. "How!" continued the king, "*have you* "*dared to preach about Herod, and are ignorant both* "*of him and his family? you are unworthy of the* "*holy ministry. We shall pardon you for this time,* "*but know we shall excommunicate you if ever you* "*dare preach hereafter against any one whom you do* "*not know.*" They then delivered his ſentence and pardon to him, ſigned by three ridiculous names invented on purpoſe. "*We shall go to-morrow to Berlin*," added the king, "*and we will demand forgiveness for* "*you of our brotherhood. Do not fail to come and find* "*us out.*" Accordingly the prieſt went, and enquir-

was

ed for these three labourers in the vine-yard all over Berlin, where he was laughed at; but the king, who had more humour than liberality, forget to reimburse him for the expences of his journey. *

Benefit of Disappointment.

Dr. Johnson.

Human affairs turn on a slender pivot; but the doctor on his entrance into the world, settled himself according to the level of his own aims, and had Swift obtained his diploma of A. M. from Trinity College, the very first genius of his age, and one of the most splendid suns of Britain would have been eclipsed through life, or extinguished in the avocations of a charity school. Johnson's animosity to Swift is said to have arisen from this refusal; J. should have rather venerated the dean, who, perhaps was the secondary agent of providence in breaking the asperity of Johnson's fate.

There seems something of this kind of fatality in other periods of Dr. Johnson's life, which reminds us of Shakespeare's remark,——

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.——

Johnson's

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* This, no doubt, was, to the poor priest, the most serious part of the affair; yet, however ludicrous it might otherwise seem, he got off from the *consistory* with a whole skin, which was more than thousands did from the Courts of the Inquisition, on citations of a far more frivolous nature, than this about Herod. E.

Johnſon's Tragedy of Irene, notwithſtanding its fine ſentiments and elegant language, and the performance of Garrick, Barry, Havard, Sowden, of Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Cibber, expired on the ninth night.—Its failure was but introductory of great performances, of the Rambler and Raſſelas.

Dr. Johnſon's Rambler.

He was paid by the bookſellers, two guineas per week, for this work; and his employers have ſince made by it above ten thouſand pounds:—Upon the very great repute of the Ramblers, the Univerſity of Dublin honoured him with a degree of A. M. a favour Johnſon had before vainly ſolicited.

Edward Cave.

Was the projector and publiſher of the firſt magazine publiſhed in Great-Britain, the "Gentleman's Magazine." It is ſtill publiſhed under the direction of John Nichol and William Hayley, Eſqrs. This publication has been very fortunate, as, from the time of Johnſon's editorſhip, to that of Hawkeſworth, and ſince, it has been directed or written by men of uncommon genius and ability.

Cave's Wife.

The following anecdote is told by Dr. Johnſon. When Cave got into affluence, it was uſual with him, upon the receipt of any large ſum of money, to make his wife the caſh-keeper; Mrs. C. often practiſed what ſome writer calls, the "little pilfering temper of a wife," ſhe accumulated a conſiderable ſum, which ſhe

ſhe laid out in India bonds. In her laſt illneſs ſhe endeavoured to diſcloſe the depoſitary of this wealth, but died before ſhe could utter the words. Cave made every poſſible inquiry as to the property; but *the integrity of Mrs. Cave's friend was immoveable*; and the India bonds were loſt for ever.

Dr. Johnſon's Rasselas.

It is ſomewhat curious to know, that what gave Dr. J. the firſt idea of this book was the want of *twenty pounds*, to enable him to go down to Litchfield to pay the laſt duties to a mother who was dying: After having ſketched the deſign of it; he ſhewed it to a bookſeller, and told him his exigencies; but the other refuſed advancing him any money till he had ſeen the whole of the copy. The doctor ſat down with perſeverance to comply with his requeſt, but before he had finiſhed it his mother died. He ſold it to another bookſeller.

Damned with Praise.

Hugh Kelly.

This mode of damnation, altogether new, was put in practice on the ſecond night of the repreſentation of "A Word to the Wiſe."—A body of about twenty *critics* ſpread themſelves nearly in the centre of the pit, with a leader at their head, to give them the cue. He accordingly watched every little miſtake in repreſentation, together with all familiar paſſages, or weak words in the ſcene, and inſtantly turning them to his own advantage, ſet up a horſe-laugh, which was followed by his whole corps. Unqueſtionably there was much

much *malice* in this procedure, but at the ſame time it muſt be confeſſed there was great generalſhip. Hiſſing rather provokes indignation, than begets partizans. But *laughing* is often an irreſiſtible impulſe, which gains from contagious example, its involuntary proſolytes: This was the caſe on that night, the *laughers* became the majority and the play was withdrawn. Kelly, however he failed in the repreſentation of his play, ſucceeded in the publication of it. He printed it by ſubſcription, and got 800l.

M. Desmaret's.

The comptroller-general of the finances under Louis XV. From him deſcended the family of Mallebois. He left three ſons, who were men of ſmall ſtature, and who on that account, were named at court, "*the Terriers.*"

The Previous Question.

During the adminiſtration of the regent, Duke of Orleans, the favourites, miſtreſſes, &c. made a trade of reducing the taxes. A certain contractor who was taxed at 50,000 pounds ſterling, replied to a nobleman who offered to get him acquitted for 12,500l. "*Faith, my lord, you come too late; I have already agreed with your lady* for 6,250."

Edmund Ludlow.

One of the generals of the parliamentary army in the time of Charles I. has, in his Memoirs, the following extraordinary aſſertion, that "four northern counties,

" counties, with the *plunder of London*, were offered " to the Scotch army, if they would interrupt the " proceedings of the English parliament."*

Cardinal Fleury.

Began his career of good fortune at the age of seventy-three; and he continued indisputably to the day of his death, Monarch of France. He had art and amiability, rather than genius. From Preceptor to Louis XV. he became Prime Minister; this appointment he owed to the Marshal of Villeroi, and, in return, was not backward in contributing to the exile of his benefactor. Ingratitude excepted, he was a tolerably good man; but, as he had no talents himself, he took care to drive away all those who had'

Prerogative.

Henrietta, Queen of Charles I.

Her Confessor; father Philips, being considered as highly culpable by the parliament, inasmuch as he was engaged in the scheme of seducing the children f Protestants to Popery. Father Philips had the impudence to tell the messenger of the House, that " *the* " *queen had ordered him not to obey the summons of the* " *House, and that he would follow her directions before* " *the commands of the House of Commons.*"

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* *Ludlow's Memoirs*, folio edit. 1751. p. 6.

Nature.

Louis XV.

At an early period this prince began to discover a propensity to say disagreeable truths to those about him. The following Anecdote might have passed for the simplicity of a child, if it had not afterwards been found to be a stroke of character.—M. de Coislin, Bishop of Metz, a gentleman rather of a disagreeable person, being presented to the young king, he cried out as soon as he saw him, "*O Lord! how ugly he is!*" Upon this occasion, the prelate himself gave the reprimand. He turned about, and walked away, saying, with a license no less inexcusable, "*What an ill bred little boy.*"

Vanity.

Sir Edward Deering.

Who presented in the Commons during the reign of King Charles the First (1641) the important bill which overthrew the whole frame of church government, was in principle, opposite to the Puritan party, Clarendon asserts that his sole motive for presenting the bill was, the opportunity of shewing his classical knowledge, by the application of the following two verses in Ovid:

Cuncta prius tendenda, sed immedicabile vulnus,
Ense recidendum est, ne pars sincera trahatur.

It is a terrific thing to reflect on the rivers of blood shed in France, in our time, by men actuated by this mean and futile mover—Vanity!

A saving Clause.

The Count de Charolois.

Prince of the blood, was famous for the ferocity of his manners; in his youth, he took a dreadful and barbarous pleasure in killing a man, as children do in crushing a fly. But when he went to ask his pardon, he always represented the murder as the effect of an unlucky mischance, or of necessity. On one of these occasions, when the King, (Louis XV.), was giving him his pardon, he said to him, "*Here it is; "but I declare to you at the same time, that I have a "pardon ready for any one who shall kill you.*"

First Impressions!

C. J. Fox.

When fourteen years of age, his father, just created Lord Holland, carried Charles to Spa, and allowed him five guineas a night for a Pharo-bank, an allowance which generated his propensity to gaming.

Regret at parting.

The President de Maisons happened to die at the time of his appointment to the employment of Attorney-general: Penetrated with regret, his last words were: "*Must one die, at the eve of being invested "with the highest employments!*"

Elects of Grace.

When the Duke of Orleans, hazarded his credit with the Court of Rome, in making his first ecclesiastical appointments conformably to the wishes of the Jansenist party, he said, "*The Jansenists will no* "*longer complain of me; I have given every thing to* "*Grace, and nothing to merit.*"

Good Wine!

Lady Sundon, Lady Wortley Montague.

Lady Sundon was bribed with a pair of diamond earrings, and procured the donor a good place at court. Though the matter was notoriously known, she was so imprudent as to wear them constantly in public.—This being blamed in a company, Lady Wortley Montague, like Mrs. Candour, undertook Lady Sundon's *defence*. "And pray," says she, "where is "the harm? I, for my part, think Lady Sundon acts "wisely for does not the bush shew where the wine is "sold?"

Hush Money.

Mr. Pope.

Pope received a thousand Pounds from the Dutchess of Marlborough, on condition that he would suppress the character of Atossa——yet it is printed.

True History.

Vertot.

In writing the History of the Knights of Malta, Vertot had sent to Italy for original materials, concerning

cerning the ſiege of Rhodes: but, impatient of the delay, he completed the narrative from his own imagination. At length the packet arrived, when Vertot was ſitting with a friend: he opened it, and threw it on the ſopha behind him, ſaying coolly, *mon siege est fait**.

Fix your Thoughts on Things above.

Duke of Marlborough, Lord Bolingbroke, Miss Jennings.

Lord Bolingbroke diſcovered a foible of the great Duke of Marlborough, that he delighted in tying Miſs Jennings's garters. When he repeated the ſtory, he uſed to add, "*What is known to women is known to all the world.*"

Golden Lethe.

Sir Robert Walpole.

Somebody had told the Princeſs, afterwards Queen Caroline, that Sir Robert Walpole had called her a fat bitch. It was not true. But upon ſettling her jointure by Parliament, when ſhe was Princeſs of Wales, and £.50,000 being propoſed, Sir Robert moved and obtained £.100,000. The Princeſs, in great good humour, ſent him word that "*the fat bitch had forgiven him.*"

Abercorn

* My ſiege is made.

Abercorn Family

Sir George Hamilton, fourth ſon of James, firſt Earl of Abercorn, married Mary, third ſiſter to James Duke of Ormond; her nieces, daughters of the Duke of Ormond, Lady Mary, Wife of the Earl of Devonſhire, and Elizabeth, ſecond wife of the Earl of Cheſterfield, were the reigning beauties of the age. There are pictures of both in the preſent Earl of Ormond's caſtle at Kilkenny.

The ſcandalous chronicles of theſe times, charge the huſband of the Counteſs of Cheſterfield, with having cauſed her to take the ſacrament upon her innocence, reſpecting any intimacy with the Duke of York, and having then bribed his Chaplain to put poiſon into the the ſacrament cup, of which ſhe died. His ſon, Lord Stanhope, by his third wife, (father of Lord Cheſterfield, the Author.) married Gertrude Saville, daughter of the Marquis of Halifax. The Marquis and Earl quarrelled, and the latter made his ſon bring his wife to Litchfield, breaking off all intercourſe between the families. Lady Stanhope had always on her toilette her Father's "Advice to a Daughter," her father-in-law took it up one day, and wrote in the title-page, "Labour in vain." On her ſide, the lady made her ſervant out of livery carry in his pocket a bottle of wine, another of water, and a cup; and whenever ſhe dined or ſupped in company with her father-in-law, ſhe never would drink but of thoſe liquors, from her ſervant's hand, as a hint to the Earl, and ſociety preſent, of what his Lordſhip was ſuſpected of having effected by a ſimilar beverage.

Some Pretensions to Resemblance.

King George the First and a Jacobite.

The King's coach breaking down on a journey to Hanover, he was obliged to take shelter in the next country-house, which belonged to a gentleman attached to the abdicated family. The King was of course shewn into the best room, where, in the most honourable place, appeared——the portrait of the Pretender. The possessor, in great confusion, was proceeding to apologize by pleading obligations, &c. when the king stopped him, by saying, with a smile of indifference, "*Upon my word it is very like the family.*"

Self Possession.

Battle of the Boyne. King William III.

In the heat of the action, one of William's dragoons, mistaking him, clapped a pistol to his head.—The King turned it a side, said calmly to the soldier, "What, do you not know your friends?"

James the Second.

Lord Russel.

Every one in the least acquainted with English History knows the share which James had in the execution of Lord Russel. Shortly before the abdication of James, and in the moment of his greatest distress, passing to the last council he held in England, he met the old Duke of Bedford, the father of Lord Russell, who had

had offered £.100,000 for his ſon's life, but which the King, when Duke of York, had prevailed on his brother to refuſe; he ſaid to the Earl, "My Lord, you "are a good man; you have much intereſt with the "Peers, you can do me ſervice with them to-day." "I once had a ſon," anſwered the Earl, "who could "have ſerved your majeſty upon this occaſion."—James was ſtruck motionleſs.

Origin of Duelling with Piſtols.

It was from no leſs extraordinary perſonages than the *Buccaneers* of America, that the Engliſh learnt to aboliſh one ſoleciſm in the practice of duelling: thoſe adventurers decided their perſonal quarrels with piſtols; and the improvement was adopted in Great Britain with good ſuccess, though on the continent it was looked on as a proof of their barbarity. It is, however, the only circumſtance of duelling that favours of common ſenſe, as it puts all mankind upon a level.

Duels.

Villiers Duke of Buckingham, and the Earl of Shrewſberry.

In the reign of our ſecond Charles, when duels flouriſhed in all their abſurdity, and the ſeconds fought whilſt their principals were engaged, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, not content with having debauched the Counteſs of Shrewſbery, and publiſhing her ſhame, took all opportunities of provoking the Earl to ſingle combat, hoping he ſhould have an eaſy conqueſt, his lordſhip being a puny little creature, quiet, inoffenſive, and every way unfit for ſuch perſonal conteſts; at length they agreed to fight at Barn-elms, in preſence

of two gentlemen whom they chose for their seconds. All the four engaged at the same time: the first thrust was fatal to the Earl of Shrewsbery; and his friend killed the Duke's second at the same instant. Buckingham, elated with this exploit, set out immediately for the Earl's seat at Clifden, boasted of the murder of the Earl whose blood he shewed on his sword! Yet this very Duke of Buckingham was a poltroon at bottom. When the gallant Earl of Ossory challenged him to fight in Chelsea-fields, he crossed the water at Battersea, where he pretended to wait for his Lordship, meanwhile he contrived that the house should interpose in the quarrel, which their Lordships did.*

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* But how stood afterwards the GREAT ACCOUNT between his Grace and RETRIBUTION, even on this side the VERGE of mortal BEING?

In the worst Inn's worst room, with mat half hung;
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung;
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw:
The George and Garter dangling from the bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red;
Great VILLIERS lies! alas! how chang'd from him,
The life of pleasure, and the soul of whim!
Gallant and Gay, in Clifden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton SHREWSBURY and love;
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame;—this Lord of useless thousands ends.

POPE.

His Grace was unmercifully lashed by DRYDEN, under the name of Zimri, so that alive and dead, he had *Poetical Justice* done to his demerits! ALL is VANITY!—The GOOD alone are HAPPY! E.

FINIS.

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